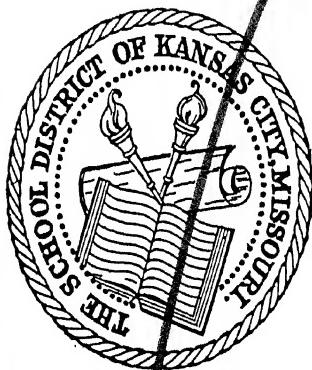


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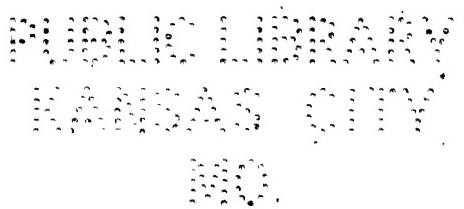
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COMPLETE DICTIONARY

OF  
POETICAL QUOTATIONS:

C O M P R I S I N G

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND APPROPRIATE PASSAGES

IN THE

OLD BRITISH POETS;

WITH

CHOICE AND COPIOUS SELECTIONS

F R O M T H E B E S T

MODERN BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETS.

E D I T E D . B Y

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

As nightingales do upon glow-worms feed.  
No poets live upon the living light  
Of Nature and of Beauty.

*Bailey's Festus.*

~~~~~  
Beautifully Illustrated with Engravings.  
~~~~~

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## PREFACE.

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ON presenting to the public this DICTIONARY OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS, the only COMPLETE work of the kind in the English language, the best preface will be its history.

About twenty years ago the plan was originated by John F. Addington, an Englishman, then residing in this city; but he devoted his attention almost exclusively to the old British Bards. His labours were valuable, still the work was incomplete; the modern writers of poetry, both English and American, with a few exceptions in favour of the former, were wholly omitted. Then his selections were not always in accordance with the present standard of public taste. The old dramatic poets wrote according to their light, which was often reflected through a foul medium, and revealed much that is now considered, and justly, too, as coarse and indelicate. The text of Mr. Addington's selections required revision; still, he deserves much credit for his perseverance and research, and the study he devoted "to rescue from the reckless tooth of time some of the finest thoughts and most vivid images of the ancient fathers of English poetry." His selections from Shakspeare were copious; and also from Byron, the only modern poet that he much favoured.

To the present Editor was committed the task of revising the original work, and adding thereto selections from the modern British and American poets. This required the examination of a multitude of volumes, and much care and study, in order to exhibit, as far as possible, the characteristic excellence of each author. A difficult and delicate task it is to select from *living* poets,—especially when there are so many! The index shows an array of *over four hundred authors*; thus, at a glance, may be seen how wide has been the field of research.

Besides the new quotations introduced under every head, quite a number of new subjects have been added, making the plan complete, and furnishing a Manual of Poetical Extracts, *alphabetically arranged*, which will serve to interpret every passion, emotion, and feeling of the human soul. Here, also, every condition and pursuit of life may find its motto or character, and the beauties of Nature and Art their truest description. In short, the book is a precious casket, where the most perfect gems of Genius the Anglo-Saxon literature has preserved for the last three hundred years are garnered. The chronological order of the quotations is preserved, and thus the curious reader may trace the progressive improvements of the *one language*, forming now the bond of union between two great nations, whose children of song are here, for the first time, united. In the American portion, the striking characteristics of the poetry are devotion to nature, patriotism, and deep religious sentiment. This sentiment it is which makes poetry so popular in our country; and while the work now submitted contains such treasures of holy and beautiful thoughts as no other collection of poetry can show, the Editor and Publishers flatter themselves its merits will ensure it a welcome reception.

PHILADELPHIA, January, 1850.

# LIST OF AUTHORS QUOTED IN THIS WORK.

## BRITISH.

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## POETICAL QUOTATIONS

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### ABSENCE.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough,  
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,  
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow  
For his return that seems to linger late;  
So I, alone now left, disconsolate,  
Mourn to myself the absence of my love;  
And wandering here and there all desolate,  
Sack, with my plaints, to match that mournful dove.

*Edmund Spenser.*

Though absent, present in desires they be;  
Our souls much further than our eyes can see.

*Michael Drayton.*

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,  
Though I must go, endure not yet  
A breach, but an expansion;  
Like gold to airy thinness beat.  
If they be two, they are two so  
As stiff twin compasses are two;  
The soul, the fixt foot, makes no show  
To move, but doth, if th' other do.  
And though it in the centre sit,  
Yet when the other far doth roam,  
It leans and hearkens after it,  
And grows erect, as that comes home.  
Such wilt thou be to me, who must,  
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:  
Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
And makes me end where I begun.

*Dr. John Donne.*

It is as if a night should shade noon-day,  
Or that the sun was here, but forced away;  
And we were left, under that hemisphere,  
Where we must feel it dark for half a year.

*Ben Jonson.*

Short absence hurt him more,  
And made his wound far greater than before;  
Absence not long enough to root out quite  
All love, increases love at second sight.

*Thomas May's Henry II.*

I do not doubt his love, but I could wish  
His presence might confirm it: when I see  
A fire well fed, shoot up its wanton flame,  
And dart itself into the face of heaven;  
I grant that fire, without a fresh supply,  
May for a while be still a fire; but yet  
How doth its lustre languish, and itself  
Grow dark, if it too long want the embrace  
Of its loved pyle! how straight it buried lies  
In its own ruins!

*Robert Mead's Comfort of Love and Friendship.*

If she be gone, the world, in my esteem,  
Is all bare walls; nothing remains in it  
But dust and feathers.

*John Croton's Ambitious Statesman.*

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was!  
Repair me with thy presence, Sylvia;  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

*Shakspeare's Two Gent. of Verona.*

What! keep a week away? Seven days and  
nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

*Shaks. Othello.*

Without your sight my life is less secure;  
Those wounds you gave, your eyes can only cure,  
No balm in absence will effectual prove,  
Nature provides no weapon salvo for love.

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

Thus absence dies, and dying proves  
No absence can subsist with loves  
That do partake of fair perfection;  
Since, in the darkest night, they may,  
By love's quick motion, find a way  
To see each other in reflection.

*Suckling*

(7)

Every moment  
I'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom  
Moans like a tender infant in its cradle,  
Whose nurse had left it.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years;  
And every little absence is an age.

*Dryden's Amphictyon.*

All flowers will droop in absence of the sun  
That waked their sweets.

*Dryden's Aurenzebe.*

Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,  
And image charms he must behold no more.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

No happier task these faded eyes pursue;  
To read and weep is all they now can do.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
'T is sure the hardest science to forget!

*Pope's Eloisa.*

Unequal task! a passion to resign,  
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!  
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,  
How often must it love, how often hate,  
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,  
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!

*Pope's Eloisa.*

There's not an hour  
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:  
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,  
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon  
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale  
Of thee.

*Proctor's Mirandola.*

Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,  
And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot  
If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.

*Couper's Task.*

Not to understand a treasure's worth  
Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,  
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,  
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

*Couper's Task.*

Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves  
To distant shores, and she would sit and weep  
At what a sailor suffers. Fancy, too,  
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
And dream of transports she was not to know.

*Couper's Task.*

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee:  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

O tell him I have sat these three long hours,  
Counting the weary beatings of the clock,  
Which slowly portion'd out the promis'd time  
That brought him not to bless me with his sight.

*Joanna Baillie's Rayner*

Yes,

The limner's art may trace the absent feature,  
And give the eye of distant weeping faith  
To view the form of its idolatry;  
But oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and  
parted,

The thoughts—the recollections sweet and bitter,  
Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved,  
Who shall restore them?  
Less lovely are the fugitive clouds of eve,  
And not more vanishing.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Bertram, Bertram!

How sweet it is to tell the list'ning night  
The name beloved. It is a spell of power  
To wake the buried slumberers of the heart,  
Where memory lingers o'er the grave of passion  
Watching its tranced sleep.  
The thoughts of other days are rushing on me,  
The loved,—the lost,—the distant, and the dead,  
Are with me now, and I will mingle with them  
Till my sense fails, and my raised heart is wrapt  
In secret suspension of mortality.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Long did his wife,  
Suckling her babe, her only one, look out  
The way he went at parting,—but he came not!

*Rogers's Italy.*

There as she sought repose, her sorrowing heart  
Recall'd her absent love with bitter sighs;  
Regret had deeply fix'd the poison'd dart,  
Which ever rankling in her bosom lies:  
In vain she seeks to close her weary eyes,  
Those eyes still swim incessantly in tears,  
Hope in her cheerless bosom fading dies,  
Distracted by a thousand cruel fears,  
While banish'd from his love for ever she appears.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
To that dear isle 't was leaving.  
So loath we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,  
To those we've left behind us.

*T. Moore.*

Oh! couldst thou but know  
With what a deep devotedness of woe

I wept thy absence, o'er and o'er again  
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,  
And memory, like a drop that night and day  
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

A boat at midnight sent alone  
To drift upon the moonless sea,  
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,  
A wounded bird, that hath but one  
Imperfect wing to soar upon,  
Are like what I am, without thee!

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

'T is scarcely

Two hours since ye departed : two long hours  
To me, but only hours upon the sun.

*Byron's Cain.*

Wives, in their husbands' absence, grow subtler,  
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

Absent many a year  
Far o'er the sea, his sweetest dreams were still  
Of that dear voice that soothed his infancy.

*Robert Southey.*

We must part awhile:  
A few short months—though short, they must be  
long  
Without thy dear society; but yet  
We must endure it, and our love will be  
The fonder after parting—it will grow  
Intenser in our absence, and again  
Burn with a tender glow when I return.

*Percival's Poems.*

When from land and home receding,  
And from hearts that ache to bleeding,  
Think of those behind, who love thee,  
While the sun is bright above thee!  
Then, as down the ocean glancing,  
With the waves his rays are dancing,  
Think how long the night will be  
To the eyes that weep for thee.

*Miss Gould's Poems.*

Call thou me home! from thee apart  
Faintly and low my pulses beat,  
As if the life-blood of my heart  
Within thine own heart holds its seat,  
And floweth only where thou art:

Oh! call me home.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

#### ABSENTEES.

We yet retain  
Some small pre-eminence ; we justly boast  
At least superior jockeyship, and claim

The honours of the turf as all our own.  
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,  
And show the shame ye might conceal at home,  
In foreign eyes !—be grooms and win the plate,  
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown.

*Couper's Task*

#### ABSTINENCE.

Against diseases here the strongest fence  
Is the defensive virtue abstinence.

*Robert Herrick*

His life is parallel'd  
Ev'n with the stroke and line of his great justice ;  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself, which he spurs on his pow'r  
To qualify in others.

*Shaks. Meas. for Meas.*

Yet in abstinence in things we must profess  
Which nature fram'd for need, not for excess.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

#### ACCIDENT.

If we consider accident,  
And how repugnant unto sense  
It pays desert with bad event,  
We shall disparage providence.

*Sir William Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

As the unthought-on accident is guilty  
Of what we wildly do, so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.

*Shaks. Winter Tale*

#### ACCLAMATIONS.

It is a note  
Of upstart greatness to observe and watch  
For those poor trifles, which the noble mind  
Neglects and scorns.

*Johnson's Sejanus.*

His speech was answered with a general noise  
Of acclamation, doubtless signs of joys  
Which soldiers uttered as they forward went,  
The sure forerunner of a fair event.

*Sir John Beaumont*

When all thy mountains clap their hands in joy,  
And all thy cataracts thunder—"That's the boy!"

*O. W. Holmes*

## ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

She is of the best blood, yet betters it  
With all the graces of an excellent spirit:  
Mild as the infant rose, and innocent  
As when heav'n lent her us. Her mind as well  
As face, is yet a paradise untainted  
With blemishes, or the spreading weeds of vice.

*Robert Baron's Mirza.*

Her even carriage is as far from coyness  
As from immodesty;—in play, in dancing,  
In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness,  
In use of places—hours—and companions,  
Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted;  
As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,  
And constant as the centre to observe them.

*George Chapman.*

Accomplishments were native to her mind,  
Like precious pearls within a clasping shell,  
And winning grace her every act refined,  
Like sunshine shedding beauty where it fell.

*Mrs. Hale.*

## ACCUSATION.

Give me good proofs of what you have alleged:  
'Tis not enough to say—in such a bush  
There lies a thief—in such a cave a beast,—  
But you must show him to me ere I shoot,  
Else I may kill one of my straggling sheep:  
I'm fond of no man's person but his virtue.

*Crown's 1st part of Henry VI.*

None have accused thee; 'tis thy conscience cries,  
The witness in the soul that never dies;  
Its accusation, like the moaning wind,  
Of wintry midnight moves thy startled mind;  
Oh! may it melt thy hardened heart, and bring  
From out thy frozen soul the life of spring.

*Mrs. Hale.*

## ACTION.

Away then,—work with boldness and with speed,  
On greatest actions greatest dangers feed.

*Marlowe's Lust of Dominion.*

Whilst timorous knowledge stands considering  
Audacious ignorance hath done the deed.  
For who knows most, the more he knows to doubt;  
The least discourse is commonly most stout.

*Daniel.*

For *good* and *well* must in our actions meet;  
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.

*Dr. Donnie.*

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays,  
Who deserves well needs not another's praise.

*Heath's Claresella.*

Of every *noble* action, the intent  
Is to give *worth* reward,—vice punishment.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain.*

If thou doest ill, the joy fades, not the pains;  
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

*George Herbert.*

The body sins not, 'tis the will  
That makes the action good or ill."

*Herrick.*

He that pursues an act that is attended  
With doubtful issues, for the means, had need  
Of policy and force to make it sped.

*T. Nabb's Unfortunate Mother.*

Be just in all thy actions, and if join'd  
With those that are not, never change thy mind;  
If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,  
But wind about till thou hast topp'd the hill.

*Denham.*

Actions rare and sudden, do commonly  
Proceed from fierce necessity: or else  
From some oblique design, which is ashame'd  
To show itself in the publick road.

*Sir William Davenant.*

Our unsteady actions cannot be  
Manag'd by rules of strict philosophy.

*Sir Robert Howard.*

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,  
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.

*Pope.*

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or sway;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us further than to-day.

*Longfellow's Poems*

## ACTIVITY.

Celerity is never more admired  
Than by the negligent.

*Shaks. Ant. and Cleo*

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,  
But cheerly seek how to redress their harm.

*Shaks. Henry VI.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

*Shaks. All's well*

Take the instant way;  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path:  
For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue: if you give way,  
Or edge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost.

*Shaks. Troi. and Cress.*

Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees,  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them.

*Shaks. All's well.*

Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting  
Is laden servitor to dull delay;  
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.  
Then fiery expedition be my wing,  
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!  
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield:  
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought  
and done.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt  
At one slight bound high overcap'd all bound—  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

How slow the time  
To the warm soul, that, in the very instant  
It forms, would execute a great design!

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

The keen spirit  
Seizes the prompt occasion,—makes the thought  
Start into instant action, and at once  
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!

*Hannah More's Daniel.*

My days, though few, have passed below  
In much of joy though more of woe;  
Yet still, in hours of love or strife,  
I've 'scap'd the weariness of life.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Lives of great men all remind us.  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of time.

*Longfellow's Poems.*

Let us then be up and doing;  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

*Longfellow.*

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath;  
Work like a man, but don't be work'd to death.

*O. W. Holmes*

## ADVERSITY.

He who hath never warr'd with misery,  
Nor ever tugg'd with fortune and distress,  
Hath had n' occasion, nor no field to try  
The strength and forces of his worthiness;  
Those parts of judgment which felicity  
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express,  
And only men show their abilities,  
And what they are, in their extremities.

*Daniel on the Earl of Southampton.*

By adversity are wrought  
The greatest works of admiration,  
And all the fair examples of renown,  
Out of distress and misery are grown.

*Daniel on the Earl of Southampton.*

Not one care wanting hour my life had tasted;  
But from the very instant of my birth,  
Incessant woes my tired heart have wasted,  
And my poor thoughts are ignorant of mirth.  
Look how one wave another still pursueth,  
When some great tempest holds their troops in  
chase;

Or as one hour another close reneweth,  
Or posting day supplies another's place,  
So do the billows of affliction beat me,  
And hand in hand the storms of mischiof go;  
Successive cares with utter ruin threat me,  
Grief is enchain'd with grief, and woe with woe.

*Samuel Brandon's Octavia.*

Through danger safety comes—through trouble  
rest.

*John Marston.*

Perfumes, the more they're chaf'd the more they  
render

Their pleasant scents; and so affliction  
Expresseth virtue fully, whether true  
Or else adulterate.

*John Webster.*

Like a ball that bounds  
According to the force with which 'twas thrown'  
So in affliction's violence, he that's wise,  
The more he's cast down, will the higher rise.

*Nabb's Microcosmos.*

Though affliction, at the first, doth vex  
Most virtuous natures, from the sense that 'tis

Unjustly laid; yet when the amazement, which  
That new pain brings, is worn away, they then  
Embrace oppression straight, with such  
Obedient cheerfulness, as if it came  
From heaven, not man.

*Sir William Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

As we do turn our backs  
From our companion, thrown into his grave;  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
Like empty purses pick'd: and this poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.

*Shaks. Timon.*

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make  
friends,  
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, never found again,  
But where they mean to sink ye.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Then was I a tree,  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one  
night,  
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Such a house broke!  
So noble a master fallen! all gone! and not  
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him.

*Shaks. Timon.*

But myself  
Who had the world as my confectionary,  
'The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of  
men

At duty, more than I could frame employment;  
'That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have, with one winter's brush  
I'll fling from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows; I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden.

*Shaks. Timon.*

They answer in a joint and corporate voice,  
Than now they are at full,—want treasure—cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry — you are honour-  
able —

But yet they could have wish'd—they knew not—  
Something had been amiss — a noble nature  
May catch a wrench — would all were all well —  
'tis pity —

And so, intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard frictions,  
With certain half caps, and cold moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*Shaks. Timon.*

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;  
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?

*Shaks. As you like it.*

Nay then farewell!

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting; I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

O father abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth for charity.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself;  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortun'e,  
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,  
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,  
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.

*Shaks. Troil. and Cress.*

If I once fall, how many knees, now bending,  
Would stamp the heel of hate into my breast!

*Sir A. Hunt's Julian.*

I am not now in fortune's power:  
He that is down, can fall no lower.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Now let us thank th' eternal power; convinc'd  
That heaven but tries our virtue by affliction:  
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour,  
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

*Brown's Barbarossa.*

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,  
Thou tamer of the human breast,  
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,  
The bad affright, afflict the best!  
Bound in thy adamantine chain,  
The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
And purple tyrants vainly groan,  
With pangs unselt before, unpitied, and alone.

*Gray's Hymn to Adversity.*

The gods in bounty work up storms about us,  
That give mankind occasion to exert  
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice  
Virtues that shun the day, and lie conceal'd  
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

*Addison's Cato.*

How sudden are the blows of fate! what change,  
What revolution, in the state of glory!

*Cibber's Caesar in Egypt.*

I will bear it

With all the tender sufferance of a friend,  
As calmly as the wounded patient bears  
The artist's hand that ministers his cure.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Deserted at his utmost need,  
By those his former bounty fed.

*Dryden's Alexander's Feast.*

To exult

Ev'n o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap  
Affliction on the afflicted, is the mark,  
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue:  
Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,  
Calm fortitude, take root, and strongly flourish.

*Mallet and Thomson's Alfred.*

Who has not known ill fortune, never knew  
Himself, or his own virtue.

*Mallet and Thomson's Alfred.*

Ye good distress'd!

Ye noble few! who here unbending stand  
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,  
And what your bounded view, which only saw  
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more;  
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,  
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;  
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;  
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile,  
The mind turns fool, before the check is dry.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

All evils natural are moral goods;  
All discipline, indulgence, on the whole.

*Young's Night Thoughts*

When a great mind fails,  
The noble nature of man's gen'rous heart  
Doth bear him up against the shame of ruin,  
With gentle censure, using but his faults  
As modest means to introduce his praise;  
For pity, like a dewy twilight, comes  
To close th' oppressive splendour of his day,  
And they who but admired him in his height  
His altered state lament, and love him fall'n.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

For as when merchants break, o'erthrown  
Like ninepins, they strike others down.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Tho' losses and crosses  
Be lessons right severe,  
There's wit there, ye'll get there,  
Ye'll find nae other where.

*Burns's Epistle to Davie*

The brave unfortunate are our best acquaintance;  
They show us virtue may be much distress'd,  
And give us their example how to suffer.

*Francis's Eugenia.*

In this wild world the fondest and the best,  
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd

*Crabbe.*

That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press:  
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,  
When less barbarians would have cheer'd him less,  
And fellow countrymen have stood aloof—

In aught that tries the heart, how few withstand  
the proof!

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,  
Sadder than owl-songs on the midnight blast,  
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so,"  
Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,  
Who, 'stead of saying what you now should do,  
Owne they foresaw that you would fail at last,  
And solace your slight lapse 'gainst "bonos mores,"  
With a long memorandum of old stories.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

I have not quailed to danger's brow  
When high and happy—need I now?

*Byron's Giaour.*

One thought alone he could not—dared not meet.  
"Oh how these tidings will Medora greet?"  
Then—only then—his clanking hands he raised  
And strain'd with rage the chain on which he  
gaz'd.

*Byron's Corsair*

The good are better made by ill:—  
As odours crush'd are sweeter still!

*Rogers's Jacqueline.*

Adversity's cold frosts will soon be o'er;  
It heralds brighter days:—the joyous Spring  
Is cradled on the Winter's icy breast,  
And yet comes flushed in beauty.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

### ADVICE.

Let me entreat you,  
For to unfold the anguish of your heart:  
Mishaps are master'd by advice discreet,  
And counsel mitigates the greatest smart.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Know when to speak; for many times it brings  
Danger, to give the best advice to kings.

*Herrick.*

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;  
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou  
lose.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Let him be so,  
For counsel still is folly's deadly foe.

*Shaks. London Prodigal.*

I pray thee, cease thy counsel.  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve.

*Shaks. Much ado.*

Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend  
Under thine own life's key: be check'd for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech.

*Shaks. All's well.*

Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,  
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Give every man thine ear but few thy voice:  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate  
thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace;  
To silence envious tongues.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is disposed: therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:  
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced?

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new hatch'd unledged comrade.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep  
As watchman to my heart.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

'Tis all men's office to speak patience  
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;  
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
To be so moral, when he shall endure  
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:  
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

*Shaks. Much ado.*

*Men*

Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,  
Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.  
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;  
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

*Shaks. Much ado.*

What could I more?

I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking enemy  
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,  
And force upon free will hath here no place.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Learn to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,  
And suffer crimes thou want'st the power to  
punish:

Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly:  
Search, and know all mankind's mysterious ways;  
But trust the secret of thy soul to none:  
This is the way,

This only, to be safe in such a world as this is

*Rowe's Ulysses.*

*Saints,*

And cool-soul'd hermits, mortify'd with care,  
And bent by age and palsies, whine out maxims,  
Which their brisk youth had blushed at.

*Hill's Henry V*

Aye free, off han', your story tell  
When wi' a bosom crony;  
But still keep something to yoursel  
Ye scarcely tell to ony.

Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can  
 Frae critical dissection;  
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,  
 Wi' sharpen'd shy inspection.

*Burns's Epistle to a Young Friend.*

The worst men often give the best advice.

*Bailey's Festus.*

### ADIEU.

Then comes the parting hour, and what arise  
 When lovers part—expressive looks, and eyes  
 Tender and tearful—many a fond adieu,  
 And many a call the sorrow to renew.

*Crabbe.*

We part—

But this shall be a token thou hast been  
 A friend to him who pluck'd these lovely flowers,  
 And sent them as a tribute to a friend,  
 And a remembrance of the few kind hours  
 Which lightened on the darkness of my path.

*Percival.*

On the door you will not enter,  
 I have gazed too long—adieu!  
 Hope withdraws her peradventure—  
 Death is near me—and not you.

*Miss Barrett.*

(See FAREWELL.)

### AFFECTION.

What war so cruel, or what siege so sore,  
 As that which strong affections do apply  
 Against the fort of reason, evermore  
 To bring the soul into captivity!

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Affection is the savage beast,  
 Which always us annoyeth:  
 And never lets us live in rest,  
 But still our good destroyeth.  
 Affection's power who can suppress,  
 And master when it sinneth,  
 Of worthy praise deserves no less,  
 Than he that kingdoms winneth.

*Brandon's Octavia.*

Of all the tyrants that the world affords,  
 Our own affections are the fiercest lords.

*Earl of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.*

O you much partial gods!  
 Why gave ye men affections, and not power  
 To govern them? What I by fate should shun,  
 I most affect.

*Lodovick Barreys.*

Affections injur'd  
 By tyranny, or rigour of compulsion,  
 Like tempest-threatened trees, unfirmly rooted,  
 Ne'er spring to timely growth.

*John Ford's Broken Heart*

O! there is one affection which no stain  
 Of earth can ever darken;—when two find,  
 The softer and the manlier, that a chain  
 Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind,  
 'Tis an attraction from all sense refined;  
 The good can only know it; 'tis not blind,  
 As love is unto baseness; its desire  
 Is but with hands entwined to lift our being higher

*Percival's Poems*

Ah! could you look into my heart  
 And watch your image there!  
 You would own the sunny loveliness  
 Affection makes it wear.

*Mrs. Osgood*

### AGE.

The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind,  
 And in my face deep furrows eld hath plighted;  
 My head besprnt with hoary frost I find,  
 And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright:  
 Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past;  
 No sun now shines, clouds have all overcast.

*Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.*

These old fellows have  
 Their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
 Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;  
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind  
 And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
 Is fashion'd for the journey—dull and heavy.

*Shaks. Timon.*

O let us have him; for his silver hairs  
 Will purchase us a good opinion,  
 And buy men's voices to command our deeds;  
 It shall be said,—his judgment rul'd our hands;  
 Our youths, and wildness shall no wit appear,  
 But all be bury'd in his gravity.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Youth no less becomes  
 The light and careless livery that it wears,  
 Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
 Importing health, and graveness.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers.  
 How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

*Shaks. Henry IV.*

## AGE.

O, sir, you are old;  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine; you should be rul'd and led  
By some discretion, that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself.

*Shaks. Lear.*

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf!  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare  
not.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;  
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

Behold where age's wretched victim lies,  
See his head trembling, and his half clos'd eyes,  
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves;  
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives,  
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.

*Prior's Solomon.*

These are the effects of doting age,  
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over caution.

*Dryden's Sebastian.*

Thirst of power and of riches now bear sway,  
The passion and infirmity of age.

*Froude's Philotas.*

Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,  
And worthily becomes his silver locks;  
He wears the marks of many years well spent,  
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Those wise old men, those plodding grave state  
pedants,  
Forget the course of youth; their crooked pru-  
dence,

To baseness verging still, forgets to take  
Into their fine-spun schemes the generous heart,  
That through the cobweb system bursting, lays  
Their labours waste.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,  
Even wonder'd at because he dropped no sooner;  
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,  
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,  
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

*Lee's Oedipus*

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;  
You've play'd, and lov'd, and ate, and drank your  
fill,  
Walk sober off before a sprightlier age  
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:  
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,  
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

*Pope.*

This heart, by age and grief congeal'd,  
Is no more sensible of love's endearments,  
Than are our barren rocks to morn's sweet dew,  
That calmly trickles down their rugged cheeks.

*Miller's Mahomet.*

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great,  
Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,  
Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes,  
Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,  
But cautious age suspects the flattering form,  
And only credits what experience tells.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

The still returning tale, and lingering jest,  
Perplex the fawning niece, and pampr'd guest,  
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring  
sneer,  
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Though old, he still retained  
His manly sense, and energy of mind.  
Virtuous and wise he was, but not sev're;  
He still remember'd that he once was young:  
His easy presence check'd no decent joy,  
Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he  
A graceful looseness, when he pleas'd, put on,  
And laughing could instruct.

*Armstrong's Art of preserving Health.*

Fresh hopes are hourly sown  
In furrow'd brows: To gentle life's descent,  
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain:  
We take fair days in winter, for the spring;  
And turn our blessings into bane.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

O my coevals! remnants of ourselves!  
Poor human ruins tottering o'er the grave!  
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,  
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,

Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil !  
 Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,  
 Trembling, at once with cagerness and age ?  
 With av'rice, and convulsions, grasping hard ?  
 Grasping at air ; for what has earth beside ?  
 Man wants but little ; nor that little long ;  
 How soon must he resign his very dust,  
 Which frugal nature lont him for an hour !

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

What folly can be ranker ? like our shadows,  
 Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat  
 Defects of judgment, and the will subdue ;  
 Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore  
 Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,  
 The vanities of life forego,  
 And count their youthful follies o'er,  
 Till memory lends her light no more.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

Yet time, who changes all, had alter'd him  
 In soul and aspect as in age : years steal  
 Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb :  
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the  
 brim. *Byron's Childe Harold.*

There age, essaying to recall the past,  
 After long striving for the hues of youth,  
 At the sad labour of the toilet, and  
 Full many a glance at the too faithful mirror,  
 Prankt forth in all the pride of ornament,  
 Forgets itself, and trusting to the falsehood  
 Of the indulgent beams, which show, yet hide,  
 Believed itself forgotten, and was fool'd.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

Why grieve that time has brought so soon  
 The sober age of manhood on ?  
 As idly should I weep at noon  
 To see the blush of morning gone.

*Bryant's Poems.*

True, time will sear and blanch my brow :  
 Well—I shall sit with aged men,  
 And my good glass will tell me how  
 A grisly beard becomes me then.  
 And should no foul dishonour lie  
 Upon my head when I am grey,  
 Love yet may search my fading eye,  
 And smooth the path of my decay.

*Bryant's Poems.*

I'm thirty-five, I'm thirty-five !  
 Nor would I make it less,  
 For not a year has pass'd away  
 Unmark'd by happiness.

B

And who would drop one pleasant link  
 From memory's golden chain ?  
 Or lose a sorrow, losing too  
 The love that soothed the pain ?  
 Oh ! still may heaven within my soul  
 Keep truth and love alive,—  
 Then angel graces will be mine,  
 Though over thirty-five.

*Mrs. Hale.*

## AGRICULTURE.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd  
 The kings, and awful fathers of mankind :  
 And some, with whom compared your insect tribes  
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
 Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm  
 Of mighty war, then, with unwear'y'd hand,  
 Disdaining little delicacies, seized  
 The plough, and greatly independent lived.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

## ALARM.

What's the business,  
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
 The sleeper of the house ?—speak, speak.

*Shaks. Macbeth*

## AMAZEMENT

Why stand you thus amazed ? methinks your eyes  
 Are fixed in meditation ; and all here  
 Seem like so many senseless statues ;  
 As if your souls had suffer'd an eclipse  
 Betwixt your judgments and affections.

*Sweeney—the Woman Hater*

## AMBITION.

O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,  
 And impotent desire of men to raine !  
 Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,  
 Nor lawes of men, that common weales containe,  
 Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,  
 Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,  
 Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine  
 No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,  
 No love so lasting then, that may endure long.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree  
 By riches and unrighteous reward ;  
 Some by close shoul'd'ring ; some by flatteree .  
 Others through friends ; others for base regard .  
 And all, by wrong waies, <sup>for</sup> themselves prepared

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Those that were up themselves, kept others low ;  
 Those that were low themselves, held others hard,  
 Ne suffered them to ryse or greater grow :  
 But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Nature, that framed us of four elements,  
 Warring within our breasts for regimen,  
 Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds :  
 Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend  
 The wondrous architecture of the world,  
 And measure ev'ry wand'ring planet's course,  
 Still climbing after knowledge infinite,  
 And always moving as the restless spheres,  
 Wills us to wear ourselves, and never rest  
 Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,  
 That perfect bliss and sole felicity,  
 The sweet fruition of a heav'nly crown.

*Marlo's 1st part of Tamerlane the Great.*

Who soars too near the sun, with golden wings,  
 Melts them ;—to ruin his own fortune brings.

*Shaks. Cromwell.*

Thriftless ambition ! that will ravin up  
 Thine own life's means.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
 The image of his maker, hope to win by't?

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory :  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;  
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

'Tis a common proof,  
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
 Whereto the climber upwards turns his face :  
 But when he once attains the upmost round,  
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 By which he did ascend.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar*

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,  
 And bear the palm alone.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

He hath brought many captives to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :  
 Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,  
 Led by a delicate and tender prince ;  
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
 Makes mouths at the invisible event ;  
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,  
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
 Even for an egg-shell.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
 And falls on the other side.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

That is a step,  
 On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
 For in my way it lies.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Yet do I fear thy nature ;  
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
 To catch the nearest way ; thou wouldest be great ;  
 Art not without ambition ; but without  
 The illness should attend it : what thou wouldest  
 highly,  
 That wouldest thou holily : wouldest not play false,  
 And yet wouldest wrongly win.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Follow I must, I cannot go before,  
 While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.  
 Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
 I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,  
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks.

*Shaks. Henry VI.*

Away with scrupulous wit ! now arms must rule,  
 And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

*Shaks. Henry VI.*

Ambition hath but two steps : the lowest,  
 Blood ; the highest, envy.

*Lilly's Midas.*

Ambition hath onc heel nail'd in hell,  
Though she stretch her fingers to touch the hea-  
vens. *Lilly's Midas.*

Ye gods! what havoc does ambition make  
Among your works! *Addison's Cato.*

How dost thou wear, and weary out thy days,  
Restless ambition, never at an end? *Daniel's Philotas.*

Of all the passions which possess the soul,  
None so disturbs vain mortals' minds,  
As vain ambition, which so blinds  
The light of them, that nothing can control,  
Nor curb their thoughts who will aspire;  
This raging, vehement desire,  
Of sovereignty no satisfaction finds,  
But in the breasts of men doth ever roll  
The restless stone of Sisyph' to torment them,  
And as his heart, who stole the heavenly fire,  
The vulture gnaws, so doth that monster rent  
them:

Had they the world, the world would not content  
them. *Earl of Sterline's Darius.*

Farewell for ever: so have I discern'd  
An exhalation that would be a star  
Fall, when the sun forsook it, in a sink.

*Chapman's 2d part of Byron's Conspiracy.*

Man was mark'd  
A friend, in his creation, to himself,  
And may, with fit ambition, conceive  
The greatest blessings, and the brightest honours  
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them  
The right and noble way.

*Philip Massinger's Guardian.*  
Our natures are like oil; compound' us with any  
thing

Yet still we strive' to swim upon the top.  
*Beaumont and Fletcher's Loyal Subject.*

Be not with honour's gilded baits beguil'd,  
Nor think ambition wise, because 'tis brave;  
For though we like it, as a forward child,  
'Tis so unsound, her cradle is her grave.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Ambition's monstrous stomach does increase  
By eating, and it fears to starve, unless  
It still may feed, and all it sees devour:  
Ambition is not tir'd with toil nor cloy'd with  
power.

*Sir W. Davenant's Playhouse to let.*

Ambition is the mind's immodesty. *Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Ambition is a spirit in the world,  
That causes all the ebbs and flows of nations.

Keeps mankind sweet by action: without that,  
The world would be a filthy settled mud.  
*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

Ambition's eycs  
Look often higher than their merit's risc.  
*Rowland Watkyns.*

Ambition is like love, impatient  
Both of delays and rivals.  
*Denham's Sophy.*

Ambition is a lust that's never quenched,  
Grows more enflamed, and madder by enjoyment.  
*Otway's Caius Marius.*

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back,  
It is a swelling, and the last affection  
A high mind can put off. It is a rebel  
Both to the soul and reason, and enforces  
All laws, all conscience; treads upon religion,  
And offers violence to nature's self.

*Ben Jonson's Catiline.*  
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*  
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength, and rather than be less  
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,  
He rock'd not.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*  
Lifted up so high  
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
Would set me highest.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*  
Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
His constancy, with such that have more show  
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,  
Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*  
O dire ambition! what infernal power  
Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell,  
To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,  
Murder and lust! to waste domestic peace  
And every heartfelt joy.

*Brown's Barbarossa.*  
Brown's Barbarossa.  
O false ambition!  
Thou lying phantom! whither hast thou lured me!

Ev'n to this giddy height; where now I stand  
Forsaken, comfortless; with not a friend  
In whom my soul can trust.  
*Brown's Barbarossa.*

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown;  
What but the glaring meteor of ambition,  
That leads the wretch benighted in his errors,  
Points to the gulf, and shines upon destruction.  
*Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.*

Oh! that some villager, whose early toil  
Lifts the penurious morsel to his mouth,  
Had claim'd my birth! ambition had not then  
Thus step'd 'twixt me and heav'n.

*Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.*

Ambition is at a distance  
A goodly prospect, tempting to the view;  
The height delights us, and the mountain top  
Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to heaven:  
But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation;  
What storms will batter, and what tempests shake

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Why now my golden dream is out—  
Ambition, like an early friend, throws back  
My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoyed  
To tell me what I dreamt is true—a crown,  
Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds;  
Oh! how thy awful glory fills my soul!  
Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre;  
For, not men's love, fear pays thee adoration,  
And fame not more survives from good than evil  
deeds.

Th' aspiring youth, that fir'd th' Ephesian dome,  
Outlives, in fame, the pious fool that rais'd it.

*Cibber's Richard III.*

Ambition is an idol, on whose wings  
Great minds are carried only to extreme;  
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing.

*Southern's Loyal Brother.*

*Tamerlane.*—The world!—'twould be too little  
for thy pride!

Thou wouldest scale heaven—

*Bajazet.*—I would:—away! my soul  
Disdains thy conference.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Great souls,  
By nature half divine, soar to the stars,  
And hold a near acquaintance with the gods.

*Rowe's Royal Convert.*

What is ambition but desire of greatness?  
And what is greatness but extent of power?  
But lust of power's a dropsy of the mind,  
Whose thirst increases, while we drink to quench it,  
'Till swoln and stretch'd by the repeated draught,  
We burst and perish.

*Higgon's Generous Conqueror.*

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,  
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;  
Thence to their images on earth it flows,  
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.  
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,  
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage;  
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years  
Useless unsee... as lamps in sepulchres;

Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,  
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

*Pope.*

The gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,  
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,  
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,  
And to complete her bliss,—a fool for mate.  
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,  
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!—  
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward  
part;  
She sighs,—and is no duchess at her heart.

*Pope.*

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,  
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?  
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,  
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate  
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great,  
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,  
They mount, they shine,—evaporate and fall.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,  
Even from the birth affects supreme command,  
Swells in the breast, and with resistless force,  
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

Alas! ambition makes my little less:  
Embell'ring the possess'd: why wish for more?  
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;  
Philosophy's reverse, and health's decay!

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Thy bosom burns for power;  
What station charms thee? I'll install thee there;  
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?  
Then thou before wast something less than man.  
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?  
That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity,  
That pride defames humanity, and culls  
The being mean, which staves or strings can raise.

*Young's Night Thoughts*

Not kings alone,  
Each villager has his ambition too;  
No sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave:  
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,  
Echo the proud Assyrian in their hearts,  
And cry—"Behold the wonders of my might!"  
And why? because immortal as their lord;  
And souls immortal must for ever heave  
At something great; the glitter or the gold  
The praise of mortals or the praise of Heaven.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Fame is the shade of immortality,  
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,  
Contemn'd,—it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.  
Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure:  
And is this all? cry'd Cæsar at his height,  
Disgusted

*\* Young's Night Thoughts.*

So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself  
Beats in the breast of man, that ev'n a few,  
Few transient years won from the abyss abhor'r'd  
Of blank oblivion seem a glorious prize,  
And even to a clown.

*Couper's Task.*

Dream after dream ensues,  
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,  
And still are disappointed.

*Couper's Task.*

On the summit see,  
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;  
He climbs,—he pants,—he grasps them. At his  
heels,  
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,  
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,  
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.

*Couper's Task.*

Is it delusion this?  
Or wears the mind of man within itself  
A conscious feeling of its destination?  
What say these suddenly imposed thoughts,  
Which mark such deepen'd traces in the brain  
On vivid real persuasion, as do make  
My nerved foot tread firmer on the earth,  
And my dilating form tower on its way?

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

I am as one  
Who doth attempt some lofty mountain's height,  
And having gained what to the upcast eye  
The summit's point appear'd, astonish'd sees  
Its cloudy top, majestic and enlarged,  
Towering aloft, as distant as before.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

It ever is the marked propensity  
Of restless and aspiring minds to look  
Into the stretch of dark futurity.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

To th' expanded and aspiring soul,  
To be but still the thing it long has been,  
Is misery, e'en though enthron'd it were  
Under the cope of high imperial state.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

The cheat, ambition, eager to espouse  
Dominion, courts it with a lying show,  
And shines in borrow'd pomp to serve a turn:  
But the match made, the farce is at an end;

And all the hireling equipage of virtues,  
Faith, honour, justice, gratitude, and friendship,  
Discharg'd at once.

*Jeffrey's Edwin.*

You have deeply ventured,  
But all must do so who would greatly win.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

Ay,—father!—I have had those earthly visions  
And noble aspirations in my youth,  
To make my own the mind of other men,  
The enlightener of nations: and to rise  
I knew not whither—it might be to fall;  
But fall, even as the mountain cataract,  
Which having leapt from its more dazzling height,  
Even in the foaming strength of its abyss,  
Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,  
My thoughts mistook themselves.

*Byron's Manfred.*

He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below.  
Though high above, the sun of glory glow,  
And far beneath, the earth and ocean spread;  
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
Contending tempests on his naked head,  
And thus reward the toils which to those summits  
led.

*Byron's Childe Horold.*

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
And there hath been thy bane; there is a fire  
And motion in the soul which will not dwell  
In its own narrow being, but aspire,  
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;  
And but once kindled, quenchless evermore  
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,  
Fatal to him who bears,—to all who ever bore.  
This makes the madmen, who have made men mad  
By their contagion, conquerors and kings,  
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add  
Sophists, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things  
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,  
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;  
Envied, yet not enviable! what stings  
Are theirs! one breast laid open were a school  
Which would unteach mankind, the lust to shine  
or rule.

*Byron's Childe Ha'old*

Their breath is agitation, and their life  
A storm whereon they ride to sink at last,  
And yet so nurs'd and bigoted to strife,  
That should their days, surviving perils past,  
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast  
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;  
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste

With its own flickering or a sword laid by,  
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

These quenched a moment her ambitious thirst—  
So Arab deserts drink in summer's rain

In vain!—As full the dews on quenchless sands,  
Blood only serves to wash ambitious hands.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

Before I knew thee, Mary,  
Ambition was my angel: I did hear  
For ever its witched voices in mine ear;  
My days were visionary—  
My nights were like the slumbers of the mad:—  
And every dream swept o'er me glory clad.

*Willis' Poems.*

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!  
Angels of light walk not so dazzlingly  
The sapphire walls of Heaven.—

The flow

Of life-time is a graduated scale;  
And deeper than the vanities of power,  
Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ  
A standard measuring its worth for heaven.

*Willis.*

### AMERICA.

Poor lost America, high honours missing,  
Knows nought of smile and nod, and sweet hand-kissing;

Knows nought of golden promises of kings;  
Knows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,  
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,  
Above the far Atlantic! she has taught  
Her Esau brethren that the haughty flag,  
The floating fence of Albion's feebler crag,  
May strike to those whose red right hands have  
bought

Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still,  
for ever

Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,  
That it should flow and overflow, than creep  
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,  
Dam'd, like the dull canal, with locks and chains,  
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,  
Three paces and then faltering:—better be  
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,  
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,  
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep  
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,  
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,  
One seaman more, *America*, to thee!

*Byron's Ode.*

America! half-brother of the World!  
With something good and bad of every land;  
Greater than thee have lost their seat—  
Greater scarce none can stand.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Land of the West! though passing brief

The record of thine age,

Thou hast a name that darkens all  
On History's wide page!

Let all the blasts of fame ring out—

Thine shall be loudest far:

Let others boast their satellites—

Thou hast the morning star.

Thou hast a name whose characters

Of light shall ne'er depart;

'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain,

And warms the coldest heart;

A war-cry fit for any land,

Where Freedom's to be won;

Land of the West! it stands alone—

It is thy Washington.

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

Columbia, child of Britain,—noblest child;

I praise the growing lustre of thy youth,  
And fain would see thy great heart reconciled

To love the mother of so blest a birth:

For we are one Columbia! still the same

In lineage, language, laws, and ancient fame,  
The natural nobility of earth.

*Tupper's Lyrics.*

Thou noblest scion of an ancient root,

Born of the forest-king! spread forth, spread  
forth,—

High to the stars thy tender leaflets shoot,  
Deep dig thy fibres round the ribs of earth!

From sea to sea, from south to icy North,

It must ere long be thine, through good or ill,  
To stretch thy sinewy boughs: Go,—wondrous  
child!

The glories of thy destiny fulfil;

Remember then thy mother in her age,

Shelter her in the tempest, warring wild:

Stand thou with us when all the nations rage

So furiously together!—we are one:

And, through all time, the calm historic page  
Shall tell of Britain blest in thee her son.

*Tupper's Poems.*

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,

The queen of the world and the child of the skies.

*Timothy Dwight.*

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,

Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place

A limit to the giant's unchained strength?

Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?

*Bryant's Poems.*

And thou, my Country, thou shalt never fall  
But with thy children.

*Bryant's Poems.*

There is no other land like thee,  
No dearer shore;  
Thou art the shelter of the free,  
The home, the port of liberty,  
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,  
Till time is o'er.  
Ere I forget to think upon  
My land, shall mother curse the son  
She bore.

*Percival's Poems.*

Land of the forest and the rock,  
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,  
Of mountains reared on high to mock  
The storm's career and lightning's shock,  
My own green Land for ever!  
Oh! never may a son of thine,  
Where'er his wandering feet incline,  
Forget the sky that bent above  
His childhood like a dream of love!

*Whittier.*

I see the living tide roll on,  
It crowns with fiery towers  
The icy capes of Labrador,  
The Spaniard's "land of flowers!"  
It streams beyond the splintered ridge  
That parts the northern showers,  
From eastern rock to sunset wave,  
The Continent is ours.

*O. W. Holmes.*

America! the sound is like a sword  
To smite th' oppressor! like a loving word  
To cheer the suffering people, while they pray  
That God would hasten on the promised day,  
When earth shall be like heaven, and men shall  
stand,  
Like brothers round an altar, hand in hand.  
O! ever thus, America, be strong.—  
Like cataract's thunder pour the Freeman's song,  
Till struggling Europe joins the grand refrain;  
And startled Asia bursts the despot's chain;  
And Afric's manumitted sons, from thee  
To their own Father-land shall bear the song,  
—Worth all their toils and tears—of Liberty:  
For these good deeds, America, be strong!

*Mrs. Hale.*

#### ANCESTRY.

Boast not these titles of your ancestors,  
Brave youths; they're their possessions, none of  
yours;  
When your own virtues, equal'd have their names,  
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames;

For they are strong supporters; but, till then,  
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.  
It is a wretched thing to trust to reeds;  
Which all men do, that urge not their own deeds  
Up to their ancestors; the river's side,  
By which you're planted, shows your fruit shall  
bide;  
Hang all your rooms with one large pedigree:  
'Tis virtue alone is true nobility;  
Which virtue from your father, ripe, will fall;  
Study illustrious him, and you have all.

*Jonson.*

I have no urns, no dusty monuments;  
No broken images of ancestors,  
Wanting an ear, or nose; no forged tables  
Of long descents, to boast false honours from.

*Jonson's Catiline*

'Tis poor and not becoming perfect gentry,  
To build their glories at their fathers' cost;  
But at their own expense of blood or virtue,  
To raise them living monuments; our birth  
Is not our own act; honour upon trust,  
Our ill deeds forfeit; and the wealthy sums,  
Purchas'd by others' fame or sweat, will be  
Our stain, for we inherit nothing truly  
But what our actions make us worthy of.

*Chapman and Shirley's Ball.*

It is, indeed, a blessing, when the *virtues*  
Of noble races are hereditary:  
And do derive themselves from th' imitation  
Of virtuous ancestors.

*Nabb's Covent Garden.*

He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more  
From his own worth, dies bankrupt on the score.

*John Cleveland.*

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,  
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge..

*Young.*

He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,  
By heraldry proved valiant or discreet!

*Young.*

Whence his name  
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;  
Suffice it that, perchance they were of fame,  
And had been glorious in another day.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

I am one,  
Who finds within me a nobility  
That spurns the idle pratings of the great,  
And their mean boast of what their fathers were,  
While they themselves are fools effeminate,  
The scorn of all who know the worth of mind  
And virtue.

*Percival*

## ANGELS.

Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,  
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Angels, contented with their fame in heaven,  
Seek not the praise of men.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Are ye for ever to your skies departed?

Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more?

Ye whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted  
Through Eden's fresh and flowery shades of  
yore?

*Mrs. Hemans.*

White-wing'd angels meet the child

On the vestibule of life.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

Times of joy and times of woe,

Each an angel-presence know.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

## ANGER.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath:  
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,  
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,  
Bitter despite, with rancour's rusty knife,  
And fretting grief, the enemy of life;  
All these, and many evils more, haunt ire.  
The swelling spleen, and phrenzy raging rife,  
The shaking palsy, and saint Francis fire:  
Such one was wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

There is not in nature,  
A thing that makes a man so deform'd, so beastly,  
As doth intemp'rate anger.

*Webster's Dutchess of Malfi.*

Your more manly soul I find  
Is capable of wrong, and like a flint  
Throws forth a fire unto the striker's eyes.  
You bear about you valour's whetstone, anger:  
Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it  
Cut with a spirit; you conceive fond patience  
Is an injustice to ourselves; the suff'r'ring  
One injury invites a second, that  
Calls on a third, till wrongs do multiply  
And reputation bleed.

*Thomas Randolph's Muse's Looking-Glass.*

My rage is not malicious; like a spark  
Of fire by steel inforced out of a flint,  
It is no sooner kindled, but extinct.

*Goffe's Careless Shepherdess.*

Madness and anger differ but in this,  
This is short madness, that long anger is.

*Charles Aleyn's Crescye.*

Where there's  
Power to punish, 'tis tyranny to rage;  
Anger is no attribute of justice;  
'Tis true she's painted with a sword, but looks  
As if she held it not; though war be in  
Her hand, yet peace dwells in her face.

*Henry Killeghrew's Conspiracy.*

If I stay, my rage  
Will hurry me to mischief, better leave her  
To certain ruin, than betray myself  
To danger of it.

*Claphorne's Hollander.*

The winds,  
Imprison'd in the caverns of the earth,  
Break out in hideous earthquakos; passions so  
Increase by opposition of all scorns.

*Claphorne's Hollander.*

Angor  
Is blood, pour'd and perplex'd into a froth;  
But malice is the wisdom of our wrath.

*Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.*

In mighty souls, passions, not soon suppress'd,  
Like wounded whales, do struggle till they die;  
By their impatience they increase the smart,  
Provoke their pains, and vex a harmless dart;  
Tossing the mighty mass till they're on ground,  
Their rage more fatal than the little wound.

*Sir Francis Fune's Sacrifice.*

At this the knight grew high in wrath,  
And lifting hands and eyes up both,  
Three times he smot on stomach stout,  
From whence at length these words broke out.

*Butler's Hudil-as.*

Anger is like  
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him.

*Shaks. Henry VIII*

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

*Shaks. Henry VI.*

Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction: never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Shaks. Ant. and Cleo.*

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

*Brutus.*—Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way, and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

*Cassius.*—O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?

*Brutus.*—All this! ay more. Fret till your proud heart break;

Go show your slave how choleric you are,  
And make your bondsman tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and dearest valued blood, of France.

*Shaks. King John.*

O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a passion would I shake the world.

*Shaks. King John.*

Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord:  
Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

*Shaks. Henry IV.*

I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my gricf and my impatience,  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what

*Shaks. Henry IV.*

I am about to weep; but thinking that  
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain,  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I turn to sparks of fire.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes; so looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,  
Then makes him nothing.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,  
Til' they had stolen our jewel.

*Shaks. Ant. and Cleo.*

Those hearts that start at once into a blaze,  
And open all their rage, like summer storms  
At once discharged grow cool again and calm.

*C. Johnson's Medea.*

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,  
Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair;  
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
Him counterfeit.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

The elephant is never won with anger;  
Nor must that man, who would reclaim a lion,  
Take him by the teeth.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Hast thou compacted for a lease of years  
With hell, that thus thou ventur'st to provoke me?

*Dryden's Duke of Guise.*

When anger rushes, unrestrain'd, to action,  
Like a hot steed, it stumbles in its way:  
The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes  
safest. *Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.*

My indignation, like th' imprison'd fire,  
Pent in the troubled breast of glowing Ætna,  
Burnt deep and silent.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

'T is all in vain, this rage that tears thy bosom;  
Like a poor bird that flutters in its cage,  
Thou beat'st thyself to death.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Senseless, and deform'd,  
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale  
And silent, settles into full revenge.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,  
And screams of horror rond th' affrighted skies;  
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,  
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their  
last;

Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,  
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,  
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,  
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,  
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,  
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,  
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,  
E'er felt such rage.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

Curse on the man that calls Rameses friend,  
And keeps his temper at a tale like this;  
When rage and rancour are the proper virtues,  
And loss of reason is the mark of men.

*Young's Busiris*

For pale and trembling anger rushes in,  
With faltering speech, and eyes that wildly stare

Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,  
Desperate, and arm'd with more than human  
strength.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Next anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

*Collins's Ode to the Passions.*

Out upon the fool! go speak thy comforts  
To spirits tame and abject as thyself:  
They make me mad.

*Baillie's Ethwald.*

His eye-brow dark, and eye of fire,  
Showed spirit proud, and prompt to ire;  
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek  
Did deep design and counsel speak.

*Scott's Marmion.*

His brow was bent,—his eye was glazed—  
He raised his arm and fiercely raised:  
And sternly shook his hand on high,  
As doubting to return or fly.

*Byron's Giaour.*

I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find  
The workings of a wounded mind;  
Each feature of that sullen corse  
Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.

*Byron's Giaour.*

And her brow cleared, but not her troubled eye:  
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

She ceased, and turn'd upon her pillow; pale  
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through their tears,  
Like skies that rain and lighten; as a veil,  
Waved and o'ershadowing her wan cheek, appears  
Her streaming hair, the black curls strive, but fail,  
To hide the glossy shoulder, which uprears  
Its snow through all; her soft lips lie apart,  
And louder than her breathing beats her heart.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

Loud complaint, however angrily  
It shakes its phrase, is little to be feared,  
And less distrusted.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

Patience!—Hence—that word was made  
For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;  
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—  
I am not of thine order

*Byron's Manfred.*

The wildest ills that darken life,  
Are rapture to the bosom's strife;  
The tempest, in its blackest form,  
Is beauty to the bosom's storm;

The ocean, lash'd to fury loud,  
Its high wave mingling with the cloud,  
Is peaceful, sweet serenity,  
To anger's dark and stormy sea.

*J. W. Eastburne.*

### ANGLING.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,  
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,  
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,  
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:  
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,  
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.

*Pope's Windsor Forest.*

I in these flowery meads would be;  
These crystal streams should solace me;  
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise  
I with my angle would rejoice.

*Isaac Walton.*

And angle on, and beg to have  
A quiet passage to a welcome grove.

*Isaac Walton.*

Oh! lone and lovely haunts are thine,  
Soft, soft the river flows,  
Wearing the shadow of thy line,  
The gloom of alder boughs.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

### ANIMALS.

Let cavillers deny  
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,  
'Tis heaven directs, and stratagems inspires,  
Beyond the short extent of human thought.

*Somerville's Chase.*

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit  
For human fellowship, as being void  
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike  
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased  
With sight of animals enjoying life,  
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.

*Cowper's Task.*

And because he loves me so,  
Better than his kind will do,  
Often man or woman,—  
Give I back more love again,  
Than dogs often take of men,  
Learning from my human.

*Miss Barrett.*

You each gentle animal  
In confidence may bind,  
And make them follow at your call,  
If you are always kind

*Mrs. Hale.*

## ANTIPATHY.

Some men there are, love not a gaping pig ;  
Some that are mad, if they behold a cat.  
Masterless passion sways it to the mood,  
Of what it likes or loathes.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Sooner the olive shall provoke  
To am'rous clasps this sturdy oak,  
And doves in league with eagles be,  
Ere I will glance a smile on thee.  
Sooner yon dusky mulberry  
In her old white shall clothed be,  
And lizards with fierce asps combine,  
Ere I will twist my soul with thine.

*John Hall.*

May thorns be planted in the marriage bed,  
And love grow sour'd and blacken into hate !

*Bulwer's Lady of Lyons.*

## ANTIQUARY.

They say he sits  
All day in contemplation of a statue  
With ne'er a nose, and dotes on the decays,  
With greater love than the self-lov'd Narcissus  
Did on his beauty : How shall I approach him ?

*Shakerly Marmyon's Antiquary.*

I must rev'rence and prefer the precedent  
Times before these, which consum'd their wits in  
Experiments ; and 'twas a virtuous  
Emulation amongst them, that nothing  
Which should profit posterity, should perish.

*Shakerly Marmyon's Antiquary.*

They are the  
Registers, the chronicles of the age  
They were made in, and speak the truth of history,  
Better than a hundred of your printed  
Communications.

*Shakerly Marmyon's Antiquary.*

A copper plate, with almanacs  
Engrav'd upon't; with other necks  
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmer's,  
And blank schemes to discover nimmers;  
A moon dial, with Napier's bones,  
And sev'ral constellation stones.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

What toil did honest Curio take,  
What strict inquiries did he make,  
To get one medal wanting yet,  
And perfect all his Roman set !

'Tis found : and, O his happy lot !  
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot.  
*Prior's Alma.*

He had a routh o' auld nick-nackets,  
Rusty ainr caps, and jinglin jackets ;  
Would hold the Loudons three in tackets  
A towmond gude ;  
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-buckets,  
Afore the flude

*Burns.*

How his eyes languish ! how his thoughts adore  
That painted coat, which Joseph never wore !  
He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin,  
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's  
chin.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,  
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches :  
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,  
That held, of ancient Rome, the flesh and fish.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

## APPAREL.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

The fashion

Wears out more apparel than the man.

*Shaks. Much ado about nothing.*

We will unto your father's.  
Ev'n in these honest, mean habiliments :  
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;  
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich :  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What ! is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?  
O no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

*Shaks. Taming of a Shrew.*

Thy gown ? why, ay : — come, tailor, let us see 't.  
O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here ?  
What's this ? a sleeve ? 'tis like a demi-cannon :  
What ! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart ?  
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop : —  
Why what, a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this ?

*Shaks. Taming of a Shrew.*

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,  
I do mistake my person all this while.  
Upon my life, she finds although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;  
And entertain a score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions to adorn my body,  
Since I am crept in favour with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Sure this gay fresh suit, as seems to me,  
Hangs like green ivy on a rotten tree.

*Daniel's Hymen's Triumph.*

I am the same, without all diff'rnce ; when  
You saw me last, I was as rich, as good ;  
Have no additions since of name, or blood ;  
Only because I wore a thread-bare suit,  
I was not worthy of a poor salute.  
A few good clothes put on with small ado,  
Purchase your knowledge and your kindred too.

*Heywood's Royal King.*

Nor yet too brightly strive to blaze,  
By stealing all the rainbow rays ;  
Your gaudy, artificial fly  
Will only take the younger fry.  
Who has not seen, and seeing mourn'd,  
And mourning smiled, and smiling scorn'd,  
In wild ambition flaming down,  
Some comet from a country town ?  
See, see her in her motley hues ;  
Funereal blacks and brimstone blues,  
And lurid green, and bonfire red,  
At once their varied radiance shed ;  
And skin deep gold, and would be pearls,  
And oh ! those heaps of corkscrew curls,

*O. W. Holmes.*

From little matters let us pass to less,  
And lightly touch the mysteries of *dress* ;  
The outward forms the inner man reveal.  
We guess the pulp before we eat the pecl.  
One single precept might the whole condense—  
Be sure your tailor is a man of sense ;  
But add a little care, or decent pride,  
And always err upon the sober side.  
Wear seemly gloves ; not black, nor yet too light,  
And least of all the pair that once was white.  
Have a good hat ; the secret of your looks  
Lies with the beaver in Canadian brooks.  
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,  
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.  
Be shy of breastpins ; plain, well-ironed, white,  
With small pearl buttons,—two of them in sight,—  
Is always genuine, while your gems may pass,  
Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### APPEARANCES.

Appearances deccive,  
And this one maxima is a standing rule,—  
Men are not what they seem.

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

Why should the sacred character of virtue  
Shine on a villain's countenance ? Ye powers !  
Why fix'd you not a brand on treason's front,  
That we might know t' avoid perfidious mortals.

*Dennis's Iphigenia.*

Thy plain and open nature sees mankind  
But in appearances, not what they are.

*Frowde's Philotas.*

Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not *seems*,  
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected 'aviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, modes, shaws of grief,  
That can denote me truly ; These, indeed, seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play :  
But I have that within, which passeth show ;  
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Mislike me not for my complexion,—  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

You have slander'd nature in my form ;  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*Shaks. King John.*

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward charakter.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

He has, I know not what,  
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fate  
That almost awes me.

*Dryden's Marriage a la Mode.*

That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,  
Contains the shining treasure of a soul  
Resolved and brave.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Appearances to save, his only care ;  
So things seem right, no matter what they are.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

They form'd a very nymph-like looking crew,  
Which might have call'd Diana's chorus "Cousin,"  
As far as outward show may correspond;  
I won't be bail for anything beyond.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

The deepest ice that ever froze  
Can only o'er the surface close;  
The living stream lies quick below,  
And flows, and cannot cease to flow.

*Byron.*

One slanting up his face did wink  
The salt-rheum to the eyelid's brink,  
As if to think—or—not to think!  
Some trod out stealthily and slow,  
As if the sun would fall in snow,  
If they walked to, instead of fro.

*Miss Barrett.*

'Tis not the fairest form that holds  
The mildest, purtest soul within;  
'Tis not the richest plant that folds  
The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

*Davies.*

Within the oyster's shell uncouth  
The purest pearl may hide:—  
Trust me you'll find a heart of truth  
Within that rough outside.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Alas! I am but woman, fond and weak,  
Without even power my proud, pure love to speak;  
But oh, by all I fail in, love not me  
For what I am, but what I wish to be.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Well, one may trail her silken robe,  
And bind her locks with pearls,  
And one may wreath the woodland rose  
Among her floating curls;  
And one may tread the dewy grass,  
And one the marble floor,  
Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,  
Nor broider'd corset more.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### APPLAUSE.

At which the universal host up sent  
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of chaos and old night.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

The hollow abyss  
Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell  
With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

He said, and as the sound of waters deep,  
Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause  
Through the infinite host.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all  
The multitude of angels, with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung  
With jubilee, and loud hosannahs fill'd  
Th' eternal regions.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

City, country, all,  
Is in gay triumph tempest toss'd,  
I scarce could press along. The trumpet's voice  
Is lost in loud repeated shouts, that raise  
Your name to heaven.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to  
heaven,  
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.

*Thomson's Liberty.*

Then give a general shout, and send scared echo  
Even to the frightened ears of tyranny.

*Sir A. Hunt's Julian*

### ARCHITECTURE.

Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,  
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;  
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,  
The craz'd creation of misguided whim.

*Burns's Brigs of Ayr.*

### ARBOUR.

And in the thickest covert of that shade,  
There was a pleasaunt arbour, not by art,  
But of the trees' owne inclination made,  
Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,  
With wanton yvie twine entralyd athwart,  
And eglantine and caprifole among,  
Fashion'd above within their inmost part,  
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them  
throng,

Nor Acolus' sharp blast could worke them any  
wrong.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age, and whisp'ring lovers made!

*Goldsmit's Deser'ted Vilage.*

### ARGUMENT.

Be calm in arguing: For fierceness makes  
Error a fault, and truth courtesy.  
Why should I feel another man's mistakes  
More than his sicknesses or poverty?  
In love I should; but anger is not love,  
Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.

Calmness is great advantage: He that lets  
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,  
Mark all his wand'ring, and enjoy his frets,  
As cunning fencors suffer heat to tire.  
Truth dwells not in the clouds: The bow that's  
there,  
Doth often aim at, never hit the sphere.

*Herbert.*

If truth be with thy friend, be with them both:  
Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

*Herbert.*

But all's not true that supposition saith,  
Nor have the mightiest arguments most faith.

*Drayton.*

For arguments, like children, should be like  
The subject that begets them.

*Thomas Decker's Satiromastix.*

He'd undertake to prove, by force  
Of argument, a man's no horse.  
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
And that a lord may be an owl,  
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,  
And rooks committee-men and trustees.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

It is in vain

(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain,  
Or, like the stars, incline men to  
What they're averse themselves to do;  
For when disputes are wearied out,  
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

A man convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

For obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,  
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Examples I could cite you more;  
But be contented with these four;  
For when one's proofs are aptly chosen,  
Four are as valid as four dozen.

*Prior's Alma.*

In argument

Similes are like songs in love:  
They much describe;—they nothing prove.

*Prior's Alma.*

In a guing too, the parson owned his skill,  
For even tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,  
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,  
We find our tenets just the same at last.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*  
Who shall decide when doctors disagree,  
And soundest casuists doubt, like you or me.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

## ARMS.

I'll ride in golden armour like the sun,  
And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,  
Spangled with diamonds dancing in the air,  
To note me emperor of the threefold world.

*Marlo's 1st part of Tamberlane the Great.*

Assurance now having armed all their hearts,  
With proof 'gainst fear, not danger; they prepare  
To arm themselves completely at all parts,  
Offensive and defensive; one might swear,  
They did such motions to their armour give,  
That iron breathed, and that steel did live.

*Aleyn's King Henry VII.*

In nature it is fear that makes us arm;  
And fear by guilt is bred;  
The guiltless nothing dread,  
Defence not seeking, nor designing harm.

*Sir W. Davenant.*

Who is the happy warrior? who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
— It is the generous spirit who hath wrought  
Among the plans of real life.

— 'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends  
Upon that law as on his best of friends.  
— Who if he rise to stations of command,  
Rises by open means.—

— Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim.

*Wordsworth.*

## ARMY.

So great an host  
As with their weight shall make the mountains  
quake,  
Even as when windy exhalations,  
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

*Marlo.*

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of  
night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds;  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch.  
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames,  
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,  
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,  
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

We are but warriors for the working day :  
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd  
With rainy marching in the painful field.  
There's not a piece of feather in our host,  
(Good argument I hope we will not fly,)  
And time has worn us into slovenry :  
But by the mass, our hearts are in the trim.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?  
Yon island carriions, desperate of their bones,  
Ill favour'dly become the morning field :  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,  
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.  
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor

jades

Lob down their heads, drooping the hides and hips ;  
The gum down-ropeing from their pale dead eyes ;  
And in their pale dull mouths the gimbal bit  
Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless ;  
And their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them all impatient for their hour.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;  
There stuck no plume in any English crest,  
That is removed by a staff of France ;  
Our colours do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd

forth ;

A braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and scath in Christendom.  
The interruption of their churlish drums  
Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand.

*Shaks. King John.*

All the unsettled humours of the land,  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

*Shaks. King John.*

And like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.

*Shaks. King John.*

Remember whom you are to cope withal ;  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways.  
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'ercloy'd country vomits forth  
To desperate ventures, and assur'd destruction.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

His marches are expedient to this town,  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

*Shaks. King John.*

Within a ken our army lies ;  
Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;  
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good.

*Shaks. Henry IV.*

All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air  
With orient colours waving : With them rose  
A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms  
Appear'd, and serrid shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Ten thousand ensigns high advanced,  
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear  
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve  
Of hierarchies, of orders and degrees ;  
Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd  
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
Recorded eminent.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

And though reduc'd to that extreme,  
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum* ;  
Yet with religious blasphemy,  
By flattering heaven with a lie,  
And for their beating giving thanks,  
Th' have rais'd recruits, and fill'd their ranks

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Yet hark ! what discords now, of every kind,  
Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the  
wind !  
The neigh of cavalry ; the tinkling throngs  
Of laden camels, and their drivers' songs ;  
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze  
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies ;

War-music, bursting out from time to time,  
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime;  
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,  
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute  
That far off, broken by the eagle note  
Of th' Abyssinian trumpet, swell and float!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

The army, like a lion from his den,  
March'd forth with nerve and sinews bent to slay,  
A human hydra issuing from its fen  
To breathe destruction on its winding way,  
Whose heads were heroes, which, cut off in vain,  
Immediately in others grew again.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

They left the ploughshare in the mould,  
The flocks and herds without a fold;  
The sickle in the unshorn grain,  
The corn half garner'd on the plain,  
And muster'd in their simple dress,  
For wrongs to seek a stern redress;  
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,  
To perish — or o'ercome the foe.

*Isaac McLellan.*

### ART

In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed.

*Shaks. Pericles.*

What thing a right line is, the learned know;  
But how avails that him, who in the right,  
Of life and manners doth desire to grow?  
What are all these human arts and lights  
But seas of error? in whose depths who sound,  
Of truth find only shadows, and no ground.  
Then if our arts want power to make us better,  
What fool will think they can us wiser make.  
Life is the wisdom, art is but the letter,  
Or shell, which men oft for the kernel take;  
In moods and figures moulding up deceit,  
To make each science rather hard than great.

*Lord Brooke.*

Such is the strength of art, rough things to shape,  
And of rude commons rich enclosures make.

*James Howell.*

For though I must confess an artist can  
Untie things better than another man,  
Yet when the task is done, he finds his pains  
Sought but to fill his belly with his brains.  
Is this the guerdon due to liberal arts,  
To admire the head and then to starve the parts?  
Timely prevention though discreetly used  
Before the fruits of knowledge were abusod.  
When learning has incur'd a fearful damp,  
To save our oil, 'tis good to quench the lamp.

*Lady Alimony.*

Tir'd at first sight, with what the muse imparts,  
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,  
While from the bounded level of our mind  
Short views we take, nor see the length behind;  
But, more advanced, behold with strange surprise,  
New distant scenes of endless science rise.

*Pope.*

Art became the shadow  
Of the dear star-light of thy haunting eyes!  
They call'd me vain, some mad—I heeded not,  
But still toil'd on, hoped on, for it was surest,  
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee.

*Bulwer's Lady of Lyons.*

Immortal art! where'er the rounded sky  
Bends o'er the cradle where thy children lie,  
Their home is earth, their herald every tongue.

*O. W. Holmes.*

— Art is wondrous long;  
Yet to the wise her paths are ever fair,  
And patience smiles, tho' genius may despair.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### ARTIFICE.

Shallow artifice 'begets suspicion,  
And like a cobweb veil but thinly shades  
The face of thy design: alone disguising  
What should have ne'er been seen; imperfect  
mischief!

Thou, like the adder, venomous and deaf,  
Hast stung the traveller; and, after, hear'st  
Not his pursuing voice; e'en when thou think'st  
To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass  
Confess and point the path which thou hast crept.  
O fate of fools! officious in contriving;  
In executing, puzzled, lame, and lost.

*Congreve.*

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?  
The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.  
A man of sense can artifice disdain,  
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;  
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,  
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.  
I find the fool when I behold the screen;  
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

### ASTONISHMENT.

Adam, soon as he heard  
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd  
Astonish'd stood and blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins and all his joints relax'd;  
From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve,

Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed :  
Speechless he stood and pale.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

With wild surprise,  
As if to marble struck devoid of sense,  
A stupid moment motionless she stood.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,  
Speechless and fix'd in all the death of woe !  
So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb,  
The well dissembled mourner stands,  
For ever silent and for ever sad.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Hear it not, ye stars !  
And thou, pale moon ! turn paler at the sound.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

### ATHEIST.

When prejudice and strong aversions work,  
All whose opinions we dislike are atheists.  
Now 'tis a term of art, a bug-bear word,  
Tho' villain's engine, and the vulgar's terror.  
The man who thinks and judges for himself,  
Unsway'd by aged follies, revernd errors,  
Grown holy by traditionary dulness  
Of school authority, he is an atheist.  
The man who, hating idle noise, preserves  
A pure religion seated in his soul,  
He is a silent dumb dissembling atheist !

*Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Virtue in distress, and vice in triumph,  
Make athcists of mankind.

*Dryden's Cleomenes.*

### AUTHORS.

How many great ones may remember'd be,  
Which in their days most famously did flourish,  
Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,  
But as things wip'd out with a sponge do perish,  
Because they living cared not to cherish  
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize  
Which might their names for ever memorize !

*Spenser's Ruins of Time.*

Let authors write for glory or reward,  
Truth is well paid, when she is sung and heard.

*R. Corbet, Bishop of Norwich.*

He that writes,

Or makes a feast, more certainly invites  
His judges than his friends ; there's not a guest  
But will find something wanting, or ill drest.

*Prologue to Sir R. Howard's Surprisal.*

Much thou hast said, which I know when  
And where thou stol'st from other men ;  
Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts,  
Are all but plagiary shifts.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Some write, confin'd by physic ; some by debt ;  
Some, for 'tis Sunday ; some, because 't is wet ;  
Another writes because his father writ,  
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

*Young's Epistle to Mr. Pope.*

Authors are judg'd by strange capricious rules,  
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones  
fools ;

Yet sure the best are most severely fated,  
For fools are only laugh'd at — wits are hated.  
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor ;  
But fool 'gainst fool is barb'rous civil war.  
Why on all authors them should critics fall ?  
Since some have writ, and shown no wit at all.

*Pope.*

An author ! 'Tis a venerable name !  
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim !  
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,  
Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind ?  
Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause ?  
That sole proprietor of just applause.

*Young.*

Authors alone, with more than savage rage,  
Unnat'r'al war with brother authors wage.

*Pope.*

None but an author knows an author's cares,  
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

*Couper's Progress of Error.*

By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow,  
Free as the light and air some years ago.  
No statesman e'er will find it worth its pains,  
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.  
Burthens like these will earthly blessings bear,  
No tribute's laid on castles in the air.

*Churchill*

Some write a narrative of wars and feats,  
Of heroes little known, and call the rant  
An history. Describe the man, of whom  
His own coevals took but little note,  
And paint his person, character and views,  
As they had known him from his mother's womb.

*Couper's Task.*

And novels (witness every month's review)  
Belie their name, and offer nothing new.

*Couper's Retirement.*

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows  
In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink,  
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,  
One don't know what to say to them, or think.

Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows ;  
Of coxcomby's worst coxcombs, e'en the pink  
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,  
These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.

*Byron's Beppo.*

'T is pleasant sure to see one's name in print ;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't.

*Byron.*

But every fool describes in these bright days,  
His wondrous journey to some foreign court,  
And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise ;  
Death to his publisher, to him 'tis sport.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

He had written praises of a regicide ;  
He had written praises of all kings whatever ;  
He had written for republics far and wide,  
And then against them bitterer than ever.

*Byron's Vision of Judgment.*

Our doctors thus with stuff'd sufficiency  
Of all omnigenous omniscience,  
Began (as who would not begin  
That had, like him, so much within ?)  
To let it out in books of all sorts,  
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts.

*Moore.*

— Some steal a thought,  
And clip it round the edge, and challenge him  
Whose 'twas to swear to it. To serve things thus  
Is as foul witches to cut up old moons  
Into new stars. Some never rise above  
A pretty fault, like faulty dahlias ;  
And of whose best things it is kindly said,  
The thought is fair ; but to be perfect, wants  
A little heightening, like a pretty face  
With a low forehead.

*Bailey's Festus.*

#### AUTHORITY.

A man in authority is but as  
A candle in the wind, sooner wasted  
Or blown out than under a bushel.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Four Plays in One.*

Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,  
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow ;  
But our past life, when virtuously spent,  
Must to our age those happy fruits present.

*Denham.*

Authority kept up, old age secures,  
Whose dignity as long as life endures.

*Denham.*

Authority bears off a credent bulk,  
'That no particular scandal once can touch,  
But it confounds the breather.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the voice o' the top.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence — like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep !

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea*

My soul aches  
To know, when two authorities are up, .  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take  
The one by the other.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

Authority is a disease and cure,  
Which men can neither want nor will endure.

*Buller's Hudibras.*

Authority intoxicates,  
And makes mere sots of magistrates ;  
The fumes of it invade the brain,  
And make men giddy, proud, and vain ;  
By this the fool commands the wise,  
The noble with the base complices,  
The sot assumes the rule of wit,  
And cowards make the base submit.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

The monarch mind, the mystery of commanding,  
The birth-hour gift, the art Napoloon,  
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, binding  
The hearts of millions till they seem as one,  
Thou hast it.

*Halleck.*

#### AUTUMN

Then came the autumnne, all in yellow clad,  
As though he joyed in his plentious store,  
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
That he had banish'd hunger, which to-fore  
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore ;  
Upon his head a wreath that was enrold  
With ears of cornc of every sort, he bore,  
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,  
To reap the ripened fruit the which the earth  
had yold.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Whate'er the wanton spring,  
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,  
Toils for ; comes home to autumn ; summer sweats  
Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping  
The crop of bread, rip'ning the fruits for food,  
Autumn's garners house them, autumn's jollities  
Feed on them : I alone in every land

Traffic my useful merchandise ; gold and jewels,  
Lordly possessions are for my commodities  
Mortgag'd and sold ; I sit chief moderator  
Between the cheek-parch'd summer, and th' ex-  
tremes

Of winter's tedious frost ; nay, in myself  
I do contain another teeming spring :  
Surety of health, prosperity of life  
Belongs to autumn.

*Ford and Decker's Sun's Darling.*

The year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Thrice happy time,  
Best portion of the various year, in which  
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works,  
Lovely, to full perfection wrought.

*Philip's Cider.*

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,  
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round  
Imbrown ; crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,  
Of every hue, from wan declining green  
To sooty dark.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;  
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
And slowly circles thro' the waying air.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd  
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;  
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around  
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Again the year's decline, midst storms and floods  
The thundering chase, the yellow fading woods,  
Invite my song ; that fain would boldly tell  
Of upland coverts, and the echoing dell,  
By turns resounding loud at eve and morn  
The swincher'd hallow or the shepherd's horn.

*Bloomfield's Farmer Boy.*

Oh, Autumn ! why so soon  
Depart the hues that make thy forest glad ;  
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,  
And leave thee wild and sad !  
Ah ! 'twere a lot too blest  
For ever in thy colour'd shades to stray ;  
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest  
To rove and dream for ay.

*Bryant's Poems.*

Those few pale Autumn flowers !  
How beautiful they are !  
Than all that went before,  
Than all the Summer store,  
How lovelier far !

*Mrs. Southey.*

That loveliness ever in motion, which plays,  
Like the light upon Autumn's soft, shadowy days,  
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies,  
From the lips to the cheeks, from the cheek to the  
eyes !

*Moore.*

Wild is the music of autumnal winds  
Amongst the faded woods.

*Wordsworth*

## AVARICE.

And greedy avarice by him did ride  
Upon a camell loaden all with gold ;  
Two iron coffers hang on either side,  
With precious metall full as they might hold  
And in his lap an heap of coin he told ;  
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,  
And unto hell himself for money sold ;  
Accursed usury was all his trade,  
And right and wrong ylike in equall balance  
waide,

His life was nigh unto death's dore yplaste ;  
And thred-bare cote and cobbled shoes he ware,  
He scarce good morsell all his life did taste,  
But both from backe and belly still did spare,  
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare :  
Yet child ne kinsman living had he none,  
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care  
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne.  
He led a wretched life unto himselfe unknowne,  
Most wretched wight whom nothing might suffice,  
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,  
Whose need had end, but no end covetise.  
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him

poor,

Who had enough, yet wished evermore.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

And in his lap a masse of coyne he told  
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye  
And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

See !

The difference 'twixt the covetous and the prodigal.  
The covetous man never has money,  
And the prodigal will have none shortly !

*Johnson's Staple of News*

When all sins are old in us,  
And go upon crutches, covetousness  
Does but then lie in her cradle.

*Decker*

Gross nurtur'd slaves, who force their wretched souls  
To crouch to profit; nay, for trash and wealth,  
Doat on some crooked or misshapen form,  
Hugging wise nature's lame deformity,  
Begetting creatures ugly as themselves.

*John Ford's Love Sacrifice.*

When I was blind, my son, I did miscall  
My sordid vice of avarice, true thrift.  
But now forget that lesson, I prithee do,  
That cos'ning vice, although it seems to keep  
Our wealth, debars us from possessing it,  
And makes us more than poor.

*May's Old Couple.*

Of age's avarice I cannot see  
What colour, ground, or reason there should  
be;

Is it not folly, when the way we ride  
Is short, for a long voyage to provide?  
To avarice some title youth may own,  
To reap in autumn, what a spring had sown;  
And with the providence of bees or ants,  
Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants.  
But age scarce sows, till death stands by to  
reap,  
And to a stranger's hand, transfers the heap;  
Afraid to be so once, she's always poor,  
And to avoid a mischief, makes it sure,  
Such madness, as for fear of death to die,  
Is to be poor for fear of poverty.

*Denham.*

What less than fool is man to prog and plot,  
And lavish out the cream of all his care,  
To gain poor seeming goods which, being got,  
Make firm possession but a thoroughfare;  
Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper;  
And being kept with care, they lose their careful  
keeper.

*Quarles.*

In all the world there is no vice  
Less prone t' excess than avarice;  
It neither cares for food nor clothing:  
Nature's content with little, that with nothing.

*Butler.*

L'Avaro not using half his store,  
Still grumbles that he has no more;  
Strikes not the present tun, for fear  
The vintage should be bad next year,  
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,  
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.

*Prior's Alma.*

But the base miser starves amidst his store,  
Broods on his gold, and griping still at more,  
'Tis sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

*Dryden's Wife of Bath.*

May his soul be plung'd  
In ever burning floods of liquid gold,  
And be his avarice the fiend that damns him.

*Murphy's Alzuma.*

To cram the rich was prodigal expense,  
And who would take the poor from Providence?  
Like some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,  
Silence without and fasts within the wall;  
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,  
No noon-tide bell invites the country round:  
Tenants with sighs the smokeloss towers survey,  
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way;  
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,  
Curs'd the sav'd candle, and unopening door;  
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,  
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ  
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;  
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste  
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,  
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly;  
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store  
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;  
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;  
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir,  
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,  
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;  
As poison heals, in just proportions us'd;  
In heaps, like ambergris, a sink it lies,  
And well dispres'd, is incense to the skies.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

"I give and I devise," (Old Euclio said,  
And sigh'd,) "my lands and tenements to Ned."  
Your money, sir?—"My moncy, sir, what, all?  
Why, if I must" (then wept), "I give it Paul."  
The manor, sir?—"The manor! hold," he cried,  
"Not that—I cannot part with that," and died.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquest:  
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!  
The last corruption of degenerate man.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,  
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

O cursed love of gold; when for thy sake  
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,  
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

*Blair's Grave.*

Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,  
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;  
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,  
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

The love of gold, that meanest rage,  
And latest folly of man's sinking age,  
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,  
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,  
Comes skulking last with selfishness and fear,  
And dies collecting lumber in the rear!

*Moore.*

The credulous hope of mutual minds is o'er,  
The copious use of claret is forbid too,  
So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,  
I think I must take up with avarice.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

Oh gold!—why call we misers miserable?  
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;  
Theirs is the best bower-anchor, the chain cable,  
Which holds fast other pleasures great and small;  
Ye who but see the saving man at table,  
And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,  
And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,  
Know not what visions spring from each cheese-paring.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

Why call the miser miserable? As  
I said before, the frugal life is his,  
Which in a saint or cynic ever was  
The theme of praise: a hermit would not miss  
Canonization for the self-same cause,  
And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's austerities?  
Because, you'll say, naught calls for such a trial;—  
Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

But whether all, or each, or none of these,  
May be the hoarder's principle of action,  
The fool will call such mania a disease:—  
What is his own? Go look at each transaction,  
Wars, revels, loves—do these bring men more ease  
Than the mere plodding through each vulgar  
fraction;  
Or do they benefit mankind? Lean miser!  
Let spendthrifts' heirs inquire of yours, who's  
wiser?

*Byron's Don Juan.*

Why Mammon sits before a million hearths  
Where God is bolted out from every house.

*Bailley's Festus.*

The churl who holds it heresy to *think*,  
Who loves no music but the dollar's clink,  
Who laughs to scorn the wisdom of the schools,  
And deems the first of poets first of fools,

Who never found what good from science grew,  
Save the grand truth, that one and one make two,—  
'Tis he, across whose brain scarce dares to creep  
Aught but thrift's parent pair—to get, to keep!

*Charles Sprague.*

## AWKWARDNESS.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,  
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?  
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,  
Some want the striking elegance of ease,  
The curious eye their awkward movement tires,  
They seem like puppets led about by wires.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill  
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,  
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,  
Desirous seems to run away from t' other.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

Not all the pumice of the polish'd town  
Can smooth the roughness of the barnyard clown;  
Rich, honour'd, titled, he betrays his race  
By this one mark—he's awkward in his face.

*O. W. Holmes.*

## BANISHMENT.

We banish you our territories:  
You, cousin Hereford, on pain of death,  
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

All places that the eye of heaven visits,  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:  
There is no virtue like necessity.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour;  
And not the king exiled thee. Or suppose  
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou  
comest.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;  
They are free men, but I am banished.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

I've stoopt my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouas,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;  
While you have fed upon my signories;

Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;  
From mine own windows torn my household-coat,  
Raz'd out my impress; leaving me no sign,  
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,  
To show the world I am a gentleman.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Banished?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin absolver, and my friend profest,  
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Banish me?

Banish your dotage: banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

*Shaks. Timon.*

### BARGAIN.

I'll give thrice so much land,  
To any well deserving friend;  
But in the way of bargain, mark me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

*Shaks. Henry IV.*

The age of bargaining, said Burke,  
Has come: to-day the turban'd Turk  
Is England's friend and fast ally.

*Halleck's Poems.*

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
The Douglas in red herrings;  
And noble name and cultur'd land,  
Palace, and park, and vassal band,  
Are powerless to the notes of hand  
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

*Halleck's Alnwick Castle.*

### BATTLE.

Therewith they gan, both furious and foll,  
To thunder blowes, and fiercely to assaile  
Each other, bent his enemy to quell,  
That with their force they perst both plate and  
maile,

And made wide furrows in their fleshes fraile,  
That it would pity any living eie.  
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raille,  
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:  
Both hongred after death; both chose to win or die.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Then to the rest his wrathful hand he bonds,  
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,  
That swarms of damned soules to hell he sends;

The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew  
Fly like a flocke of doves before a falcon's view.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

All sodainly enflam'd with furious fit,  
Like a fell lionesse, at him she flew,  
And on his head-piece him so fiercely smit,  
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,  
Dismay'd so with the stroke that he no colours  
knew.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

The eager armies meet to try their cause,  
Our English lords in four battalias  
Bring on their forces, but so furious grows  
In little time the fight, so near the blows,  
That soon no order we perceive at all,  
For, like one body, closely move they all.

*May's Edward III.*

In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:  
Three times they breath'd, and three times did  
they drink,  
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood.

*Shaks. Henry IV.*

Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:  
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth:  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French.

*Shaks. King John.*

If we are mark'd to dic, we are enough  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men the greater share of honour.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom;  
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;  
Our ancient word of courage, fair saint George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;  
And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.

*Shaks. King John.*

My sons—God knows what hath bechancel them:  
But this I know—they have demean'd themselves  
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.  
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;  
And thrice cried—*Courage, father, fight it out!*  
And full as oft came Edward on my side,  
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt,  
In blood of those that had encounter'd him.

*Shaks. Henry VI.*

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:  
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;  
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

*Shaks. Henry VI.*

And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,  
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout  
Enter'd and foul disorder; all the ground  
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap  
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,  
And fiery foaming steeds.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
A dreadful interval, and front to front  
Presented stood in terrible array  
Of hideous length; before the cloudy van  
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,  
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,  
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

The shout  
Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Now night her course began, and over heaven  
Inducing darkness, grateful truce, impos'd  
Her silence on the odious din of war:  
Under her cloudy covert hath retir'd,  
Victor and vanquish'd.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Each at the head  
Lovel'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intended.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

When one, that bare a link,  
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,  
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;  
And straight another with his flambeau,  
Gave Ralph o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

'Tis not the least disparagement  
To be defeated by th' event,  
Nor to be beaten by main force,  
That does not make a man the worse;  
But to turn tail, and run away,  
And without blows give up the day,  
Or to surrender ere th' assault,  
That's no man's fortune, but his fault.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd  
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.  
The head of this was to the saddle bent,  
The other backward to the crupper sent.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Hark—the death-denouncing trumpet sounds  
The fatal charge, and shouts proclaim the onset—  
Destruction rushes dreadful to the field,  
And bathes itself in blood: havoc let loose  
Now undistinguish'd, rages all around;  
While ruin, seated on her dreary throne,  
Secs the plain strewed with subjects truly hers,  
Breathless and cold.

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

Even like an arrow on the wind he rode  
His winged courser, and with noble daring  
Swept with his chivalrous escort past our front,  
Even at the stormy edge of chafing battle.

*Sir A. Hunt's Julian.*

Here might you see  
Barons and peasants on th' embattled field,  
Slain or half dead, in one huge ghastly heap,  
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,  
And ejaculation, in the pangs of death,  
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd  
In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,  
Trampled by fiery coursers: Horror thus,  
And wild uproar, and desolation, reign'd  
Unrespited.

*Philipps's Cider.*

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of  
war;  
The labour'd battle sweat, and conquest bled.

*Lee's Alexander.*

Behold in awful march and dread array,  
The long extended squadrons shape their way!  
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts  
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;  
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,  
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.

*Addison's Campaign.*

A thousand glorious actions that might claim  
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,  
Confus'd in clouds of glorious actions lie,  
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.

*Addison's Campaign.*

It was a goodly sight  
To see the embattled pomp, as with the step  
Of stateliness the barbed steeds came on,  
To see the pennons rolling their long waves  
Before the gale, and banners, broad and bright,  
Tossing their blazonry.

*Southern.*

Then more fierce  
The conflict grew; the din of arms—the yell  
Of savage rage—the shriek of agony—  
The groan of death, commingled in one sound  
Of undistinguish'd horrors; while the sun,

Retiring slow beneath the plain's far verge,  
Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light.

*Southeys Madoc.*

Yet more! yet more! how fair arrayed  
They file from out the hawthorn shade,  
And sweep so gallant by!  
With all their banners bravely spread,  
And all their armour flashing high,  
Saint George might waken from the dead,  
To see fair England's standard fly.

*Scott's Marmion.*

The war, that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,  
And—Stanley! was the cry;—  
A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye:  
With dying hand, above his head,  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted "Victory!"—  
"Charge, Chester, charge!—On, Stanley, on!"  
Were the last words of Marmion.

*Scott's Marmion.*

His hand still strained the broken brand;  
His arms were smeared with blood and sand.

*Scott's Marmion.*

All in the castle were at rest;  
When sudden on the windows shone  
A lightning flash, just seen and gone!  
A shot is heard—again the flame  
Flashed thick and fast—a volley came!  
Then echoed wildly, from within,  
Of shout and scream the mingled din,  
And weapon clash, and maddening cry,  
Of those who kill and those who die!  
As filled the hall with sulphurous smoke,  
More red, more dark, the death-flash broke,  
And forms were on the lattice cast,  
That struck, or struggled, as they past.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

And O! amid that waste of life,  
What various motives fired the strife!  
The aspiring noble bled for fame,  
The patriot for his country's claim,  
This knight his youthful strength to prove,  
And that to win his lady's love.

*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

Impetuons, active, fierce, and young,  
Upon the advancing foes he sprung.  
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent  
His brandish'd faulchion's sheer descent.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before:—  
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again;  
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!  
And charge with all thy chivalry!  
Few, few, shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

*Campbell's Hohenlinden.*

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had  
lower'd,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-  
power'd,  
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

*Campbell's Soldier's Dream.*

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,  
And risen again, and found them grappling yet;  
While steams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,  
Smoke up to heav'n.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Did ye not hear it?—No: 't was but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.—  
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once  
more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening  
roar!

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

By heaven! it is a splendid sight to see  
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)  
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,  
Their various arms that glitter in the air!  
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their  
lair,  
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!  
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;  
The grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,  
And havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Hark to the trump, and the drum,  
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,  
And the flap of the banners, that slit as they're  
borne,  
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's  
hum,  
And the clash, and the shout "they come, they  
come!"

*Byron's Siege of Corinth.*

Hand to hand and foot to foot :  
Nothing there, save death, was mute ;  
Stroke and thrust, and flash and cry  
For quarter or for victory  
Mingle there with the volleying thunder.

*Byron's Siege of Corinth.*

"One effort—one—to break the circling host!"  
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!  
Within a narrow ring compressed, beset,  
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet,—  
Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,  
Hemmed in—cut off—cleft down—and tram-  
pled o'er,  
But each strikes singly, silently, and home,  
And sinks outworned rather than overcome,  
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,  
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death.

*Byron's Corsair.*

No dread of death—if with us die our foes—  
Save that it seems even duller than repose :  
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—  
When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife.

*Byron's Corsair.*

And one enormous shout of "Allah!" rose  
In the same moment, loud as even the roar  
Of war's most mortal engines, to their foes  
Hurling defiance: city, stream, and shore  
Resounded "Allah!"—and the clouds which close  
With thick'ning canopy the conflict o'er,  
Vibrate to the eternal name. Hark! through  
All sounds it pierceth, "Allah! Allah! Hu!"

*Byron's Don Juan.*

Here pause we for the present—as even then  
That awful pause, dividing life from death,  
Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,  
Thousands of whom were drawing their last  
breath!

A moment, and all will be life again!  
The march!—the charge!—the shouts of either  
faith!  
Hurra! and Allah! and—one moment more—  
The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,  
However near his own or other's tomb;  
With hand whose almost careless coolness spoke,  
Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre stroke;  
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,  
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.

*Byron's Lara.*

Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
I've scap'd a bloodier hour than this.

*Byron's Giaour.*

The fight was o'er, the flashing through the gloom,  
Which robes the cannon as he wings a tomb,  
Had ceased; and sulphur vapours upward driven  
Had left the earth, and but polluted heaven.

*Byron's Island*

—Ay, now the soul of battle is abroad,  
It burns upon the air!—The joyous winds  
Are tossing warrior plumes, the proud white foam  
Of battle's roaring billows!

*Mrs. Hemans*

—If to plunge  
In the mid-waves of combat, as they bear  
Chargers and spearmen onwards; and to make  
A reckless bosom's front the buoyant mark,  
On that wild current, for ten thousand sorrows;  
If thus to dare were valour's noblest aim,  
Lightly might fame be won!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

He battles heart and arm, his own blue sky  
Above him, and his own green land around.

*Halleck's Poems.*

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

*Longfellow*

Then said the mother to her son,  
And pointed to his shield—  
"Come with it, when the battle's done,  
Or on it, from the field."

*R. Montgomery.*

Our fathers live, they guard in glory still  
The grass-grown bastions of the fortress'd hill  
Still ring the echoes of the trampled gorge  
To God and Freedom! *England and St. George!*  
The royal cipher on the captured gun  
Mocks the sharp night-dews and the blistering sun!

*O. W. Holmes.*

Point to the summits where the brave had bled;  
Where every village claims its glorious dead;  
Say, where their bosoms met the bayonet's shock,  
Their only corslet was the rustic frock;  
Say, when they mustered to the gathering horn,  
The titled chieftain curled his lip in scorn;  
Yet, when their leader bade his lines advance,  
No musket wavered in the lion's glance;  
Say, when they fainted in their forced retreat,  
They tracked the snow-drifts with their bleeding  
feet;

Yet still their banners, tossing in the blast,  
Bore *Ever Ready*, faithful to the last,  
Through storm and battle, till they waved again  
On Yorktown's hills and Saratoga's plain.

*O. W. Holmes.*

## BEARD.

His beard is directly brick colour,  
And perfectly fashion'd like the husk  
Of a chesnut; he kisses with the driest lip!

*Marston's What you will.*

It has no bush below;  
Marry a little wool, as much as an unripe  
Peach doth wear:  
Just enough to speak him drawing towards a man.

*Suckling's Goblins.*

His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
Both of his wisdom and his face;  
In cut and dye so like a tile,  
A sudden view it would beguile;  
The upper part thereof was whey;  
The nether, orange mix'd with grey.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

## BEAUTY.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure  
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,  
As beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure  
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress;  
And mighty hands forget their manliness,  
Drawn with the power of an heart-robbing eye,  
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,  
That can with melting pleasaunce mollify  
Their harden'd hearts, enur'd to blood and cruelty.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

For sure of all that in this mortal frame  
Contained is, nought more divine doth seem,  
Or that resembleth more th' immortal flame  
Of heavenly light, than beauty's glorious beam.  
What wonder then if with such rage extreme  
Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,  
At sight thereof so much enamish'd be?

*Spenser.*

For beauty is the bait which, with delight,  
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind;  
Beauty, the burning lamp of heaven's light,  
Darting her beams into each feeble mind,  
Against whose power nor god nor man can find  
Defence, reward the daunger of the wound;  
But, being hurt, seek to be medicin'd  
Of her that first did stir that mortal stownd.

*Spenser.*

Ye tradeful merchants! that with weary toil  
Do seek most precious things to make your gaine,  
And both the Indies of their treasures spoil;  
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?  
For lo! my love doth in herself contain  
All this world's riches that may far be found;  
If saphyr, lo! her eyes be saphyr plain;

If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies sound;  
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round,  
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;  
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;  
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen:  
But that which fairest is, but few behold,  
Her mind, adorn'd with vertues manifold.

*Spenser*

Her looks were like beams of the morning sun,  
Forth-looking through the windows of the east,  
When first the fleecie cattle have begun  
Upon the pearled grass to make their feast.

*Spenser.*

The fairness of her face no tonguo can tell,  
For she the daughters of all women's face,  
And angels eke, in beautie doth excell,  
Sparkled on her from God's own glorious face,  
And more increast by her own goodly grace,  
That it doth far exceed all human thought,  
Ne can on earth comparc be to aught.

*Spenser's Hymne of Heavenly Beautie*

For she was full of amiable grace,  
And manly terror mixed therewith all;  
That as the one stirr'd up affections base,  
So th' other did men's rash desires appall,  
And hold them backe, that would in error fall:  
As he that hath espied a virmill rose,  
To which sharpe thornes and breeres the way  
for stall,

Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,  
But wishing it farr off his ydle wish doth lose.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heav'n,  
And, had she liv'd before the siege of Troy,  
Helen, whose beauty summon'd Greece to arms,  
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,  
Had not been nam'd in Homer's Iliad;  
Her name had been in every line he wrote.

*Murlo's Tamberlane the Great.*

Beauty's a slipp'ry good, which decreaseth  
Whilst it is increasing: resembling the  
Medlar, which, in the moment of his full  
Ripeness, is known to be in a rotteness.  
Whilst you look in the glass, it waxeth old  
With time; if on the sun, parched with heat; if  
On the wind, blasted with cold. A great care  
To keep it, a short space to enjoy it,  
A sudden time to lose it.

*Lilly's Sappho.*

Why did the gods give thee a heavenly form,  
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it?  
Why do I ask? 'Tis now the known disease  
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense  
Of her own self-conceived excellence.

*Jonson's Cynthia's Revels.*

So fair, that had you beauty's picture took,  
It must like her, or not like beauty look.

*Aley'n's Henry VII.*

What greater torment ever could have been,  
Than to enforce the fair to live retir'd?  
For what is beauty if it be not seen?  
Or what is 't to be seen—if not admir'd?  
And though admir'd, unless in love desir'd?  
Never were checks of roses, locks of amber,  
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a chamber.  
Nature created beauty for the view,  
(Like as the fire for heat, the sun for light:)  
The fair do hold this privilege as due,  
By ancient charter, to live most in sight,  
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.  
In vain our friends from this do us dehort,  
For beauty will be where is most resort.

*Daniel's Rosamund.*

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,  
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,  
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth show;  
And straight is gone, as it had never been.

*Daniel.*

Nature was here so lavish of her store,  
That she bestow'd until she had no more;  
Whose treasure being weaken'd by this dame,  
She thrusts into the world so many lame.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

Beauty, my lord, 'tis the worst part of woman,  
A weak poor thing, assaulted ev'ry hour  
By creeping minutes of defacing time;  
A superficies, which each breath of care  
Blasts off; and ev'ry hum'rous stream of grief,  
Which flows from forth these fountains of our eycs,  
Washeth away, as rain doth winter's snow.

*Goffe's Courageous Turk.*

I long not for the cherries on the tree,  
So much as those which on a lip I see.  
And more affection bear I to the rose,  
That in a cheek, than in a garden grows.

*Randolph.*

There's no miniature  
In her face, but is a copious theme,  
Which would, discours'd at large of, make a  
volume.

What clear arch'd brows! what sparkling eyes!  
the lilics  
Contending with the roses in her cheeks,  
Who shall most set them off. What ruby lips!—  
Or unto what can I compare her neck,  
But to a rock of crystal? Every limb  
Proportion'd to love's wish, and in their neatness  
Add lustre to the richness of her habit,  
Not borrow'd from it.

*Massinger.*

No autumn, nor no age ever approach  
This heavenly piece, which nature having wrought,  
She lost her needle, and did then despair  
Ever to work so lively and so fair.

*Massingher and Field's Fatal Dowry.*

Do not idolatrize; beauty's a flow'r,  
Which springs and withers almost in an hour.

*William Smith's Hector of Germany.*

We can distinguish

Of beauty there, and wonder without spectacles,  
Write volumes of your praise, and tell the world  
How envious diamonds, 'cause they could not  
Reach to the lustre of your eyes, dissolv'd  
To angry tears; the roses droop, and gath'ring  
Their leaves together, seem to chide their blushes  
That they must yeld your cheek the victory:  
The lilics when they're censur'd for comparing  
With your more clear and native purity,  
Want white to do their penance in.

*Shirley's Royal Master.*

Heav'n meant that beauty, nature's greatest force,  
Having exceeding pow'r, should have remorse;  
Valour, and it, the world should so enjoy,  
As both might overcome, but not destroy.

*Lord Orrery's Henry V.*

My beauty, though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,  
Where most she satisfies.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

Beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

*Shaks. Much Ado.*

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly,  
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,  
A brittle glass that's broken presently:  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, faded, broken, dead with an hour.

*Shakspear.*

Give me a look, give me a face  
 That makes simplicity a grace  
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free !  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
 Than all the adulteries of art ;  
 That strike mine eyes but not my heart.

*Ben Johnson.*

Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
 But must be current, and the good thereof  
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
 Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself :  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,  
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.

*Milton's Comus.*

Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,  
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit  
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

*Milton's Comus.*

With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,  
 Not unattended, for on her as queen  
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Grace was in all her steps, heavn' in her eye,  
 In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

When I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discount'nanc'd, and like folly shows.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Her heav'nly form  
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her every air  
 Of gesture or least action ovraw'd  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bercav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

She seizes hearts, not waiting for consent,  
 Like sudden death, that snatches, unprepared ;  
 Like fire from heaven, scarce seen so soon as felt.

*Lansdown's Heroic Love.*

O fatal beauty ! why art thou bestow'd  
 On hapless woman still to make her wretched !  
 betray'd by thee, how many are undone !

*Patterson's Arminius.*

Beauty stands  
 In the admiration only of weak minds  
 Led captive ; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,  
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.

*Milton's Paradise Regained*

What is beauty ? Not the show  
 Of shapely limbs and features. No :  
 These are but flowers  
 That have their dated hours,  
 To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.  
 'Tis the stainless soul within  
 That outshines the fairest skin.

*Sir A. Hunt*

Oh ! she has beauty might ensnare  
 A conqueror's soul, and make him tear his crown  
 At random, to be scuffed for by slaves.

*Otway's Orphan*

Mark her majestic fabric ! she's a temple  
 Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine ;  
 Her soul's the deity that lodges there ;  
 Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

The holy priests gaze on her when sic smiles,  
 And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,  
 They bless her wanton cyes. Ev'n I, who hate her,  
 With a malignant joy behold such beauty,  
 And, while I curse, desire it.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

At her feet were laid  
 The sceptres of the earth, exposed on heaps,  
 To choose where she would reign.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Her eyes, her lips, her checks, her shapes, her  
 features,  
 Seem to be drawn by love's own hand ; by love  
 Himself in love.

*Dryden's Love Triumphant.*

One who would change the worship of all climates,  
 And make a new religion where'er she comes,  
 Unite the differing faiths of all the world,  
 To idolize her face.

*Dryden's Love Triumphant.*

A native grace

Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
 Beyond the pomp of dress : for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd, and pure,  
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,  
The tincture of a skin, that I admire;  
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

*Addison's Cato.*

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;  
If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

Is she not brighter than a summer's morn,  
When all the heav'n is streak'd with dappled fires,  
And fleck'd with blushes like a rifled maid?

*Lee's Duke of Guise.*

O she is all perfections!  
All that the blooming earth can send forth fair;  
All that the gaudy heavens could drop down  
glorious. *Lee's Theodosius.*

A lavish planet reign'd when she was born,  
And made her of such kindred mould to heav'n,  
She seems more heav'n's than ours.

*Lee's Oedipus.*

The bloom of opening flowers' unsullied beauty,  
Sofness, and sweetest innocence she wears,  
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Is she not more than painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

O how I grudge the grave this heav'nly form!  
Thy beauties will inspire the arms of death,  
And warm the pale cold tyrant into life.

*Southern's Loyal Brother.*

Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth  
And swimming majesty of step and tread,  
The symmetry of form and feature, set  
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs  
Of flute or harp.

*Milman.*

What tender force, what dignity divine,  
What virtue consecrating every feature!  
Around that neck what dross are gold and pearl!

*Young's Busiris.*

What's female beauty, but an air divine,  
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?  
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;  
The body charms, because the soul is seen.  
Hence men are often captives of a face,  
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:  
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can  
bear;  
Some, none resist, though not exceeding fair.

*Young.*

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit,  
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,  
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!  
The gravo discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,  
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,  
What hast thou more to boast of? will thy lovers  
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?  
Methinks I see thee with thy head laid low;  
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,  
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,  
Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?  
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,  
To improve those charms and keep them in repair,  
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul  
feeder!

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,  
And leave as keen a relish on the sens.

*Blair's Grase.*

To make the cunning artless, tame the rude,  
Subdue the haughty, shake th' undaunted soul;  
Yea, put a bridle in the lion's mouth,  
And lead him forth as a domestic cur,  
These are the triumphs of all-powerful beauty.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart.

*Rogers's Italy.*

Beauty,  
That transitory flower: even while it lasts  
Palls on the roving sense, when held too near,  
Or dwelling there too long: by fits it pleases;  
And smells at distance best; its sweets, familiar,  
By frequent converse, soon grow dull and cloy you

*Jeffery's Edwin*

With head upraised, and look intent,  
An eye and ear attentive bent,  
And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
Like monument of Grecian art  
In listening mood, she seemed to stand,  
The guardian naiad of the strand.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

The rose, with faint and feeble streak,  
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,  
That you had said her hue was pale;  
But if she faced the summer-gale,  
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,  
Or heard the praise of those she loved,  
Or when of interest was expressed  
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,  
The mantling blood in ready play  
Rivalled the blush of rising day.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

There was a soft and pensive grace,  
A cast of thought upon her face,  
That suited well the forehead high,  
The eye-lash dark, and downcast eye,  
The mild expression spoke a mind  
In duty firm, composed, resigned.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair  
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!  
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,  
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined.

*Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Such harmony in motion, speech and air,  
That without fairness, she was more than fair.

*Crabbe.*

Lo! when the buds expand the leaves are green,  
Then the first opening of the flower is seen;  
Then come the honied breath and rosy smile,  
That with their sweets the willing sense beguile:  
But as we look, and love, and taste, and praise,  
And the fruit grows, the charming flower decays';  
Till all is gathered, and the wintry blast  
Moans o'er the place of love and pleasure past.  
So 'tis with beauty,—such the opening grace  
And dawn of glory in the youthful face;  
Then are the charms unfolded to the sight,  
Then all is loveliness and all delight;  
The nuptial tie succeeds, and genial hour,  
And, lo! the falling off of beauty's flower.  
So through all nature is the progress made,—  
The bud, the bloom, the fruit,—and then we fade.

*Crabbe.*

Oh! how refreshing seemed the breathing wind,  
To her faint limbs! and while her snowy hands  
From her fair brow her golden hair unbind,  
And of her zone unloose the silken bands,  
More passing bright unveiled her beauty stands;  
For faultless was her form as beauty's queen,  
And every winning grace that love demands  
With mild attempered dignity was seen  
Play o'er each lovely limb, and deck her angel  
mien.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

Ev'n then her presence had the power  
To soothe, to warm,—nay, ev'n to bless—  
If ever bliss could graft its flower  
On stem so full of bitterness—  
Ev'n then her glorious smile to me,  
Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm  
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,  
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

As rising on its purple wing  
The insect queen of eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmere,  
Invites the young pursuer near,

And leads him on from flower to flower,  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye:  
So beauty lures the full-grown child,  
With hue as bright and wing as wild;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.

*Byron's Giaour.*

She was a form of life and light,  
That, seen, became a part of sight;  
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,  
The morning star of memory.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Such was Zuleika! such around her shone  
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone:  
The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face,  
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—  
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;  
As weeping beauty's cheek at sorrow's tale.

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

So bright the tear in beauty's eye  
Love half regrets to kiss it dry,  
So sweet the blush of bashfulness  
Even pity scarce can wish it less.

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay  
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?  
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess  
The might—the majesty of loveliness?

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

Her glance, how wildly beautiful! how much  
Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil her cheek,  
Which glows yet smoother from his amorous  
clutch!

Who round the north for paler dames would seek?  
How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan  
and weak!

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,  
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

*Byron's Beppo.*

Her overpowering presence made you feel  
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow  
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;  
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,  
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,

Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,  
As if her veins ran lightning.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue,  
Is no great matter, so 'tis in request,  
'Tis nonsense to dispute about a hue,—  
The kindest may be taken as a test.  
The fair sex should be always fair; and no man,  
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain woman.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew—  
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,  
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,  
And kept her heart serene within its zone.  
There was awe in the homage which she drew,  
Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne  
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong  
In its own strength—most strange in one so  
young.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,  
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart  
Reels with its fulness.

*Byron.*

The beautiful is vanish'd, and returns not.

*Coleridge.*

There's beauty all around our paths,  
If but our watchful eyes  
Can trace it 'midst familiar things  
And through their lowly guise.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

True beauty never was defin'd—  
And features painted to the mind  
Are perfect only to the blind,  
Who never scan the image o'er.

*Mrs. Hale.*

Some souls lose all things but the love of beauty;  
And by that love they are redeemable.  
For in love and beauty they acknowledge good,  
And good is God.

*Bailey's Festus.*

The beautiful are never desolate;  
But some one always loves them.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Beauty gives

The features perfectness, and to the form  
Its delicate proportions: she may stain  
The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek  
With carmine of the sunset; she may breathe  
Grace into every motion, like the play  
Of the least visible tissue of a cloud:  
She may give all that is within her own  
Bright cestus—and one glance of intellect,  
Like stronger magic, will outshine it all.

*Willis.*

Beautiful, yes! but the blush will fade,  
The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear  
The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,  
And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.  
Turn from the mirror, and strive to win  
Treasures of loveliness still to last;  
Gather earth's glory and bloom within,  
That the soul may be bright when youth is past.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Thou art beautiful, young lady,—  
But I need not tell you this;  
For few have borne, unconsciously,  
The spell of loveliness.

*Whittier*

I've gaz'd on many a brighter face,  
But ne'er on one for years,  
Where beauty left so soft a trace  
As it had left on hers.

*Mrs. Welby*

The face, O call it fair, not pale.

*Coleridge.*

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

*Shelley.*

No wonder that cheek in its beauty transcendant,  
Excellenth the beauty of others by far;  
No wonder that eye is so richly resplendent,  
For your heart is a rose and your soul is a star.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

—Her cheek had the pale pearly pink  
Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though  
She lived, one half might deem, on roses sopp'd  
In silver dew.

*Bailey's Festus.*

When I forgot that the stars shine in air,  
When I forgot that beauty is in stars—  
Shall I forget thy beauty.

*Bailey.*

Thy glorious beauty was the gift of heaven,—  
As such thou should'st have priz'd it, and have  
died

Ere thou didst yield it up to mortal touch,  
Unless thy heart went with it, to make pure  
And sanctify the offering.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

What right have you, madam, gazing in your  
shining mirror daily,  
Getting so by heart your beauty, which all others  
must adore;

While you draw the golden ringlets down your  
fingers, to vow gayly,

You will wed no man that's only good to God,—  
and nothing more.

*Miss Barrett*

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride.

*Halleck*

Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
Oh, what were man! — a world without a sun!  
*Campbell.*

Beauty has gone; but yet her mind is still  
As beautiful as ever; still the play  
Of light around her lips has every charm  
Of childhood in its freshness.  
*Percival.*

O, say not, wisest of all the kings,  
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign,  
Say not, as one of your wisest things,  
That grace is false and beauty vain.  
*John Pierpont.*

Is beauty vain because it will fade?  
Then are earth's green robe and heaven's light  
vain;  
For this shall be lost in evening's shade,  
And that in winter's sleety rain.  
*John Pierpont.*

I would that thou mightst ever be  
As beautiful as now;  
That time might ever leave as free  
Thy yet unwritten brow.  
*Willis.*

She was like  
A dream of poetry, that may not be  
Written or told — exceeding beautiful.  
*Willis.*

Beauty was lent to nature as the type  
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,  
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.  
*Mrs. Hale.*

## BED.

Oh! thou gentle scene  
Of sweet repose, where, by th' oblivious draught  
Of each sad toilsome day to peace restor'd,  
Unhappy mortals lose their woes awhile;  
Thou hast no peace for me!

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Night is the time for rest;—  
How sweet, when labours close,  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtain of repose,  
Stretch the tir'd limbs and lay the head  
Down on our own delightful bed!  
*James Montgomery.*

## BEES.

So work the honey-bees;  
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach  
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Look on the bee upon the wing 'mong flowers;  
— How brave, how bright his life! then mark  
him hiv'd,  
Cramp'd, cringing in his self-built, social cell.  
Thus is it in the world-hive: most where men  
Lie deep in cities as in drifts.  
*Bailey's Festus.*

## BEGGAR.

Art thou a man? And sham'st thou not to beg?  
To practise such a scivile kind of life?  
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,  
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses  
Offer themselves to thy election.

*Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.*

Men of thy condition feed on sloth,  
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;  
Not caring how the metal of your minds  
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

*Jonson's Every Man in his Humour*

When beggars grow thus bold,  
No marvel then though charity grow cold.

*Drayton.*

Base worldlings, that despise all such as need;  
Who to the needy beggar still are dumb,  
Not knowing unto what themselves may come.

*Heywood's Royal King.*

He makes a beggar first that first relieves him;  
Not us'rers make more beggars where they live,  
Than charitable men that use to give.

*Heywood's Royal King.*

Beggar? — the only free men of our common-  
wealth,  
Free above scot-free, that observe no laws,  
Obey no governor, use no religion,  
But what they draw from their own ancient  
custom,  
Or constitute themselves, yet are no rebels.  
*Brome.*

His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wand'rings but reliev'd their pain;  
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

The beggar, as he stretch'd his shrivell'd hand,  
Rais'd not his eyes — and those who dropp'd the  
mite  
Pass'd on unnotic'd.

*Bailey.*

A beggar through the world am I,  
From place to place I wander by;  
— Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,  
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

*James Russell Lowell*

See yonder poor, o'er-labour'd wight,  
So abject, mean and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil;  
And see his lordly fellow-worm  
The poor petition spurn!

Burns.

## BENEFITS.

A benefit upbraided, forscits thanks.  
*Lady Carew's Mariam.*

And 't is not surc so full a benefit,  
Freely to give, as freely to require.  
A bounteous act hath glory following it,  
They cause the glory, that the act desire.

*Lady Carew's Mariam.*

He that neglects a blessing, though he want  
A present knowledge how to use it,  
Neglects himself.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Elder Brother.*

To brag of benefits one hath bestown,  
Doth make the best seem less, and most seem  
none;  
So oftentimes the greatest courtesy  
Is by the doer made an injury.

*Brome's Novella.*

## BIGOTRY.

Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,  
That grace is founded in dominion.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald  
Can make a gentleman scarce a year old,  
To be descended of a race  
Of ancient kings in a small space,  
That we should all opinions hold  
Authentic that we can make old.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Soon their crude notions with each other fought;  
The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught;  
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,  
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

*Prior's Solomon.*

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;  
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Heav'n never took a pleasure or a pride,  
In starving stomachs, or a horsewhipp'd hide.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,  
Poor imps! unhappy, if they can't be curst.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

D

The good old man, too eager in dispute,  
Flew high; and, as his Christian fury rose,  
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

*Dryden's Religio Laici.*

The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence,  
And cruelty and blood was penitence;  
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,  
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!  
And great oppressors might heaven's wrath be  
guile,

By offering his own creatures for a spoil.

*Dryden's Religio Laici.*

The slaves of custom and establish'd mode,  
With pack-horse constancy we keep the road,  
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,  
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.

*Couper's Tirocinium.*

To follow foolish precedents, and wink  
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.

*Couper's Tirocinium.*

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side  
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?  
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,  
If he kneel not before the same altar with me  
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,  
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?  
No! perish the hearts, and the laws that try  
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this.

Moore.

And many more such pious scraps,  
To prove (what we've long prov'd perhaps)  
That mad as Christians us'd to be  
About the thirteenth century,  
There's lots of Christians to be had  
In this, the nineteenth, just as mad!

*Moore's Twopenny Post Bag.*

Yet spite of tenets so flagitious  
(Which must, at bottom, be seditious;  
As no man living would refuse  
Green slippers, but from treasonous views;  
Nor wash his toes but with intent  
To overturn the government!)  
Such is our mild and tolerant way,  
We only curse them twice a day,  
(According to a form that's set)  
And far from torturing, only let  
All orthodox believers beat 'em,  
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

*Moore's Twopenny Post Bag.*

Where frugal monks their little relics show,  
And sundry legends to the stranger tell.  
Here impious men have punish'd been, and lo'  
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell  
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

5

If this be true, indeed,  
Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,  
For he was hostile to thy creed!  
The very name of Nazarene  
Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.

*Byron's Giaour.*

And soul—but who shall answer where it went?  
'Tis ours to bear, not judge the dead; and they  
Who doom to hell, themselves are on the way,  
Unless these bullies of eternal pains  
Are pardoned their bad hearts for their worse  
brains.

*Byron's Island.*

My soul had drawn  
Light from the Book whose words are graved in  
light,  
There at the well-head had I found the dawn,  
And day, and noon, of freedom:—but too bright  
It shines on that which man to man hath given,  
And call'd the truth—the very truth from heaven;  
And therefore seeks he, in his brother's sight  
To cast the mote,—and therefore strives to bind  
With his strong chain to earth, what is not  
Earth's—the Mind.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Trust not the teacher with his lying scroll,  
Who tears the charter of thy shuddering soul;  
The God of love, who gave the life that warms  
All breathing dust in all its varied forms,  
Asks not the tribute of a world like this  
To fill the measure of his perfect bliss.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### BIRDS.

But like the birds, great nature's happy com-  
moners,  
That haunt in woods, in meads and flow'ry gardens,  
Rifie the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,  
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Up springs the lark,  
Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts  
Calls up the tuneful nations.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Every copse  
Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
(of the coy quiristers that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush  
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng

Superior heard, run through the sweetest length  
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns  
To let them joy, and purposes in thought  
Elate, to make her night excel the day.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

All abandon'd to despair, she sings  
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough  
Sole sitting, still at every dying full  
Takes up again her lamentable strain  
Of winding woe; till, wido around, the woods  
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love;  
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts  
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
Try every winning way inventive love  
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
Pour forth their little souls.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one  
The live-long night: nor these alone whose notes  
Nice finger'd art must emulate in vain,  
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime  
In still repeated circles, screaming loud;  
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl  
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.

*Couper's Task.*

Loud sung the lark, the awaken'd maid  
Beheld him twinkling in the morning light,  
And wish'd for wings and liberty like his.

*Southey's Thalaba.*

Amid the flashing and feathery foam  
The stormy Petrel finds a home.

*Proctor.*

A light broke in upon my soul—  
It was the carol of a bird;  
It ceased—and then it came again,  
The sweetest song ear ever heard.

*Byron.*

See the enfranchised bird, who wildly springs  
With a keen sparkle in his glowing eye,  
And a strong effort in his quivering wings  
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky.

*Mrs. Norton.*

The star of our forest dominions,  
The humming-bird darts to its food,  
Like a gem or a blossom, on pinions,  
Whose glory illuminates the woods.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

With sonorous notes  
Of every tone, mix'd in confusion sweet  
Our forest rings.

*Carlos Wilcox.*

Fair is the *swan*, whose majesty prevailing  
O'er breezeless water, on Locano's lake,  
Bears him on, while proudly sailing  
He leaves behind a moon-illumin'd wake;  
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve  
Fashioned his neck into a goodly curve;  
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings  
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs,  
To which, on some unruffled morning clings  
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows.

Wordsworth.

Is that a swam that rides upon the water?  
O no, it is that other gentle bird,  
*A goose.*

O. W. Holmes.

The noisy *geese* that gabbed in the pool.  
Goldsmith.

And the ruffling *bird* of Juno,—  
And the *wren* in the old wall,  
Each knew her loving carefulness  
And came at her soft call.

Mrs. Hale's Alice Ray.

The *robin* to the garden or green yard,  
Close to the door repairs to build again  
Within her wonted tree.

Carlos Wilcox.

The brown *vultures* of the woods  
Flock'd to these vast uncover'd sepulchres  
And sat unscar'd and silent at their feast.

Bryant.

Lone *whippoorwill*;  
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,  
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.

Isaac McLellan, Jr.

Seeing *one crow* is lucky, 'tis true,  
But sure misfortune attends on *two*,  
And meeting with *three* is the devil.

M. G. Lewis.

With storm-daring pinion, and sun-gazing eye,  
The Grey Forest Eagle is king of the sky.

Alfred B. Street.

An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty and high  
Is the Grey Forest Eagle, that king of the sky,  
It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of  
earth—

By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth;  
There rock'd by the wild wind, baptiz'd by the  
foam,

It is guarded and cherish'd, and there is its home.

Alfred B. Street.

Hark! how with lone and fluttering start

The sky-lark soars above,  
And with her full, melodious heart,  
She pours her strains of love.

Mrs. Welby.

The pilgrim *swallow* cometh  
To her forsaken nest,—  
So must each heart, that roameth,  
Return to find its rest  
Where love makes summer lustre.

Mrs. Hale.

Ever, my son, be thou like the *dove*;  
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

Bishop Doane.

There from a neighbouring thicket the *mocking-bird*, wildest of singers,  
Swung aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er  
the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delicious  
music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves  
seem'd to listen.

Longfellow's Evangeline.

Hark! that sweet carol! what delights,  
The scene no more is dumb,—  
The little *blue-bird* is in sight,  
Spring, glorious Spring, has come.

Street's Poems.

The *partridge*, whose deep-rolling drum,  
Afar has sounded on my ear,  
Ceasing its beatings as I come,  
Whirrs to the sheltering branches near.

Street's Poems

The *quail's* quick whistle echoed clear,  
From the red buckwheat-stubble near.

Street's Poems

This great solitude is quick with life;  
And birds that scarce have learn'd the fear of men  
Are here.

Bryant

## BIRTH.

Verily,

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

Shaks. Henry VII.

Madam, you haply scorn the vulgar earth  
Of which I stand compacted: and because  
I cannot add a splendour to my name,  
Reflective from a royal pedigree,  
You interdict my language; but be pleas'd  
To know, the ashes of my ancestors,  
If intermingled in the tomb with kings,  
Could hardly be distinguish'd. The stars shoot  
An equal influence on th' open cottage,  
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nurs'd,  
As on the cradle where the prince is rock'd  
With care and whisper.

Habington's Queen of Arragon

No distinction is 'tween man and man,  
But as his virtues add to him a glory,  
Or vices cloud him.

*Habbington's Queen of Arragon.*

Put off your giant titles, then I can  
Stand in your judgment's blank and equal man,  
Though hills advanced are above the plain,  
They are but higher earth, nor must disdain  
Alliance with the vale: we see a spade  
Can level them, and make a mount a glade.  
Howe'er we differ in the herald's book,  
He that mankind's extraction shall look  
In nature's rolls, must grant we all agree  
In our best parts, immortal pedigree.

*Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester.*

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?  
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.  
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer  
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.  
Shall man, like figures, pass for high, or base,  
Slight or important, only by their place?  
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;  
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lies.

*Young.*

Look up, my young American,  
Stand firmly on the earth,  
Where noble deeds and mental power  
Give titles over birth.

*Mrs. Caroline Gilman.*

Tradition's pages  
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree.

*Halleck.*

I have had dreams of greatness, glorious dreams,  
How I would play the lord!—How I would spurn  
The littleness of that false pride which seeks  
To build on pedigree its high renown:—  
How I would lend my influence to suppress  
The haughtiness of titled rank, and teach  
That brain, not blood was proof of noble birth.

*Mrs. Hale's Grosvenor; a Tragedy.*

I've learned to judge of men by their own deeds,  
I do not make the accident of birth  
The standard of their merit.

*Mrs. Hale's Grosvenor.*

— He was poor and lowly born, and lived  
Where merit must be heralded by birth,  
Or bought with gold.

*Mrs. Hale's Grosvenor.*

### BIRTHDAY.

Alas! this day  
First gave me birth, and (which is strange to tell)  
The fates c'er since, as watching its return,

Have caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep  
With something great; extremes of good or ill.  
*Young's Busiris.*

If any white-winged power above  
My joys and griefs survey,  
The day when thou wert born, my love,—  
He surely blessed that day.  
And duly shall my raptured song,  
And gladly shall my eyes  
Still bless this day's return, so long  
As thou shalt see it rise.

*Campbell.*

Another year! another leaf  
Is turned within life's volume brief,  
And yet not one bright page appears  
Of mine within that book of years.

*Hoffman.*

Yet all I've learnt from hours rife  
With painful brooding here,  
Is, that amid this mortal strife,  
The lapse of every year  
But takes away a hope from life,  
And adds to death a fear.

*Hoffman.*

Why should we count our life by years,  
Since years are short, and pass away!  
Or, why by fortune's smiles or tears,  
Since tears are vain and smiles decay!  
O! count by virtues—these shall last  
When life's lame-footed race is o'er;  
And these, when earthly joys are past,  
May cheer us on a brighter shore.

*Mrs. Hale.*

My birthday! O, beloved mother!  
My heart is with thee o'er the seas.  
I did not think to count another,  
Before I wept upon thy knees.

*Willis.*

### BLINDNESS.

Where am I now?

I thought the way to death had been so broad,  
Tho' I were blind, I could not miss the road:  
Death's lodgings such perpetual darkness have,  
And I seem nothing but a walking grave.

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

O happiness of blindness! now no beauty  
Inflames my lust; no other's good my envy;  
Or misery, my pity; no man's wealth  
Draws my respect; nor poverty my scorn.  
Yet still I see enough! man to himself  
Is a large prospect, rais'd above the level  
Of his low creeping thoughts; if then I have  
A world within myself, that world shall be

My empire; there I'll reign, commanding freely,  
And willingly obey'd, secure from fear  
Of foreign forces, or domestic treasons,  
And hold a monarchy more free, more absolute,  
Than in my father's seat; and looking down  
With scorn, or pity, on the slipp'ry state  
Of kings, will tread upon the neck of fate.

*Denham's Sophy.*

These eyes, though clear,  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
This might lead me through the world's vain mask  
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

*Milton.*

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeons or beggary or decrepid age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annulld' which might in part my grief have eas'd.

*Milton's Samson Agonistes.*

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrevocably dark, total eclipse  
Without all hope of day!  
O first created beam, and thou great word,  
Let there be light, and light was over all;  
Why am I thus bereav'd the prime decree?

*Milton's Samson Agonistes.*

Thus with the year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
Presented with an universal blank  
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Ye have a world of light,  
Where love in the loved rejoices;  
But the blind man's home is the house of night,  
And its beings are empty voices.

*Bulwer.*

I ken the night and day,  
For all ye may believe,  
And often in my spirit lies  
A clear light as of mid-day skies;  
And splendours on my vision rise,  
Like gorgeous hues of eve.

*Mary Howitt.*

For oh! while others gaze on Nature's face,  
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods and  
streams,  
Or with delight ineffable survey  
The sun,—bright image of his parent God;—  
Whilst others view Heaven's all-involving arch,  
Bright with unnumber'd worlds, and lost in joy,  
Fair order and utility behold;—  
To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,  
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.

*Dr. Thomas Blacklock.*

Thou walk'st the world in daily night:  
In vain they gleam, in vain for thee,  
The morn upon the mountain height,  
The golden sunset on the sea.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

He, whom Nature thus bereaves,  
Is ever Fancy's favourite child;  
For thee, enchanted dreams she weaves  
Of changeful beauty, bright and wild.

*Mrs. Osgood*

## BLUNTNESSE.

This is some fellow,  
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect  
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,  
Quite from his nature: he can't flatter, he!—  
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:  
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain  
ness  
Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,  
Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
That stretch their duty nicely.

*Shaks. Lear*

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Nor actions, nor utterance, nor the power of  
speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

## BLUSHING.

The doubtfull mayd, seeing herselfe descryde,  
Was all abash't, and her pure yvory  
Into a clear carnation suddeine dyde;  
As fayre Aurora rysing hastily  
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lye  
All night in old Tithonus' frozen bed,  
Whereof she seems ashamed inwardly.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Confusion thrill'd me then, and secret joy,  
Fast throbbing, stole its treasures from my heart,  
And mantling upward, turn'd my face to crimson.

*Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.*

From every blush that kindles in thy checks,  
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring  
To revel in the roses.

*Roue's Tamerlane.*

Confound me not with shame, nor call up all  
The blood that warms my trembling heart,  
To fill my cheeks with blushes.

*Trap's Abramule.*

With every change his features played,  
As aspens show the light and shade.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

Truly his penetrating eye  
Hath caught that blush's passing dye,—  
Like the last beam of evening thrown  
On a white cloud,—just seen and gone.

*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

Alas! that in our earliest blush  
Our danger first we feel,  
And tremble when the rising flush  
Betrays some angel's seal!  
Alas! for care and pallid woe  
Sit watchers in their turn,  
Where heaven's too faint and transient glow  
So soon forgets to burn!

Maiden! through every change the same  
Sweet semblance thou mayst wear;  
Ay, scorch thy very soul with shame,  
Thy brow may still be fair;  
But if thy lovely cheek forget

The rose of purer years—  
Say, does not memory sometimes wet  
That changeless cheek with tears?

*O. W. Holmes.*

Give me the eloquent cheek,  
Where blushes burn and die;  
Like thine its changes speak  
The spirit's purity!

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

On Beauty's lids the gom-like tear  
Oft sheds its evanescent ray,  
But scarce is seen to sparkle, ere  
'Tis chased by beaming smiles away:  
Just so the blush is formed—and flies—  
Nor owns reflection's calm control:  
It comes, it deepens—fades and dios,  
A gush of *feeling* from the soul.

*Mrs. Dinnies.*

The lilies faintly to the roses yielde,  
As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,  
(Who would not strive upon so sweet a field  
To win the mastery?)  
And thoughts are in thy speaking eys reveal'd,  
Purc as the fount the prophet's rod unsca'l'd.

*Hoffman.*

## BOASTING.

O Jove! let it become  
To boast my deeds, when he whom they concern  
Shall thus forgot them.

*Jonson's Sejanus.*

The honour is overpaid,  
When he that did the act is commentator.

*Shirley.*

He that vaunts  
Of a received favour ought to be  
Punish'd as sacrilegious persons are.  
'Cause he doth violate that sacred thing,  
Pure, spotless honour.

*Cartwright's Royal Slave.*

For then we wound our modesty, and make  
Foul the clearness of our deserving, whon  
Of ourselves we publish them.

*Shaks. All's Well*

Who knows himself a braggart,  
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

*Shaks. All's Well*

Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and  
seas;  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.

*Shaks. King John.*

I know them, yea,  
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:  
Scambling, out-facing, fashion mong'ring boys,  
That lie, and coy, and flout, deprave and slander,  
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,  
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies if they durst;  
And this is all.

*Shaks. Much Ado.*

I'll turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays  
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died:  
I could not do with all:—then I will repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them,  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear I have discontinued school  
Above a twelvemonth.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

What art thou? Have not I  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

He made me mad,  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the  
mark!)  
And telling me, the sovereign't thing on earth  
Was parnacity, for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly: and but for these wild guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.

*Shaks. Henry IV.*

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;  
As many other manly cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

Here is a silly, stately style indeed!  
The Turk that two and fifty kingdoms hath,  
Writes not so tedious a stylo as this.

*Shaks. Henry IV.*

Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,  
I'll rant as well as thou.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,  
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride;  
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

For men (it is reported) dash and vapour  
Less on the field of battle than on paper.  
Thus in the hist'ry of each dire campaign  
More carnage loads the newspaper than plain.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

## BOOKS.

And though books, madam, cannot make this  
mind,  
Which we must bring apt to be set aright;  
Yet do they rectify it in that kind,  
And touch it so, as that it turns that way  
Where judgment lies. And though we cannot find  
The certain place of truth, yet do they stay,  
And entertain us near about the same.

*Daniel.*

A book! O rare one!  
Be not, as is our fangled word, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Books should to one of these four ends conduce  
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

*Denham*

Learning is more profound  
When in few solid authors 't may be found.  
A few good books, digested well, do feed  
The mind; much cloyes, or doth ill humours breed

*Robert Heath.*

Give me

Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does  
Contain my books, the best companions, is  
To me a glorious court, where hourly I  
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;  
And sometimes for variety, I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their coun-  
sels;

Calling their victories, if unjustly got,  
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy,  
Deface their ill-plac'd statues. Can I then  
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace  
Uncertain vanities? No: be it your care  
To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine  
To increase in knowledge.

*Fletcher*

Books are part of man's prerogative,  
In formal ink they thought and voices hold,  
That we to them our solitude may give,  
And make time present travel that of old.  
Our life, fame pieceth longer at the end,  
And books it farther backward doth extend.

*Sir Thomas Overbury.*

'Tis in books the chief  
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

*Buter*

'T were well with most, if books, that could engage  
Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper age;  
The man approving what had charm'd the boy,  
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;  
And not with curses on his art, who stole  
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.

Cowper.

Books are men of higher stature,  
And the only men that speak aloud for future  
times to hear! *Miss Barrett's Poems.*

Come let me make a sunny realm around thee,  
Of thought and beauty!—Here are books and  
flowers,  
With spells to loose the fetters which hath bound  
thee,

The ravell'd evil of this world's feverish hours.

Mrs. Hemans.

The past but lives in words: a thousand ages  
Were blank, if books had not evok'd their ghosts,  
And kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us  
From fleshless lips.

Bulwer.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;  
A book's a book although there's nothing in it.

Byron.

'T was heaven to lounge upon a couch, said Gray,  
And read new novels on a rainy day.

Charles Sprague.

A blessing on the printer's art!—  
Books are the Mentors of the heart.

Mrs. Hale.

The burning soul, the burden'd mind  
In books alone companions find.

Mrs. Hale.

Turn back the tide of ages to its head,  
And hoard the wisdom of the honour'd dead.

Charles Sprague.

What he has written seems to me no more  
Than I have thought a thousand times before.

Willis.

We never speak our deepest feelings;  
Our holiest hopes have no revealings,  
Save in the gleams that light the face,  
Or fancies that the pen may trace.  
And hence to books the heart must turn  
When with unspoken thoughts we yearn,  
And gather from the silent page  
The just reproof, the counsel sage,  
The consolation kind and true  
That soothes and heals the wounded heart.

Mrs. Hale's Vigil of Love.

Lu' there's a fever of the soul  
Beyond this opiate control,  
When the book charm its influence loses.

Mrs. Hale's Vigil of Love.

## BOUNTY.

What you desire of him, he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him  
That of his fortunes you would make a staff  
To lean upon.

Shaks. *Antony and Cleopatra.*

For his bounty,  
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was  
That grew the more by reaping.

Shaks. *Antony and Cleopatra.*

O blessed bounty, giving all content!  
The only fautress of all noble arts,  
That lend'st success to every good intent,  
A grace that rests in the most godlike hearts,  
By heav'n to none but happy souls infus'd,  
Pity it is, that e'er thou wast abus'd.

Drayton.

He that's liberal  
To all alike, may do a good by chance,  
But never out of judgment.

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Spanish Curate.*

Such moderation with thy bounty join,  
That thou mayst nothing give that is not thine;  
That liberality is but cast away,  
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.

Denham.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;  
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;—

He gain'd from heaven—'t was all he wish'd—  
a friend!

Gray.

## BREVITY.

Since brevity is the soul of wit,  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,  
I will be brief.

Shaks. *Hamlet.*

'T is of books the chief  
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

Butler.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet  
To spin your wordy fabric in the street;  
While you are emptying your colloquial pack,  
The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his back.

O. W. Holmes

## BRIBERY.

What! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers;—shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?

And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?  
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

None does offend, none, I say none; I'll able 'em:  
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
To seal the accuser's lips.

*Shaks. Lear.*

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Who thinketh to buy villainy with gold,  
Shall ever find such faith so bought—so sold.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

Silver, though white,  
Yet it draws black lines; it shall not rule my palm  
There to mark forth his base corruption.

*Middleton and Rowley's Fair Quarrel.*

Petitions not sweetened  
With gold, are but unsavoury and oft refused;  
Or if received, are pocketed, not read.  
A suitor's swelling tears by the glowing beams  
Of choleric authority are dried up  
Before they fall, or if seen, never pitied.

*Massinger.*

No, I'll not trust the honour of a man:  
Gold is grown great, and makes perfidiousness  
A most common waiter in most princes' courts:  
He's in the check-roll: I'll not trust my blood:  
I know none breathing but will cog a dye  
For twenty thousand double pistolets.

*Marston.*

## BUILDING.

Here the architect  
Did not with curious skill a pile erect  
Of carved marble, touch, or porphyry,  
But built a house for hospitality;  
No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone  
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,  
And coldly entertain his sight, but clear  
And cheerful flames cherish and warm him here.

*Carew.*

Not walls, but subjects' love  
Do to a prince the strongest castle prove.

*Goffe's Raging Turk.*

## CALAMITY.

Do not insult calamity:

It is a barb'rous grossness, to lay on  
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery  
Too much already weighs men's fortunes down.

*Daniel's Philotas.*

Calamity is man's true touch-stone.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Four Plays in One.*

How wisely fate ordain'd for human kind  
Calamity! which is the perfect glass  
Wherein we truly see and know ourselves.  
How justly it created life too short!  
For being incident to many griefs,  
Had it been destin'd to continue long,  
Fate, to please fools, had done the wise great  
wrong.

*Sir W. Davenant's Law against Lovers.*

Know, he that

Foretells his own calamity, and makes  
Events before they come, twice over doth  
Endure the pains of evil destiny.  
But we must trust to virtue, not to fate;  
That may protect, whom cruel stars will hate.

*Sir W. Davenant's Distresses.*

Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;  
And, after summer, ever more succeeds  
Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold;  
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

*Shaks: Henry VI.*

When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys  
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,  
At every little breath misfortune blows;  
'Till left quite naked of their happiness,  
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.  
This is the common lot.

*Young.*

Tell me no more  
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain  
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?  
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind  
One true heart unto me, whereon my own  
Might find a resting-place, a home for all  
Its burden of affection? I depart  
Unknown, though Fame goes with me; I must  
leave  
The earth unknown.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

I turn me back, and find a barren waste,  
Joyless and rayless; a few spots are there,  
Where briefly it was granted me to taste  
The tenderness of youthful love—in air  
The charm is broken.

*Percival*

## CALM.

Pure was the temp'rate air, an even calm  
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland  
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

## Gradual sinks the breeze

Into a perfect calm; that not a breath  
I heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves  
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffus'd  
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse,  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,  
And pleasing expectation.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The wind breathed soft as lovers sigh,  
And oft renew'd seem'd oft to die,  
With breathless pause between.  
O who with speech of war and woes,  
Would wish to break the soft repose  
Of such enchanting scene!

*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

St. George's banner, broad and gay,  
Now faded, as the fading ray  
Less bright, and less, was flung;  
The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the donjon tower,  
So heavily it hung.

*Scott's Marmion.*

'Twas one of those ambrosial eves  
A day of storm so often leaves  
At its calm setting—when the west  
Opens her golden bowers to rest,  
And a moist radiance from the skies  
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes  
Of some meek penitent, whose last  
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,  
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,  
Shine as they fall with light from heaven!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

How calm,—how beautiful comes on  
The still hour, when storms are gone,  
When warring winds have died away,  
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
Melt off and leave the land and sea,  
Sleeping in bright tranquillity;—  
When the blue waters rise and fall,  
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;  
And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves,  
Is like the full and silent heaves  
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,  
Too newly to be quite at rest!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

The sea is like a silvery lake,  
And o'er its calm the vessel glides  
Gently as if it fear'd to wake  
The slumbers of the silent tides.

*Moore.*

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,  
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,  
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their  
power,  
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!

*Moore.*

And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,  
And dolphin's leap, and little billow crost  
By some low rock or shelfe, that made it fret  
Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

So calm the waters scarcely seem to stray,  
And yet they glide like happiness away.

*Byron's Lara.*

When all the fiercer passions cease,  
(The glory and disgrace of youth);  
When the deluded soul in peace,  
Can listen to the voice of truth;  
When we are taught in whom to trust,  
And how to spare, to spend, to give;  
(Our prudence kind, our pity just,)  
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

*Crabbe.*

Thy beauty is as undenied  
As the beauty of a star;  
And thy heart beats just as equally,  
Whate'er thy praises are;  
And so long without a parallel  
Thy loveliness hath shone,  
That, followed like the tided moon,  
Thou movest as calmly on.

*Willis.*

## CANDOUR.

Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick  
And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath paw'd an open hand in sign of love.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Make my breast  
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,  
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought  
My heart does hold.

*Buckingham.*

The brave do never shun the light;  
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers;  
Truly without disguise they love or hate;  
Still are they found in the fair face of day,  
And heav'n and men are judges of their actions

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

You talk to me in parables :  
 You may have known that I'm no wordy man ;  
 Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves  
 Or fools that use them, when they want good  
 sense ;

But honesty

Needs no disguise nor ornament : be plain.

*Otway.*

'Tis great—'tis manly to disdain disguise ;  
 It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

No haughty gesture marks his gait,

No pompous tone his word,

No studied attitude is seen,

No palming nonsense heard ;

He'll suit his bearing to the hour,

Laugh, listen, learn or teach,

With joyous freedom in his mirth

And candour in his speech.

*Eliza Cook.*

### CARE.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,  
 Ne better had he, ne for better cared ;  
 With blist'red hands amongst the cinders brent,  
 And fingers filthy, with long nayles unpared,  
 Right fit to rend the food on which he feared :  
 His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,  
 That neither day nor night from working spared,  
 But to small purpose yron wedges made :  
 Those be unquiet thoughts that careful minds in-  
 vade.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

In care they live, and must for many care ;  
 And such the best and greatest ever are.

*Lord Brooks's Alaham.*

Of all proceedings in this great affair,  
 We must not use our fortunes, but our care.

*Claphorne's Albertus Wallenstein.*

Although my cares do hang upon my soul  
 Like mines of lead, the greatness of my spirit  
 Shall shake the sullen weight off.

*Claphorne's Albertus Wallenstein.*

What bliss, what wealth, did e'er the world be-  
 stow

On man, but cares and fears attended it ?

*May's Agrippina.*

Care that is enter'd once into the breast,  
 Will have the whole possession ere it rest.

*Jonson's Tale of a Tub.*

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,  
 And after summer ever more succeeds

Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold ;  
 So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.

*Shaks. Henry VI.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodgeth sleep will never lie.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
 For things that are not to be remedied.

*Shaks. Henry VI*

You have ungently, Brutus,  
 Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,  
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :  
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar*

Care that in cloisters only seals her eyes,  
 Which youth thinks folly, age and wisdom owns :  
 Fools by not knowing her, outlive the wise ;  
 She visits cities, but she dwells on thrones.

*Sir W. Davenant.*

But human bodies are sic fools,  
 For a' their colleges and schools,  
 That when nae real ills perplex them,  
 They mak' enow themselv's to vex them.

*Burns.*

He woke,—to watch the lamp, and tell  
 From hour to hour the castle-bell,  
 Or listen to the owl's cry,  
 Or the sad breeze that whistles by,  
 Or catch by fits the tuneless rhyme  
 With which the warden cheats the time ;  
 And envying think, how, when the sun  
 Bids the poor soldier's watch be done,  
 Couched on his straw, and fancy-free,  
 He sleeps like careless infancy.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

And on, with many a step of pain,

Our weary race is sadly run ;

And still, as on we plod our way,

We find, as life's gay dreams depart,

To close our being's troubled day,

Nought left us but a broken heart.

*Percival.*

What shouldst thou have ever known  
 Of that blind goddess which deludes the world ?  
 Or what of Care ? Oh, if the joys of life  
 Are linked with wealth, and fortune's gifts alone  
 Can make us happy, then thy cup of life  
 Is full to overflowing !

*H. Pickering.*

Ah ! who can say, however fair his view  
 Through what sad scenes his path may lie ?

Let careless youth its seeming joys pursue,

Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye  
 The illusive past and dark futurity.

*Kirk White.*

*I do not starve,* not yet, not yet:  
But wait to-morrow! Famine will be here.  
In the mean time, we've still grim Care—(whose  
tooth  
Is like the tiger's—sharp,) lest dreams should fall,  
And shadow us with sweet forgetfulness.

*Barry Cornwall.*

### CAUSE.

Circumstance must make it probable  
Whether the cause's justness may command  
Th' attendance of success: For an attempt  
That's warranted by justice, cannot want  
A prosperous end.

*Nabb's Hannibal and Scipio.*

Justness of cause is nothing,  
When things are risen to the point they are:  
'T is either not examin'd or believ'd  
Among the warlike.

*Suckling's Brennoralt.*

This is a cause which our ambition fills;  
A cause, in which our strength we should not  
waste  
In vain, like giants, who did heave at hills;  
'T is too unwieldy for the force of haste.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Small are the seeds fate does unheeded sow  
Of slight beginnings to important ends;  
Whilst wonder, which does best our reverence  
show  
To heav'n, all reason's sight in gazing spends.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

### CAUTION.

But now so wise and wary was the knight  
By triall of his former harms and cares,  
That he descr'y'd, and shunned still his slight:  
The fish, that once was caught, new bait will  
hardly bite.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Who 'scapes the snare  
Once, has a certain caution to beware.

*Chapman's Revenge for Honour.*

They that fear the adder's sting, will not come  
Near his hissing.

*Chapman's Widow's Tears.*

None pities him that's in the snare,  
And warn'd before, would not beware.

*Herrick.*

The wound of peace is surely,  
Surety secure; but modest doubt is called  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst.

*Shaks. Troi. and Cres.*

It seems it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their  
cloaks;  
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:

All may be well; but if God sort it so,  
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Be advis'd;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it doth singe yourself; we may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer cakes,  
And hold-fast is the only dog.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Man's caution often into danger turns,  
And his guard falling, crushes him to death.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

He knows the compass, sail, and oar,  
Or never launches from the shore;  
Before he builds, computes the cost,  
And in no proud pursuit is lost

*Gay's Fables.*

All's to be fear'd where all is to be lost.

*Byron.*

Let no man know thy business save some friend,  
A man of mind.

*Bailey.*

### CELIBACY.

But earlier is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn  
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

*Shakespeare*

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave no copy.

*Shakespeare*

Most women's weak resolves, like reeds, will fly,  
Shake with each breath, and bend with every sigh;  
Mine, like an oak whose firm roots deep descend,  
Nor breath of love can shake, nor sigh can bend.

*Gay.*

If I am fair, 'tis for myself alone;  
 I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,  
 Nor would I call another's heart my own,  
 Nor have a gallant lover to revere me;  
 For surely I would plight my faith to none,  
 Though many an amorous wit might jump to  
     hear me;  
 For I have heard that lovers prove deceivers,  
 When once they find that maidens are believers.

*From Michel Angelo.*

From her lone path she never turns aside,  
 Though passionate worshippers before her fall;  
 Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,  
 She seems to soar and beam above them all!

*Mrs. Welby.*

And thus she wanders on—half sad, half blest.—  
 Without a mate for the pure lonely heart,  
 That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,  
 Never to find its lovely counterpart.

*Mrs. Welby.*

*I'm an old maid!*—and though I suffer by it I  
 Must change my style, and leave off gay society.

*Willis.*

O many a summer's morning glow  
 Has lent the rose its ray,  
 And many a winter's drifting snow  
 Has swept its bloom away;  
 But she has kept the faithless pledge  
 To this, her winter hour,  
 And keeps it still, herself alone,  
 And wasted like the flower.

*O. W. Holmes.*

### CEREMONY.

Ceremony was but devis'd at first,  
 To set a gloss on faint deeds,—hollow welcomes,  
 Recanting goodness, sorry e'er 'tis shown;  
 But where there is true friendship, there needs  
     none.

*Shake. Timon.*

And what art thou, thou idol, ceremony?  
 What kind of god art thou? that suffrest more  
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers.  
 What are thy rents? What are thy coming's in?  
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth:  
 What is thy toll, O adoration?  
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
 Creating awe and fear in other men?  
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,  
 Than they in fearing.  
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
 But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,  
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.

*Shake. Henry V.*

Then ceremony leads her bigots forth,  
 Prepar'd to fight for shadows of no worth;  
 While truths, on which eternal things depend,  
 Find not, or hardly find, a single friend:  
 As soldiers watch the signal of command,  
 They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit, to stand;  
 Happy to fill religion's vacant place  
 With hollow form, and gesture and grimace.

*Couper.*

It was withal a highly polished age,  
 And scrupulous in ceremonious rite,  
 When stranger stranger met upon the way,  
 First each to other bowed respectfully,  
 And large professions made of humble service.

*Pollock.*

### CHALLENGE.

I never in my life  
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
 Unless a brother should a brother dare  
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

*Shaks. Henry IV.*

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
 And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,  
 My body shall make good upon this earth,  
 Or my divine soul answer it in heaven:  
 Thou art a traitor and a miscreant.

*Shaks. Richard II*

### CHANGE.

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep  
 A stable, changeless course, 'twere cause to weep.

*Bryant.*

Not in vain the distance beckons,  
 Forward, forward let us range;  
 Let the peoples spin for ever  
 Down the ringing grooves of change.

*Tennyson.*

I ask not what change  
 Has come over thy heart,  
 I seek not what chances  
 Have doomed us to part;  
 I know thou hast told me  
 To love thee no more,  
 And I still must obey  
 Where I once did adore.

*Hoffman.*

In bower and garden rich and rare  
 There's many a cherish'd flower,  
 Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance flies  
 Within the flitting hour.  
 Not so the simple forest leaf,  
 Unprized, unnoticed, lying—

The same through all its little life—  
It changes but in dying.  
Be such, and only such, my friends;  
Once mine, and mine for ever;  
And here's a hand to clasp in theirs,  
That shall desert them never.  
And thou be such, my gentle love,  
Time, chance, the world defying;  
And take, 'tis all I have, a heart  
That changes but in dying.

*G. W. Doane.*

Ah! if a fairy's magic might were mine,  
I'd joy to change with each new wish of thine;  
Nothing to all the world beside I'd be,  
And everything thou lovest in turn to thee.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

### CHARACTER.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something,  
nothing,  
'Twas mine, 't is his, and has been slave to  
thousands;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robbs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Gnats are unnoticed wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gazed upon by every eye.  
*Shakspeare.*  
Stand free and fast,  
And judge him by no more than what you know  
Ingenuously, and by the right laid line  
Of truth, he truly will all styles deserve,  
Of wise, good, just; a man both soul and nerve.  
*Shirley's Admiral of France.*

She can't be parallel'd by art, much less  
By nature: she'd baffle painters to decypher  
Her exactly, as bad as argues puzzle doctors.

*Robert Neville's Poor Scholar.*

As through the hedgerows' shade the violet steals,  
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals,  
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,  
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.

*Rogers.*

Though gay as mirth, as curious thoughts sedate;  
As elegance polite, as power elate;  
Profound as reason, and as justice clear;  
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe.

*Savage.*

With more capacity for love than earth  
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,  
His early dreams of good out-stripped the truth,  
And troubled manhood followed baffled youth.

*Byron.*

The eye of the halo one,  
With joy in its gleam,  
Looks up in the noon tide,  
And steals from the beam;  
But the check of the pale one  
Is marked with despair,  
To feel itself fading,  
When all is so fair.

*Eliza Cook.*

Bespeak the man who acted out *the whole*—  
The whole of all he knew of high and true.

*Hoffman.*

Though looks and words,  
By the strong mastery of his practised will,  
Are overruled, the mounting blood betrays  
An impulse in its secret spring, too deep  
For his control.

*Southery*

And though, as you have said, the vernal bloom  
Of his first spirits fading, leaves him changed—  
'T is not to worse. His mind is as a meadow  
Of various grasses, rich and fresh beneath,  
But o'er the surface some that come to seed  
Have cast a colour of sobriety.

*Taylor's Edwin.*

His talk is like a stream which runs  
With rapid change from rocks to roses;  
He slips from politics to puns,  
Passes from Mahomet to Moses;  
Beginning with the laws that keep  
The planets in their radiant courses,  
And ending with some precept deep  
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

*Praed—The Vicar*

It is not mirth, for mirth she is too still;  
It is not wit, which leaves the heart more chill,  
But that continuous sweetness, which with ease  
Pleases all round it from the wish to please.

*The New Timon*

Those who see thee in thy full-blown pride,  
Know little of affections crushed within,  
And wrongs which frenzy thee.

*Talfourd's Ion.*

She was the pride  
Of her familiar sphere—the daily joy  
Of all who on her gracefulness might gaze,  
And in the light and music of her way  
Have a companion's portion.

*Willis' Poems.*

The angels sang in heaven when she was born.

*Longfellow.*

Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,  
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile.

*Mrs. Norton.*

A gentle maiden, whose large, loving eyes  
Enshrine a tender, melancholy light,  
Like the soft radiance of the starry skies,  
Or autumn sunshine, mellow'd when most bright;  
She is not sad, yet in her gaze appears  
Something that makes the gazer think of tears.

*Mrs. Embury.*

She has a glowing heart, they say,  
Though calm her seeming be;  
And oft that warm heart's lovely play  
Upon her cheek I see.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Though time her bloom is stealing,  
There's still beyond his art—  
The wild flower wreath of feeling,  
The sunbeam of the heart.

*Halleck.*

Bold in the cause of God he stood  
Like Templar in the Holy Land;  
And never knight of princely blood  
In lady's bower more bland.

*Mrs. Hale.*

His high broad forehead, marble fair,  
Told of the power of thought within;  
And strength was in his raven hair—  
But when he smiled a spell was there  
That more than strength or power could win.

*Mrs. Hale's Vigil of Love.*

## CHARITY.

Good is no good, but if it be spend;  
God giveth good for none other end.

*Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.*

Charity ever

Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet  
In the receiver.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Sea Voyage.*

It was sufficient that his wants were known,  
True charity makes others' wants their own.

*Robert Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.*

For true charity

Though ne'er so secret finds a just reward.

*May's Old Couple.*

For his bounty,

There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping.

*Shaks. Ant. and Cleo.*

Nothing truly can be term'd mine own  
But what I make mine own by using well.  
Those deeds of charity which we have done  
Shall stay for ever with us: and that wealth  
Which we have so bestow'd, we only keep;  
The other is not ours.

*Middleton.*

'Mongst all your virtues  
I see not charity written, which some call )  
The first-born of religion; and I wonder,  
I cannot see it in yours. Believe it, sir,  
There is no virtue can be sooner miss'd,  
Or later welcom'd; it begins the rest,  
And sets them all in order.

*Middleton.*

Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;  
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens more just.

*Shaks. Lear.*

Think not, the good,  
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,  
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the pris'ner,  
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,  
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,  
Shall cry to heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,  
And court the offices of soft humanity!  
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,  
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,  
Or mix the pitying tears with those that weep!

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Great minds, like heaven, are pleas'd in doing  
good,  
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours  
Are barren in return.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

The secret pleasure of a generous act  
Is the great mind's great bribe.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Is there a variance? enter but his door,  
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.  
Despairing quacks with curses left the place,  
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity:  
All must be false that thwart this one great end;  
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Self-love thus push'd to social,—to divine,  
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.  
Is this too little for the boundless heart?  
Extend it—let thy enemies have part,  
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life and sense,  
In one close system of benevolence:  
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree  
And height of bliss but height of charity.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

The generous pride of virtue,  
Disdains to weigh too nicely the returns  
Her bounty meets with—like the liberal gods,  
From her own gracious nature she bestows,  
Nor stops to ask reward.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

But to the generous still-improving mind,  
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,  
Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;  
To him the long review of order'd life,  
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The truly generous is the truly wise;  
And he who loves not others, lives unblest.

*Home's Douglas.*

His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings but reliev'd their pain:  
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to  
glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

There are, while human miseries abound,  
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,  
Without one fool or flatterer at our board,  
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,  
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child:  
She makes excuses where she might condemn,  
Revil'd by those that hate her, prays for them;  
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,  
The worst suggested, she believes the best;  
Not soon provok'd, however stung and teas'd,  
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeas'd;  
She rather waves than will dispute her right,  
And injur'd makes forgiveness her delight.

*Couper's Charity.*

True charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,  
Fed by the love, from which it rose at first,  
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,  
Storms but enlivens its unfading green;  
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,  
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.

*Couper's Charity.*

Had charity prevail, the press would prove  
A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love.

*Couper's Charity.*

I mean the man, who when the distant poor  
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

*Couper's Task.*

Far may we search before we find  
A heart so manly or so kind.  
But not around his honour'd urn,  
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn;  
The thousand eyes his care had dried,  
Pour at his name a bitter tide;  
And frequent falls the grateful dew,  
For benefits the world ne'er knew.

*Scott's Marmion*

The drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

*Byron's Don Juan.*

And—not from piety but pride,  
Gives wealth to walls that never heard  
Of his own holy vow or word.

*Byron's Giaour.*

To the blind, the deaf, the lame,  
To the ignorant, and vile,  
Stranger, captive, slave, he came,  
With a welcome and a smile.  
Help to all he did dispense,  
Gold, instruction, raiment, food;  
Like the gifts of Providence,  
To the evil and the good.

*James Montgomery.*

—Amid all life's quests  
There seems but worthy one—to do men good.

*Bailey.*

A poor man serv'd by thee, shall make thee rich.

*Miss Barrett.*

O, rich man's son! there is a toil,  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whitens soft white hands;—  
This is the best crop for thy lands;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

*J. R. Lowell.*

When poverty, with mien of shame,  
The sense of pity seeks to touch,—  
Or, bolder, makes the simple claim  
That, I have nothing, you have much,—  
Believe not either man or book,  
That bids you close the opening hand,  
And with reproving speech and look,  
Your first and free intent withstand.

*R. M. Milnes.*

Why not believe the homely letter  
That all you give will God restore?  
The poor man *may* deserve it better,  
And surely, surely wants it more;

Let but the rich man do his part,  
And whatsoe'er the issue be,  
To those who ask, his answering heart  
Will gain and grow in sympathy.

R. M. Milnes.

Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman,  
Though both may gang a kennie wrang,  
To step aside is human.

Burns.

Cast not the clouded gem away,  
Quench not the dim but living ray—  
My brother man, beware!  
With that deep voice, which from the skies,  
Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,  
God's angel cries, Forbear!

Whittier.

Still to a stricken brother true,  
Whatever clime hath nurtur'd him;  
He stoop'd to heal the wounded Jew,  
The worshipper of Gerizim.

Whittier.

But by all thy nature's weakness,  
Hidden faults and follies known,  
Be thou, in rebuking evil,  
Conscious of thine own.

Whittier.

And when religious sects ran mad,  
He held, in spite of all his learning,  
That if a man's belief is bad,  
It will not be improv'd by burning.

Praed.

As the rivers, farthest flowing,  
In the highest hills have birth;  
As the banyan, broadest growing,  
Oftcnest bows its head to earth.—  
So the noblest minds press onward,  
Channels far of good to trace;  
So the largest hearts bend downward,  
Circling all the human race.

Mrs. Hale.

## CHASTITY.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die;  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

Shakespeare.

Chaste as the icicle  
That's curdled by the frost of purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Shakespeare.

Thou, my love, art sweeter far than balmy  
Incense in the purple smoke; pure and  
Unspotted as the cleanly ermine, ere  
The hunter sullies her with his pursuit;  
Soft as her skin; chaste as th' Arabian bird  
That wants a sex to woo, or as the dead,  
That are divorc'd from warmth, from objects,  
And from thought.

*Sir W. Davenant's Platonic Lovers.*

So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liv'ry'd angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

*Milton's Comus.*

Oh! she is colder than the mountain's snow.  
To such a subtile purity she's wrought,  
She's pray'd and fasted to a walking thought:  
She's an enchanted feast, most fair to sight,  
And starves the appetite she does invite;  
Flies from the touch of sense, and if you dare  
To name but love she vanishes to air.

*Crown's Destruction of Jerusalem.*

In thy fair brow there's such a legend writ  
Of chastity, as blinds the adulterous eye:  
Not the mountain ice,  
Congeal'd to crystals, is so frosty chaste,  
As thy victorious soul, which conquers man,  
And man's proud tyrant-passion.

*Dryden's Albion and Albanus.*

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?  
The only art her guilt to cover,  
And hide her shame from every eye,  
And give repentence to her lover,  
And wring his bosom is— to die.

*Goldsmith.*

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,  
Though she hath oftentimes drain'd its bitter cup;  
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,  
And eyes whose lovely orbs are lifted up!

*Mrs. Welby.*

## CHEERFULNESS.

And her against sweet cheerfulness was placed,  
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening clear  
Were deck't with smyles, that all sad humours  
chased,  
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly  
graced. *Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,  
And 't is that crowns a welcome.

*Masefield.*

Let me play the fool:  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish?

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

What then remains but well our power to use,  
And keep good humour still, whate'er we lose?  
And trust me, dear, good humour can prevail,  
When airs, and flight, and screams, and scolding  
fail;

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;  
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,  
Belinda smil'd and all the world was gay.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

When cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulders flung,  
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung.

*Collins's Passions.*

Thus without share in coin or land,  
But well content to hold  
The wealth of nature in my hand,  
One flail of virgin gold,—  
My love above me like a sun,—  
My own bright thoughts my wings,—  
Through life I trust to flutter on  
As gay as aught that sings.

*R. M. Milnes.*

Were it not worse than vain to close our eyes  
Unto the azure sky and golden light,  
Because the tempest cloud doth sometimes rise,  
And glorious day must darken into night?

*Douglas Jerold's Magazine.*

A sweet heart-lifting cheerfulness,  
Like spring-time of the year,  
Seem'd ever on her steps to wait.

*Mrs. Hale's Alice Ray.*

The seasons all had charms for her,—  
She welcom'd each with joy;  
The charm that in her spirit liv'd  
No changes could destroy.

*Mrs. Hale.*

#### CHILDHOOD AND CHILDREN.

The whining schoolboy with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
*Shaks. As you like it.*

Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the  
valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his  
smiles;  
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.  
*Shaks. Winter Tale.*

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make no doubt us happy by his reign

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?  
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?  
*Shaks. Richard III.*

O 'tis a parlous boy;  
Bold, quick, ingenuous, forward, capable;  
He's all the mother's from the top to toe.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:  
This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which died in Geoffrey: and the hand of time,  
Shall draw this brief unto as large a volume.

*Shaks. King John.*

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,  
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven;  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,  
To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.

*Shaks. King John.*

O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son;  
My life, my joy, my soul, my all the world;  
My widow's comfort, and my sorrow's care.

*Shaks. King John.*

The poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
The young ones in her nest against the owl.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricots,  
Which, like unruly children make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Children blessings seem, but torments are,  
When young our folly, and when old our fear

*Otway's Don Carlos.*



C H I L D H O O D .



Crying they creep among us like young cats.  
Cares and continual crosses keeping with them,  
They make time old to tend them, and experience  
An ass, they alter so; they grow and goodly  
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water  
They fall into the main, are known no more.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover.*

What benefit can children be  
But charges and disobedience? what's the  
Love they render at one and twenty years?  
I pray dic, father: when they are young, they  
Are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise  
And giddiness.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money.*  
Look here and weep with tenderness and transport!  
What is all tasteless luxury to this?  
To these best joys, which holy love bestows?  
Oh nature, parent nature, thou alone  
Art the true judge of what can make us happy.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

O what passions then,  
What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
On the new parents seize.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
The human blossom blows; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,  
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast!

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty!  
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place  
His urn near mine.

*Addison's Cato.*

Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,  
When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers  
gay,

We cut our cable, launch into the world,  
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Why was my prayer accepted? why did heav'n  
In anger hear me, when I ask'd a son?

*Hannah More's Moses.*

Then gathering round his bed, they climb to  
share  
His kisses, and with gentle violence there,  
Break in upon a dream not half so fair.

*Rogers's Human Life.*

The hour arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd.  
The child is born by many a pang endear'd,  
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;  
O grant the cherub to her asking eye!  
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom press'd  
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

*Rogers's Human Life.*

When heaven and angels, earth and earthly things  
Do leave the guilty in their guiltiness—  
A cherub's voice doth whisper in a child's  
There is a shrine within thy little heart  
Where I will hide, nor hear the trump of doom.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Thou art my daughter—never lov'd as now—  
Thou mountain maid,—thou child of liberty!  
Urilda! well from Uri's height I nam'd thee,  
Free as its breezes,—purer than its snows!

*Maturin's Fredolfo.*

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,  
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;  
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,  
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,  
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—  
“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep my boy:  
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;  
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;  
Bright as his manly sire, the sun shall be,  
In form and soul; but ah! more bless'd than he.  
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,  
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past,  
With many a smile my solitude repay,  
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.”

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

He smiles and sleeps!—sleep on  
And smile, thou little young inheritor  
Of a world scarce less young: sleep on and smile!  
Thine are the hours and days when both are  
cheering  
And innocent.

*Byron's Cain.*

Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,  
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,  
To hail his father; while his little form  
Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!  
The childless cherubs well might envy thee  
The pleasures of a parent! Bless him, Cain!  
As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but  
His heart will, and thine too.

*Byron's Cain*

Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea,  
And from the mountains where I now respire.  
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,  
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been  
to me.

*Byron's Childe Harold*

To aid thy mind's development—to watch  
Thy dawn of little joys—to sit and see  
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch  
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to thee!  
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss—  
This, it should seem, was not reserv'd for me !  
Yet this was in my nature :—as it is,  
I know not what is there, yet something like to  
this.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,  
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep ;  
The tenant of a frail abode,  
Thy tears must flow as mine have flow'd :  
Beguil'd by follies every day,  
Sorrow must wash the faults away,  
And thou mayst wake, perchance to prove  
The pang of unrequited love.

*Byron to his Daughter.*

Yet a fine family is a fine thing,  
(Provided they don't come in after dinner;) )  
'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring  
Her children up (if nursing them don't thin her.)

*Byron's Don Juan.*

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

*Wordsworth.*

The young ! Oh, what should wondering fancy  
bring,  
In life's first spring-time, but the thought of spring !

*Mrs. Norton.*

And thou, my boy ! that silent at my knee  
Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark, earnest eyes,  
Fill'd with the love of childhood.—  
Mine own ! whose feelings fresh before me rise ;  
Is it not much that I may guide thy prayer,  
And circle thy glad soul with free and healthful  
air ?

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie,  
But oh, do not wish their wing ;  
That would tempt the fowler, Genie,—  
Stay thou on earth and sing.  
Stay in the nursing nest, Genie,  
Be not soon thence beguil'd ;  
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Genie,  
Never be twice a child.

*Miss Jewsbury.*

Oh ! dear to memory are those hours  
When every pathway led to flowers ;  
When sticks of peppermint possess'd  
A sceptre's power to sway the breast,  
And heaven was round us while we fed  
On rich ambrosial gingerbread.

*Eliza Cook.*

—Slow pass our days in childhood,—  
Every day seems like a century.

*Bryant.*

Ah ! well may sages bow to thee,  
Dear, loving, guileless Infancy !

And sigh beside their lofty lore  
For one untaught delight of thine,  
And feel they'd give their learning's store  
To know again thy truth divine.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

— "Tis the work  
Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer  
To bring the heart back from an infant gone.

*Willis.*

The history of Paradise

To Woman's faith is clear,  
For happy childhood ever brings  
The Eden vision near ;  
The vision when the earth was sway'd  
By Innocence and Love,  
That summon'd with an equal trust  
The tiger or the dove.

*Mrs. Hale.*

It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing  
Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends,  
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing,  
Where every tint of rainbow beauty blends.

*Mrs. Welby*

'Tis aye a solemn thing to me  
To look upon a babe that sleeps—  
Wearing in its spirit-deeps  
The unrevealed mystery  
Of its Adam's taint and woe,  
Which, when they revealed lie,  
Will not let it slumber so.

*Miss Barrett.*

And yet we check and chide  
The airy angels as they float about us,  
With rules of so-call'd wisdom, till they grow  
The same tame slaves to custom and the world.

*Mrs. Osgood*

I know he's coming by this sign,  
That baby's almost wild ;  
See how he laughs and crows and starts—  
Heaven blesss the merry child !  
He's father's self in face and limb,  
And father's heart is strong in him.  
Shout, baby, shout ! and clap thy hands,  
For father on the threshold stands.

*Mary Howitt.*

Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth,  
What joy is welcom'd like a new-born child !

*Mrs. Norton.*

Sleep, little baby ! sleep !  
Not in thy cradle bed,  
Not on thy mother's breast—  
But with the quiet dead.

*Mrs. Southey*

## CHOICE.

A wise man likes that best, that is itself;  
Not that which only seems, though it look fairer.

*Middleton's Widow.*

When better cherries are not to be had,  
We needs must take the seeming best of bad.

*Daniel.*

Now this he tastes, then that he glances on,  
Diversity confounds election.

*Baron.*

Election is an act  
Of will, not voice; of an internal suffrage,  
Not outward sound.

*Tragedy of Cicero.*

So much to win, so much to lose,  
No marvel that I fear to choose.

*Miss Landon.*

Think not too meanly of thy low estate;  
Thou hast a choice; to choose is to create!  
Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,  
Angels approve thee when thy choice is well;  
Use well the freedom which thy Master gave.

*O. W. Holmes.*

## CHURCH.

To kirk the nar, to God more far,  
Has been an old said saw;  
And he that strives to touch a star,  
Oft stumbles at a straw.

*Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.*

You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,  
And paradise was open'd in the wild.  
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores,  
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;  
No silver saints by dying misers given,  
Here bribe the rage of ill requited heaven;  
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,  
And only vocal with the makor's praise.

*Pope's Eloisa to Abelard.*

Here some are thinkin' on their sins,  
An' some upo' their claes;  
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,  
Anither sighs an' prays:  
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,  
Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces:  
On that, a set o' chaps at watch,  
Thrang winkin' on the lasses.

*Burns.*

Why should we crave a hallow'd spot?  
An altar is in each man's cot,  
A church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads.

*Wordsworth.*

What is a church? — Our honest sexton tells  
'Tis a tall building, with a tower and bells.

*Crabbe's Borough.*

— Piety first laid

A strong foundation, but she wanted aid;  
To wealth unwieldy was her prayer address'd,  
Who largely gave.

*Crabbe*

The perfect world, by Adam trod,  
Was the first Temple — built by God —  
His fiat laid the corner-stone,  
And heaved its pillars, one by one.

*Willis.*

On other shores, above their mould'ring towns,  
In sullen pomp the tall cathedral frowns,  
Pride in its aisles, and paupers at the door,  
Which feeds the beggars whom it fleeced of yore,  
Simple and frail, our lowly Temples throw  
Their slender shadows on the paths below;  
Scarce steal the winds, that sweep his woodland  
tracks,  
The larch's perfume from the settler's axe,  
Ere, like a vision of the morning air,  
His slight framed steeple marks the house of  
prayer!

*O. W. Holmes.*

But when the sabbath gatherings press,  
Like armies from the wilderness,  
'Tis then the dim, old woods afford  
The sanctuary of the Lord:  
The Holy Spirit breathes around —  
That forest glade is sacred ground,  
Nor Temple built with hands could vie  
In glory with its majesty.

The trees, like living columns rise,  
Whose tops sustain the bending skies;  
And o'er those earnest worshippers  
God's love, like holy roof is spread,  
And every leaf the zephyr stirs  
Some heavenly promise seems to shed.

*Mrs. Hale.*

Look on this edifice of marble made —  
How fair it swells too beautiful to fade.  
See what fine people in its portals crowd,  
Smiling and greeting, talking, laughing loud!  
What is it! Surely not a gay Exchange  
Where Wit and Beauty social joys arrange,  
Not a grand shop where late Parisian styles  
Attract rich buyers from a thousand milcs?  
But step within: no need of further search,  
Behold, admire a fashionable church!  
Look how its oriel window glints and gleams,  
What tinted light magnificently streams  
On the proud pulpit, carved with quaint device,  
Where velvet cushions exquisitely nice,  
Press'd by the polish'd preacher's dainty hands  
Hold a large volume clasp'd by golden bands

*Park Benjamin*

## CLERGY AND CHURCHMEN.

But if thee list unto the court to throng,  
And there to hunt after the hoped prey,  
Then must thou thee dispose another way;  
For there thou needs must learn to laugh, to lie,  
To face, to forge, to scoff to company,  
To cranch, to please to be a beetle-stock  
Of thy great master's will, to scorn, to mock;  
So maist thou chance mark out a benefice,  
Unless thou canst one conjure by device,  
Or cast a figure for a bishoprick;  
And if one could, it were but a school trick.  
These be the ways by which without reward,  
Livings in courts be gotten, though full hard.

*Spenser's Mother Hubbard's Tale.*

Their sheep have crusts, and they the bread;  
The chips and they the cheer:  
They have the fleece, and eke the flesh,  
(O seely sheep the while!)  
The corn is theirs—let others thresh,  
Their hands they may not file.

*Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.*

Schoolmen must war with schoolmen, text with  
text;  
The first's the Chaldee's paraphrase; the next  
The Septuagint's: opinion thwarts opinion;  
The Papist holds then the first, th' last th' Ar-  
minian;  
And then the councils must be call'd t' advise,  
What this of Lat'ran says, what that of Nicc.

*F. Quarles.*

Free will's disputed, consubstantiation,  
And the deep ocean of predestination,  
Where, daring venture oft too far into 't,  
They, Pharaoh like, are drown'd both horse and  
foot.

*F. Quarles.*

My trade is a fine, easy, gainful cheat;  
How easy 'tis saintship to counterfeit,  
And pleasing fables to invent and spread,  
And fools ne'er find the cheat till they are dead.

*Crown's English Friar.*

Make not the church to us an instrument  
Of bondage, to yourselves of liberty:  
Obedience there confirms your government,  
Our sovereigns, God's subalterns, you be.

*Lord Brooks's Alaham.*

It never was a prosperous world  
Since priests have interfer'd with temporal matters;  
The custom of their ancestors they slight,  
And change their shirts of hair for robes of gold;  
Thus luxury and interest rule the church,  
Whilst piety and conscience dwell in caves.

*Bancroft's Fall of Mortimer.*

Hood an ass with rev'rend purple,  
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,  
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.

*Jonson's Volponi.*

Love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition:  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

But you misusc the reverence of your place;  
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
As a favourite doth his prince's name  
In deeds dishonourable.

*Shaks. 2d part of Henry IV*

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;  
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And rocks not his own road.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Babble on, ye priests, amuse mankind  
With idle tales of flames and torturing fiends,  
And starry crowns, for patient sufferings here:  
Yes, gull the crowd, and gain their earthly goods,  
For feign'd reversions in a heavenly state.

*W. Shirley's Parricide.*

Then might you see  
Cowls, hoods, and habits with their wearers tost  
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,  
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
The sport of winds; all these upwhirl'd aloft  
Fly to the rearward of the world far off  
Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd  
The paradise of fools.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,  
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysticries of heaven  
To their own vile advantages shall turn,  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
Places, and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power, though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The spirit of God, promis'd alike and given  
To all believers; and from that pretense,  
Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force  
On every conscience; laws which none shall find  
Left them enroll'd, or what the spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

For this the clergy will still argue on,  
Deny for pique, assert from prejudice;  
Show us the lesson, seldom the example,  
And preach up laws which they will ne'er obey.

*Havard's King Charles I.*

He could raise scruples dark and nice,  
And after solve 'em in a trice;  
As if divinity had catch'd  
The itch on purpose to be scratch'd.

*Butler's Hudibras*

But preaching was his chiefest talent,  
Or argument, in which being valiant,  
He us'd to lay about and sticke,  
Like ram or bull at conventicle;  
For disputants, like rams and bulls,  
Do fight with arms that spring from skulls.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,  
And bended elbows on the cushion;  
Stole from the beggars all their tones,  
And gifted mortifying groans:  
Had lights where better eyes were blind,  
As pigs are said to see the wind.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

For he was of that stubborn crew,  
Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
To be the true church militant;  
Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun;  
Decide all controversies by  
Infallible artillery;  
And prove their doctrine orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

What makes a church a den of thieves?  
A dean and chapter, and white sleeves.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Is't not ridiculous, and nonsense,  
A saint should be a slave to conscience,  
That ought to be above such fancies,  
As far as above ordinances?

*Butler's Hudibras.*

The godly may allege,  
For any thing their privilege;  
And to the devil himself may go,  
If they have motives thereunto,  
For, as there is a war between  
The devil and them, it is no sin,  
If they by subtle stratagem  
Make use of him, as he does them.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

For saints may do the same things by  
The spirit, in sincerity,  
Which other men are tempted to,  
And at the devil's instance do;

And yet the actions be contrary,  
Just as the saints and wicked vary.  
*Butler's Hudibras*

You want to lead

My reason blindfold like a hamper'd lion,  
Check'd of his noble vigour: then, when baited  
Down to obedient tameness, may it couch,  
And show strange tricks, which you call signs of  
faith:

So silly souls are gull'd, and you get money!

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Is not the care of souls a load sufficient?  
Are not your holy stipends paid for this?  
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise  
To study souls, their cures, and their diseases?  
The province of the soul is large enough  
To fill up every cranny of your time,  
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch  
Be damn'd by your neglect.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

I tell thee, Mufti, if the world were wise,  
They would not wag one finger in thy quarrels:  
Your heav'n you promise, but our earth you covet:  
The Phaetons of mankind, who fire that world  
Which you were sent, by preaching but to warm.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Bloated with ambition, pride and avarice,  
You swell to counsel kings and govern kingdoms.  
Content you with monopolizing heav'n,  
And let this little hanging ball alone:  
For give you but a foot of conscience there,  
And you, like Archimedes, top the globe.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty friar,  
With a paunch swoll'n so high, his double chin  
Might rest upon't: a true son of the church!  
Fresh-colour'd and well-thriving on his trade.

*Dryden's Spanish Fair.*

Priesthood, that makes a merchandise of Heav'n!  
Priesthood, that sells ev'n to their pray'rs and  
blessings,  
And force us to pay for our own cos'nage.

*Dryden's Troilus and Cressida.*

The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:  
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.  
His preaching much, but more his practice  
wrought,

(A living sermon of the truths he taught,)  
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd.  
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.

*Dryden's Character of a Good Person*

A fox, full fraught with seeming sanctity,  
That fear'd an oath, but like the devil would be.  
Who look'd like lent, and had the holy leer,  
And durst not sin before he said his prayer.

*Dryden*

His talk was now of tythes and dues ;  
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news ;  
Knew how to preach old sermons next,  
Vamp'd in the preface and the text ;  
At christenings well could act his part,  
And had the service all by heart ;  
Wish'd women might have children fast,  
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last ;  
Against dissenters would repine,  
And stood up firm for right divine ;  
Found his head fill'd with many a system,  
But classic authors — he ne'er miss'd 'em.

*Swift's Baucis and Philemon.*

If such dinners you give,  
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live :  
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,  
But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes.

*Swift.*

Why seek we truth from priests ?  
The smiles of courtiers, and the harlot's tears,  
The tradesman's oath, and mourning of an heir,  
Are truths to what priests tell !  
Oh why has priesthood privilege to lie !  
And yet to be believed ?

*Lee's Oedipus.*

If we must pray,

Rear in the streets bright altars to the gods,  
Let virgin's hands adorn the sacrifice ;  
And not a grey-beard forging priest come here,  
To pry into the bowels of their victim,  
And with their dotage mad the gaping world.

*Lee's Oedipus.*

Ill befall

Such meddling priests, wh. kindle up confusion,  
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples ;  
By heav'n 'tis done in perfect spite of peace.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Others of graver mien, behold, adorn'd  
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,  
And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes,  
Take homage of the simple-minded throng ;  
Ambassadors of heaven !

*Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.*

I hear yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd nor wish'd to change his place ;  
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

*Goldsmith's Deserter Village.*

At church with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.

*Goldsmith's Deserter Village*

Ev'n children followed with endearing wile  
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's  
smile. *Goldsmith's Deserter Village.*

Or prophecy, which dreams a lie,  
That fools believe, and knaves apply.

*Green's Grotto.*

Of right and wrong he taught  
Truths as refined as ever Athens heard ;  
And (strange to tell !) he practised what he  
preach'd.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

The royal letters are a thing of course,  
A king, that would, might recommend his horse ;  
And deans, no doubt, and chapters with one voice,  
As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.  
Behold your bishop ! — well he plays his part,  
Christian in name, and infidel in heart,  
Ghostly in office, earthly in his plan,  
A slave at court, elsewhere a lady's man.  
Dumb as a senator, and as a priest ;  
A piece of mere church-furniture at best.

*Couper's Tirocinium*

Your lordship and your grace, what schools can  
teach

A rhetoric equal to those parts of speech ?  
What need of Homer's verse, or Tully's prose,  
Sweet interjections ! if he learn but those :  
Let reverend churhls his ignorance rebuke  
Who starve upon a dog's-eard Pentateuch,  
The parson knows enough who knows a duke.

*Couper's Tirocinium.*

In man or woman, but far most in man,  
And most of all in man that ministers  
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe  
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;  
Object of my implacable disgust.

*Couper's Task*

Behold the picture ! Is it like ? Like whom ?  
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip  
And then skip down again. Pronounce a text,  
Cry hem ; and reading what they never wrote,  
Just fifteen minutes huddle up their work,  
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

*Couper's Task.*

From such apostles, oh ye mitred heads,  
Preserve the church ; and lay not careless hands  
On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

*Couper's Task*

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose  
life

Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
That he is honest in the sacred cause.

*Couper's Task.*

He that negotiates between God and man,  
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware  
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful  
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul ;  
To break a jest, when pity would inspire  
Pathetic exhortation ; and address  
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,  
When sent with God's commission to the heart.

*Couper's Task.*

Church ladders are not always mounted best,  
By learned clerks, and Latinists profess'd

*Couper*

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,  
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces ;  
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,  
And damn a' parties but your own ;  
I'll warrant then ye're nae deceiver,  
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

*Burns.*

Hear how he clears the points o' faith  
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin !  
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,  
He's stampin, an' he's jumpin !

*Burns's Holy Friar.*

Haughty of heart and brow the warrior came,  
In look and language proud as proud could be,  
Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights and fame ;  
Yet was that bare-foot monk more proud than he.

*Scott's Vision of Don Roderick.*

Such vast impressions did his sermons make,  
He always kept his flock awake.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

In short, no dray-horse ever work'd so hard,  
From vaults to drag up hogshead, tun, or pipe,  
As this good priest, to drag, for small reward,  
The souls of sinners from the devil's gripe.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Did gentlemen of fortune dic,  
And leave the church a good round sum ;  
Lo ! in the twinkling of an eye,  
The parson frank'd their souls to kingdom come.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Whate'er

I may have been, or am, doth rest between  
Heaven and myself—I shall not choose a mortal  
To be my mediator.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Around his form his loose long robe was thrown ,  
And wrapp'd a breast bestow'd on heaven alone.

*Byron's Corsair.*

Father ! thy days have pass'd in peace,  
'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer.  
To bid the sins of others cease,  
Thyself without a crime or care,  
Save transient ills that all must bear,  
Has been thy lot, from youth to age.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Dark and unearthly is the scowl,  
That glares beneath his dusky cowl—  
The flash of that dilating eye  
Reveals too much of times gone by.

*Byron's Giaour.*

But the unfaithful Priest, what tongue  
Enough shall execrate ?

*Pollock.*

"What is a Church?" Let truth and reason speak ;  
They should reply—"The faithful, pure, and  
meek,  
From Christian folds, the one selected race,  
Of all professions, and of every place."

*Crabbe*

I like a church, I like a cowl,  
I love a prophet of the soul,  
And on my heart monastic aisles  
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles,  
Yet not for all his faith can see,  
Would I that cowled churchman be.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

By the white neck-cloth, with its straiten'd tie,  
The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking eye,  
Severe and smileless, he that runs may read  
The stern disciple of Geneva's creed.

*O. W. Holmes.*

A livelier bearing of the outward man,  
The light-hued gloves, the undevout rattan,  
Now smartly rais'd or half-profanely twirl'd,—  
A bright, fresh twinkle from the week-day world,—  
Tell their plain story ;—yes, thine eyes behold  
A cheerful Christian from the liberal fold.

*O. W. Holmes*

## CHURCH-YARD.

The solitary, silent, solemn scene,  
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,  
Blended in dust together ; where the slave  
Rests from his labours ; where th' insulting proud  
Resigns his power, the miser drops his board,  
Where human folly sleeps.

*Dyer's Ruins of Rome*

Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd  
there:  
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs,  
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;  
And the great bell has toll'd unrung, untouch'd.  
Such tales their cheer at w<sup>e</sup>ake or gossiping,  
When it draws near to 'witching time of night.

*Blair's Grave.*

There lay the warrior and the son of song,  
And there—in silence till the judgment day—  
The orator, whose all-persuading tongue  
Had mov'd the nations with resistless sway.

*Mrs. Norton.*

What to us the grave?

It brings no real homily! we sigh,  
Pause for awhile and murmur—"All must die!"  
Then rush to pleasure, action, sin, once more,  
Swell the loud tide and fret unto the shore.

*The New Timon.*

In dim cathedrals, dark with vaulted gloom,  
What holy awe invests the sacred tomb!  
There pride will bow, and anxious care expand,  
And creeping avarice come with open hand;  
The gay can weep, the impious can adore,  
From morn's first glimmerings on the chancel  
floor

Till dying sunset shed his crimson stains  
Through the faint halos of the iris'd panes.

*O. W. Holmes.*

Yet there are graves, whose rudely shapen sod  
Bears the fresh footprints where the sexton trod;  
Graves where the verdure has not dar'd to shoot,  
Where the chance wildflower has not fix'd its root,  
Whose slumbering tenants, dead without a name,  
The eternal record shall at length proclaim  
Pure as the holiest in the long array  
Of hooded, mitred, or tiara'd clay!

*O. W. Holmes.*

### CIRCUMVENTION.

They must sweep my way,  
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work—  
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petard; and 't shall go hard,  
But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
And blow them at the moon.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

This work requires long time, dissembling looks,  
Commixt with undermining actions,  
Watching advantages to execute  
Our foes are mighty, and their number great,  
It therefore follows that our stratagem<sup>s</sup>  
Must branch forth into manifold deceits,  
Endless devices, bottomless conclusions.

*Chapman's Alphonsus.*

Bear your wrongs conceal'd,  
And patient as the tortoise; let this camel  
Stalk o'er your back unbruised: sleep with the  
lion,  
And let this brood of secure foolish mice  
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe  
For the bloody audit, and the fatal gripe:  
Aim like a cunning fowler, close one eye,  
That you the better may your game esp<sup>y</sup>.

*Webster's White Devil*

CIGAR.—(See SMOKING.)

### CITY AND CITIZENS.

These base mechanics never keep their words  
In any thing they promisc. 'T is their trade  
To swear and break; they all grow rich by breaking  
More than their words; their honesties and credits,  
Are still the first commodities they put off.

*Jonson's New Inn.*

Indeed all our chiof living, is by fools  
And knaves; we could not keep open shop else:  
Fools that enter into bands, and knaves bind them.

*Middleton's Phænix.*

The fawning citizen, whose love's bought dearest,  
Deceives his brother when the sun shines clearest,  
Gets, borrows, breaks, lets in and stops out light,  
And lives a knave, to leave his son a knight.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

Take heed what you say, sir.  
An hundred honest men! why, if there were  
So many i' th' city, 'twere enough to forfeit  
Their charter.

*Shirley's Gamester*

So merchant has his house in town,  
And country-seat near Banstead down:  
From one he dotes his foreign letters,  
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors;  
In t' other, at his hours of leisure,  
He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

*Prior's Alma.*

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;  
His word would pass for more than he was worth.  
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,  
And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's;  
Constant at church and 'change, his gains were  
sure,

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

Or at some banker's desk, like many more,  
Content to tell that two and two make four,  
His name had stood in city annals fair,  
And prudent dulness mark'd him for a mayor.

*Churchill's Rosciad*

The cit — a common councilman by place,  
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,  
By situation as by nature great,  
With nice precision parcels out the state ;  
Provcs and disproves, affirms and then denies,  
Objects himself, and to himself replies :  
Wielding aloft the politician's rod,  
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god :  
Maintains ev'n to the very teeth of pow'r,  
The same thing right and wrong in half an  
hour,

Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,  
And plainly proves whatever is — is not :  
Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,  
And deals out empires as he deals out thread ;  
His useless scales are in a corner flung,  
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,  
That dread th' encroachment of our growing  
streets,  
Tight boxes, neatly sash'd, and in a blaze  
With all a July's sun's collected rays,  
Delight the citizen, who gasping there  
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.

*Couper's Retirement.*

I dwell amid the city,  
And hear the flow of souls !  
I do not hear the several contraries  
I do not hear the separate tone that rolls  
In art or speech.  
For pomp or trade, for merrymake or folly,  
I hear the confluence and sum of each,  
And that is melancholy ! —  
Thy voice is a complaint, O crowned city,  
The blue sky covering thee, like God's great  
pity.

*Miss Barrett.*

Come out, love — the night is enchanting !  
The moon hangs just over Broadway ;  
The stars are all lighted and panting —  
(Hot weather up there, I dare say !)  
'T is seldom that "coolness" entices,  
And love is no better for chilling —  
But come up to Thompson's for ices  
And cool your warm heart for a shilling !

*N. P. Willis.*

How tenderly Rousseau review'd  
His periwinkles ! Mine are stew'd !  
My rose blooms on a gown !  
I hunt in vain for eglantine,  
And find my blue-bell on the sign  
That marks the Bell and Crown !

*Hood.*

Where are ye, linnet ! lark ! and thrush !  
That perch on leafy bough and bush,  
And tune the various song ?  
Two hurdy-gurdies, and a poor  
Street-Handel grinding at my dcor,  
Are all my "tuneful throng."

*Hood*

## CLOUDS.

The clouds were touch'd,  
And in their silent faces could be read  
Unutterable love.

*Wordsworth*

The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

*Wordsworth*

There's not a cloud in that blue plain,  
But tells of storms to come or past ; —  
Here, flying loosly as the mane  
Of a young war-horse in the blast ; —  
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling  
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling.

*Moore.*

The clouds consign their treasure to the fields,  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
In large effusion o'er a freshen'd world.

*Thomson*

That cloud was beautiful, — was one  
Among a thousand round the sun :  
The thousand shared the common lot ;  
They came, — they went, — they were forgot ;  
This fairy form alone impress'd  
Its perfect image in my breast,  
And shines as richly blazon'd there  
As in its element of air.

*J. Montgomery*

Now a cloud,  
Massive and black, strides up ; the angry gleam  
Of the red lightning cleaves the frowning folds.

*Street's Poems*

Wafted up,  
The stealing cloud with soft grey blinds the sky  
And in its vapory mantle onward steps  
The summer shower.

*Street's Poems.*

Ye clouds, that are the ornament of heaven,  
Who give to it its gayest shadowings  
And its most awful glories ; ye who roll  
In the dark tempest, or at dewy evening  
Bow low in tenderest beauty ; — ye are to us  
A volume full of wisdom.

*Percival's Poems*

## COMET.

Lo! from the dread immensity of space  
Returning, with accelerated course,  
The rushing comet to the sun descends:  
And as he sinks below the shading earth,  
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,  
The guilty nations tremble.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?  
'Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds  
On gazing nations, from his fiery train  
Of length enormous, takes his ample round  
Through depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd  
worlds,

Of more than solar glory; doubles wide  
Heaven's mighty cape; and then revisits earth,  
From the long travel of a thousand years.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Lone traveller through the fields of air,  
What may thy presence here portend?  
Art come to greet the planets fair,  
As friend greets friend?  
Whate'er thy purpose, thou dost teach  
Some lessons to the humble soul;  
Though far and dim thy pathway reach,  
Yet still thy goal  
Tends to the fountain of that light  
From whence thy golden beams are won;  
So should we turn, from earth's dark night,  
To God our sun.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

## COMFORT.

What is comfort,  
When the poor patient's heart is past relief?  
It is no doctor's art can cure my grief.

*Middleton.*

There is a heaven yet to rest my soul on  
In midst of all unhappiness, which I look on  
With the same comfort, as a distress'd seaman  
A far off views the coast he would enjoy,  
When yet the seas do toss his reeling bark,  
'Twixt hope and danger.

*Shirley's Maid's Revenge.*

How can your griefs  
Expect comfort from him, who knows not how  
He can redress his own?

*Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lover.*

For in a dearth of comforts, we are taught  
To be contented with the least.

*Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

So dying men receive vain comforts  
From those visitants they love, when they  
Persuade them to be patient at the loss of life,  
With saying they are mortal too, and mean  
To endure the like calamity; as if  
To die were from good fellowship, from free  
Intent t' accompany departing friends,  
When such last courtesy proceeds not from  
Their will, but nature's obstinate decree.

*Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

Your comforts  
Come as in draughts the clemental dew  
Does on the earth; it wets, but leaves no moisture  
To give the sear'd plants growth.

*Claphorne's Albertus Wallenstein.*

Comfort cannot soothe  
The heart whose life is centred in the thought  
Of happy loves, once known, and still in hope,  
Living with a consuming energy.

*Percival.*

And should thy comfort with my efforts cease,  
And only then—perpetual is thy peace.

*Crabbe.*

It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort, which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd 't will fall  
Like choicest music.

*Talfourd.*

## COMMONWEALTH.

We will renew the times of truth and justice,  
Condensing in a fair free commonwealth  
Not rash equality, but equal rights,  
Proportion'd like the columns of the temple.  
Giving and taking strength reciproca.,  
And making firm the whole with grace and beauty,  
So that no part could be removed without  
Infringement of the general symmetry.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

## COMPANY.—(See SOCIETY.)

## COMPASSION.—(See MERCY.)

## COMPLAINT.

To tell thy mis'ries will no comfort breed;  
Men help thee most, that think thou hast no need;  
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,  
Thou soon shalt lose a friend and find a foe.

*Randolph.*

O say, why age, and grief, and pain,  
Shall long to go, but long in vain ;  
Why vice is left to mock at time,  
And, grey in years, grow grey in crime ;  
While youth, that every eye makes glad,  
And beauty, all in radiance clad,  
And goodness, cheering every heart,  
Come, but come only to depart ;  
Sunbeams, to cheer life's wintry day—  
Sunbeams, to flash, then fade away.

*Sprague.*

Come, now again thy woes impart,  
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin ;  
We cannot heal the throbbing heart,  
Till we discern the wounds within.

*Crabbe.*

And is there none with me to share  
The glories of the earth and sky ?  
The eagle through the pathless air  
Is follow'd by one burning eye.

*O. W. Holmes.*

## COMPLIMENTS.

Banish all compliments, but single truth,  
From ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry shepherd's heart,  
Let them use still persuading, but no art.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess.*

Treachery oft lurks

In compliments. You have sent so many posts  
Of undertakings, they outride performance ;  
And make me think your fair pretences aim  
At some intended ill, which my prevention  
Must strive to avert.

*Nabb's Tottenham Court.*

Marry, their wits were not so changeable  
As their faces, and having but one suit  
Of compliment, and that not unfashionable,  
They were fain to supply it with legs and silence.

*Killeghrew's Conspiracy.*

When stranger stranger met upon the way,  
First, each to each bow'd most respectfully,  
And large profession made of humble service,  
And then the stranger took the other's purse,  
And he that stabb'd his neighbour to the heart,  
Stabb'd him politely, and return'd the blade  
Reeking into its sheath with graceful air.

*Pollock.*

## CONCEALMENT.—(See SECRESY.)

## CONCEIT.

Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest works.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

This self-conceit is a most dangerous shelf,  
Where many have made shipwreck unawares :  
He who doth trust too much unto himself,  
Can never fail to fall in many snares.

*Earl of Sterline's Crassus.*

A strong conceit is rich ; so most men deem :  
If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem.

*Marston's Antonio and Mellida.*

Drawn by conceit from reason's plan,  
How vain is that poor creature, man !  
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf  
To prate about that thing, himself.

*Churchill.*

## CONFIDENCE.

Set on your food ;  
And with a heart new fir'd I follow you,  
To do I know not what. But it sufficeth,  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

I took him for the plainest harmless't creature,  
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian ;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all my secret thoughts.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Thou know'st how fearless is my trust in thee.

*Miss Landon.*

'Trust in thee ?' Ay, dearest, there's no one but  
must,  
Unless truth be a fable, in such as thee trust !  
For who can see heaven's own hue in those eyes,  
And doubt that truth with it came down from the  
skies ;  
While each thought of thy bosom, like morning's  
young light,  
Almost ere 'tis born, flashes there on his sight !

*C. F. Hoffman.*

## CONSCIENCE.

The sweetest cordial we receive at last,  
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.

*Goffe's Orestes.*

Conscience !

Poor plodding priests and preaching friars make  
Their hollow pulpits ; and empty aisles  
Of churches ring with that round word ; but we  
That draw the subtle and more piercing air  
In that sublimed region of a court,  
Know all is good we make so, and go on  
Secur'd by the prosperity of our enemies.

*Ben Jonson.*

When tyrannizing pain shall stop  
The passage of thy breath,  
And thee compel to swear thyself;  
True servant unto death:  
Then shall one virtuous deed impart  
More pleasure to thy mind,  
Than all the treasures that on earth,  
Ambitious thoughts can find.  
The well-spent time of one short day,  
One hour, one moment then,  
Shall be more sweet than all the joys  
Amongst us mortal men.  
Then shalt thou find but one refuge  
Which comfort can retain:  
A guiltless conscience pure and clear  
From touch of sinful stain.

*Brandon's Octavia to Antonius.*

Consider all thy actions, and take heed  
On stolen bread, tho' it is sweet, to feed  
Sin, like a bee, unto thy hive may bring  
A little honey, but expect the sting.  
Thou may'st conceal thy sin by cunning art,  
But conscience sits a witness in thy heart;  
Which will disturb thy peace, thy rest undo,  
For that is witness, judge, and prison too.

*Watkins.*

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Oh—I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

O, Brackenbury, I have done these things,  
That now give evidence against my soul.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

It is a dang'rous

Thing, it makes a man a coward: a man  
Cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man  
Cannot swear, but it checks him.

"Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that  
Mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills  
One full of obstacles. It made me once  
Restore a purse of gold, that by chance I  
Found. It beggars any man that keeps it.  
It is turn'd out of towns and cities for  
A dang'rous thing; and every man that means  
To live well, endeavours to trust to himself,  
And live without it.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,  
Have mercy, Jcsu!—soft;—I did but dream.—  
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—  
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight  
Cold fearful drops stand on my fearful flesh.  
What do I fear? myself?

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Suspicion haunts the guilty mind;  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted;  
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part II.*

Their great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

O, it is monstrous!—monstrous!  
Methought, the billows spoke and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn away,  
And lose the name of action.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Leave her to heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

O, Hamlet, speak no more:  
Thou turn'st mine eys into my very soul;  
And therc I see such black and grained spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Foul whisp'ring are abroad; and unnat'ral deeds  
Do breed unnat'ral troubles: infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Better be with the dead,  
Whom wo, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstacy.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

The colour of the king doth come and go  
Between his purpose and his conscience,  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:  
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

*Shaks. King John.*

I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

He that has light within his own dear breast,  
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day :  
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

*Milton's Comus.*

But his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath ; for now the thought,  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain,  
Torments him

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Now conscience wakes despair  
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
Worse; if worse deeds, worse sufferings must  
ensue.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

O conscience, into what abyss of fears,  
And horrors hast thou driven me ; out of which  
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Why should not conscience have vacation  
As well as other courts o' th' nation ;  
Have equal power to adjourn,  
Appoint appearance and return.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

What's tender conscience ? 'Tis a botch,  
That will not bear the gentlest touch ;  
But breaking out despatches more  
Than the epidemical plague-sore.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Here, here it lies ; a lump of lead by day ;  
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,  
The hag that rides my dreams.

*Dryden.*

'Tis ever thus  
With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly ;  
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience,  
Pours more of gall into the bitter cup  
Of their severe repentance.

*Mason's Elfrida.*

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,  
I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;  
Where once I went to church I'll now go twice,  
And am so clear too of all other vice.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

See, from behind her secret stand,  
The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,  
And her dread diary with horror fills.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Conscience, what art thou ? thou tremendous  
power !

Who dost inhabit us without our leave ;  
And art within ourselves, another self,  
A master-self, that loves to domineer,  
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave :  
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds ?  
Make the past, present, and the future frown ?  
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,  
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,  
In this long restless dream, which idiots hug —  
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life.

*Young's Brothers.*

Conscience, and nice scruples  
Are taxes that abound in none but meagre soils,  
To choke the aspiring seeds of manly daring :  
Those puny instincts, which in feeble minds,  
Unfit for great exploits, are miscall'd virtue.

*Jephson's Braganza.*

Knowledge or wealth to few are given,  
But mark how just the ways of Heaven ;  
True joy to all is free.  
Nor wealth nor knowledge grant the boon,  
'T is thine, O conscience, thine alone,  
It all belongs to thee.

*Mickle.*

Thus oft it haps, that when within,  
They shrink at sense of secret sin,  
A feather daunts the brave ;  
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,  
And proudest princes veil their eyes,  
Before their meanest slave.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Oh ! conscience ! conscience ! man's most faithful  
friend,  
Him canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend :  
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,  
Thou art, oh ! woe for me, his deadliest foe !

*Crabbe.*

There is no future pang  
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd  
He deals on his own soul.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Though thy slumber may be deep,  
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep,  
There are shades which will not vanish,  
There are thoughts thou canst not banish.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,  
Heard through God's silence, and o'er glory's din  
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,  
Man's conscience is the oracle of God !

*Byron's Island.*

Though I know not  
That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears  
Which are not ominous of right.

*Byron's Heaven and Earth. Part I.*

But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws  
So much as when we call our old debts in  
At sixty years, and draw the accounts of evil,  
And find a deuced balance with the devil.

*Byron.*

A quiet conscience makes one so serene!  
Christians have burnt each other quite persuaded  
That all the apostles would have done as they did.  
*Byron.*

The mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,  
Is like the scorpion girt by fire,  
In circle narrowing as it glows,  
The flames around their captive close,  
Till only search'd by thousand throes,  
And maddening in her ire,  
One and sole relief she knows,  
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,  
Whose venom never yet was vain,  
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
And darts into her desperate brain.  
So do the dark in soul expire,  
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;  
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,  
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,  
Darkness above, despair beneath,  
Around it flame, within it death!

*Byron's Giaour.*

There is no power in holy men,  
Nor charms in prayer—nor purifying form  
Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—  
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,  
The innate tortures of that deep despair,  
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,  
But all in all sufficient to itself,  
Would make a hell of heaven—can exercise,  
From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense  
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge  
Upon itself.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Not all the glory, all the praise,  
That decks the hero's prosperous days,  
The shout of men, the laurel crown,  
The pealing anthems of renown,  
May conscience' dreadful sentence drown.

*Mrs. Holford.*

Who born so poor,  
Of intellect so mean, as not to know  
What seem'd the best; and knowing not to do?  
As not to know what God and conscience bade,  
And what they bade not able to obey?

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

With peace of conscience, like to innocent men.

*Massinger.*

Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign  
Can match the fierce, unutterable pain  
He feels, who night and day devoid of rest,  
Carries his own accuser in his breast.

*Gifford's Juvenal.*

He cannot look on her mild eye;  
Her patient words his spirit quell,  
Within that evil heart there lie  
The hates and fears of hell.  
His speech is short; he wears a surly brow—  
There's none will hear her shriek; what fear ye  
now?  
The workings of the soul ye fear!

*Dana's Buccaneer.*

Dear mother! in ourselves is hid  
The holy spirit-land,  
Where *Thought*, the flaming cherub, stands  
With its relentless brand;  
We feel the pang, when that dread sword  
Inscribes the hidden sin,  
And turneth everywhere to guard  
The paradise within!

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

He fears not dying—"t is a deeper fear,—  
The thunder-peal cries to his conscience—"Icar!"  
The rushing winds from memory lift the veil,  
And in each flash his sins, like spectres pale,  
Freed, from their dark abode, his guilty breast,  
Shriek in his startled ear—"Death is not rest!"

*Mrs. Hale.*

## CONSPIRACY.

O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then by day,  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,  
conspiracy,

Hide it in smiles and affability:  
For if thou put thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough,  
To hide thee from prevention.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
And the first motion, all the interrim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;  
The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of a man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

## To be head

We'll cut off any member, and condemn  
Virtue or folly for a diadem,  
Banish religion, and make blood as cheap,  
As when two armies, turn'd into one heap  
Of carcasses, lyg grov'ling : what care we  
For the slight tainture of disloyalty ?  
None will command the race till it be run,  
And these are deeds, not prais'd till they are done.

*Robert Comersall.*

Provide what money; and what arms you can ;  
Who has the gold, shall never want the man.

*Baron's Merza.*

My plots fall short, like darts, which rash hands  
throw,  
With an ill aim, and have too far to go ;  
Nor can I long discoveries prevent,  
I deal too much among the innocent.

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

Oh ! think what anxious moments pass between  
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods ;  
Oh ! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,  
Fill'd up with horror, and big with death.

*Addison's Cato.*

Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd  
Than execut'd.

*Addison's Cato.*

Conspiracies,  
Like thunder-clouds, should in a moment form  
And strike, like lightning, ere the sound is heard.

*Dow's Sethona.*

## CONSIDERATION.

Consideration like an angel came,  
And whip'd the offending Adam out of him  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

## Hang consideration !

When this is spent, is not our ship the same,  
Our courage too the same, to fetch in more ?  
The earth, where it is fertilest, returns not  
More than three harvests, while the glorious sun  
Posts through the zodiac, and makes up the year.  
But the sea, which is our mother (that embraccs  
Both the rich Indies in her outstretch'd arms,)  
Yields every day a crop if we dare reap it.  
No, no, my mates, let tradesmen think of thrifit,  
And usurers hoard up ; let our expence  
Be as our cominges in are, without bounds.

*Massinger.*

## CONSTANCY.

I am constant as the northern star ;  
Of whose true, fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Sooner I'll think the sun would cease to cheer  
The teeming earth, and then forget to bear ;  
Sooner that rivers would run back, or Thames  
With ribs of ice in June would bind his streams :  
Or nature, by whose strength the world endures,  
Would change her course before you alter yours.

*Jonson*

It is a noble constancy you show

To this afflicted house : that not like others,  
The friends of season, you do follow fortune,  
And in the winter of their fate, forsake  
The place, whose glories warm'd you.

*Jonson's Sejanus.*

First shall the heav'n's bright lamp forget to shine,  
The stars shall from the azur'd sky decline :  
First shall the orient with the west shake hand,  
The centre of the world shall cease to stand :  
First wolves shall league with lambs, the dolphins  
fly,

The lawyer and physician fees deny :  
The Thames with Tagus shall exchange her bed,  
My mistress' locks with mine shall first turn red :  
First heav'n shall lie below, and hell above,  
Ere I inconstant to my Delia prove.

*Howell.*

When all things have their trial, you shall find  
Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind.

*Shirley's Witty Fair One*

## Make my breast

Transparent as pure crystal, that the world  
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought  
My heart does hold. Where shall a woman turn  
Her eyes to find out constancy.

*Buckingham.*

No never from this hour to part,  
We'll live and love so true,  
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,  
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

*Goldsmith's Herm.*

Yes, let the eagle change his plume,  
The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom,  
But ties around that heart were spun,  
Which would not, could not be undone.

*Campbell.*

The mountain rill  
Seeks with no surer flow the far, bright sea,  
Than my unchang'd affections flow to thee.

*Park Benjamin*

The love that is kept in the beauty of trust,  
Cannot pass like the foam from the seas,  
Or a mark that the finger hath traç'd in the dust,  
Where 't is swept by the breath of the breezo.

*Mrs. Welby.*

There is nothing but death  
Our affections can sever,  
And till life's latest breath  
Love shall bind us for ever.

*Percival.*

— I have won

Thy heart, my gentle girl! but it hath been  
When that soft eye was on me; and the love  
I told beneath the evening influence,  
Shall be as *constant* as its gentle star.

*Willis.*

Though youth be past, and beauty fled,  
The constant heart its pledge redeems,  
Like *box*, that guards the flowerless bed  
And brighter from the contrast seems.

*Mrs. Hale.*

CONTEMPLATION.— See REFLECTION.)

### CONTEMPT.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,  
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart;  
What valour were it when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Tis true, I am hard buffeted,  
Though few can be my foes,  
Marsh words fall heavy on my head,  
And unresisted blows.

*R. M. Milnes.*

I, to herd with narrow foreheads,  
Vancant of our glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures,  
Like a beast with lower pains!

*Tennyson.*

Shall it not be scorn to me  
'To harp on such a moulder'd string?  
I am sham'd through all my nature  
To have lov'd so slight a thing.

*Tennyson.*

### CONTENT.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy  
No chemic art can counterfeit;  
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,  
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,  
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;  
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,  
That much in little — all in naught — *content*.

*Wilby.*

Contentment gives a crown,  
Where fortune hath deny'd it.

*Thomas Ford's Love's Labyrinth*

Oh calm, hush'd, rich content,

Is there a being, blessedness, without thee?  
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou dost  
rest,

Nectar to life, thou sweet ambrosian feast.

*Mastor's first part of Antonio and Mellida.*

Yet oft we see that some in humble state  
Are cheerful, pleasant, happy, and content:  
When those indeed that are of higher state,  
With vain additions do their thoughts torment.

*Lady Carew's Mariam.*

How man's desire  
Pursues contentment! 'T is the soul of action,  
And the propounded reason of our life.

*Nabb's Tottenham Court.*

The mind's content

Sweetens all suff'rings of th' afflicted sense,  
Those that are bred in labour think it sport,  
Above the soft delight which wanton appetite  
Begets for others, whom indulgent fortune  
Prefers in her degrees, though equal nature  
Made all alike.

*Nabb's Tottenham Court.*

Each good mind doubles his own free content,  
When in another's use they give it vent.

*Sir Giles Goosecap.*

I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Poor and content, is rich and rich enough;  
But riches, fineness, is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

*Shaks. Othello.*

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst content.

*Shaks. Timon.*

Most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those  
How mean soc'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort.

*Shaks. Cymb.*

He that commends me to mine own content,  
Commands me to the thing I cannot get.

*Shaks. Cymb.*

Much will always wanting be  
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he  
To whom the wise indulgency of heaven,  
With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

*Cowley.*

Cellars and granaries in vain we fill  
With all the bounteous summer's store,  
If the mind thirst and hunger still:  
The poor rich man's emphatically poor.  
Slaves to the things we too much prize,  
We masters grow of all that we despise.

*Cowley.*

The cynic hugs his poverty,  
The pelican her wilderness;  
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be  
Naked on frozen Caucasus:  
Contentment cannot smart; stoics, we see,  
Make torments easy to their apathy.

*Anon.*

\*  
O may I with myself agree,  
And never covet what I see;  
Content me with an humble shade,  
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;  
For while our wishes wildly roll,  
We banish quiet from the soul;  
'Tis then the busy beat the air,  
And misers gather wealth and care.

*Dyer's Grongar Hill.*

O grant me, heav'n, a middle state,  
Neither too humble nor too great;  
More than enough for nature's ends,  
With something left to treat my friends.

*Mallet.*

Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,  
And look on riches with untainted eye  
To others let the glitt'ring baubles fall,  
Content shall place us far above them all.

*Churchill.*

What tho' we quit all glittering pomp and greatness,  
The busy noisy flattery of courts,  
We shall enjoy content; in that alone  
Is greatness, power, wealth, honour, all summ'd up.

*Powell's King of Naples.*

Contentment, rosy, dimpled maid,  
Thou brightest daughter of the sky,  
Why dost thou to the hut repair,  
And from the gilded palace fly?

I've trac'd thee on the peasant's cheek;  
I've mark'd thee in the milkmaid's smile;  
I've heard thee loudly laugh and speak,  
Amid the sons of want and toil;  
Yet in the circles of the great,  
Where fortune's gifts are all combin'd,  
I've sought thee early, sought thee late,  
And ne'er thy lovely form could find.

Since then from wealth and pomp you flee,  
I ask but competence and thee!

*Lady Manners.*

Life's but a short chase; our game—content.  
Which most pursued, is most compell'd to fly:  
And he that mounts him on the swiftest hope,  
Shall soonest run his courser to a stand;  
While the poor peasant from some distant hill,  
Undanger'd and at ease, views all the sport,  
And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

*Cibber's Richard III*

Her poverty was glad; her heart content,  
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.

*Dryden.*

Contentment parent of delight,  
So much a stranger to our sight,  
Say, goddess in what happy place,  
Mortals behold thy blooming face;  
Thy gracious auspicks impart,  
And for thy temple choose my heart,  
They whom thou deignest to inspire,  
Thy science learn, to bound desire;  
By happy alchymy of mind,  
They turn to pleasure all they find.

*Green's Spleen*

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)  
Is not to act or think beyond mankind  
No pow'r of body or of soul to share,  
But what his nature and his state can bear  
Why has not man a microscopic eye?  
For this plain reason—man is not a fly.  
Say for what use were finer optics given  
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?  
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,  
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?  
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,  
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?  
If nature thund'red in his op'ning ears,  
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,  
How would he wish that heaven had left him still  
The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?  
Who finds not providence all good and wise,  
Alike in what it gives and what denies.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.  
Fortune in men has some small difference made,  
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,  
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.  
"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and  
cowl?"

I'll tell you, friend! — a wise man and a fool.  
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow;  
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Cease then, nor order imperfection name:  
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
Know thy own point; this kind, this due degree  
Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.  
Submit—in this or any other sphere,  
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,  
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,  
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;  
And wondering man could want a larger pile,  
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

He, fairly looking into life's account,  
Saw frowns and favours were of like amount;  
And viewing all—his\* perils, prospects, purse,  
He said, "content;—tis well it is no worse."

*Crabbe.*

Happy the life, that in a peaceful stream,  
Obscure, unnoticed through the vale has flow'd;  
The heart that ne'er was charm'd by fortune's  
gleam

Is ever sweet contentment's blest abode.

*Percival.*

Lo now, from idle wishes clear,  
I make the good I may not find;  
Adown the stream I gently steer,  
And shift my sail with every wind.  
And half by nature, half by reason,  
Can still with pliant heart prepare,  
The mind, attuned to every season,  
The merry heart that laughs at care.

*H. M. Milman.*

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold  
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,  
Obtains a richer prize  
Than he who, in his cot at rest,  
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,  
And bears the promise in his breast  
Of treasure in the skies?

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Content dwells with him, for his mind is fed,  
And temperance has driven out unrest.

*Willis.*

### CONVERSATION.—(See TALKING.)

### COQUETTE.

While to his arms the blushing bride he took,  
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;  
As if by force subjected to his will,  
Though pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.

*Dryden's Cymon and Iphigenia.*

She lik'd his soothing lutes, his presents more,  
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.

*Gay's Trivia.*

Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,  
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;  
A mind for love, but still a changing mind,  
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd;  
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,  
The gentle swimming walk, the courteous sink;  
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown;  
For decent yielding, looks declining down;  
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire  
Would own its melting in a mutual fire;  
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;  
And all the nature, all the art of love.

*Parnell's Hesiod.*

From loveless youth to unrespected age  
No passion gratified, except her rage,  
So much the fury still outran the wit,  
The pleasure mis' her, and the scandal hit.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

There affectation, with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen,  
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,  
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride:  
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,  
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those;  
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
Bright as the sun her eyes, the gazers strike,  
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

See how the world its veterans rewards!  
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;  
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;  
Young without lovers, old without a friend;  
A flop their passion, but their prize a sot;  
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,  
('Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)  
"No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace,  
"Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:  
"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's  
dead—

"And — Betty— give this check a little red."

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

With every pleasing, every prudent part,  
Say, "what can Chloe want?"—she wants a heart.  
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;  
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.  
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,  
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.  
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,  
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

Nymph of the mincing mouth and languid eye,  
And lisping tongue so soft, and head awry,  
And flutt'ring heart, of leaves of aspen made;  
Who were thy parents, blushing virgin?—say;  
Perchance dame Folly gave thee to the day,  
With Gaffer Ignorance's aid.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,  
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;  
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud,  
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips.

*Byron's Beppo.*

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say "no;"  
And won't say "yes," and keeps you on and offing  
On a lee shore, till it begins to blow;  
Then sees your heart wreck'd with an inward  
scoffing:

This works a world of sentimental woe,  
And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin;  
But yet is merely innocent flirtation,  
Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

*Byron.*

The vain coquette each suit disdains,  
And glories in her lover's pains;  
With age she fades—each lover flies,  
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

*Gay's Fables.*

Who has not heard coquettes complain  
Of days, months, years, mis-spent in vain?  
For time misus'd they pine and waste,  
And love's sweet pleasures never taste.

*Gay.*

Can I again that look recall,  
That once could make me die for thee?—  
No, no!—the eye that beams on all,  
Shall never more be priz'd by me.

*Moore.*

Would you teach her to love?  
For a time seem to rove;  
At first she may frown in a pet;  
But leave her awhile,  
She shortly will smile,  
And then you may win your coquette.

*Byron.*

Now I pray thee do not call  
My cousin a coquette,  
When I tell you she had danglers  
By the dozen in her net;  
For she was very beautiful,  
Bewildering and bright.

*Mrs. Osgood*

But why, oh why, on all thus squander  
The treasures one alone can prize,—  
Why let the looks at random wander,  
Which beam from those deluding eyes?  
Those syren tones, so lightly spoken,  
Cause many a heart, I know, to thrill;  
But mine, and only mine, till broken,  
In every pulse must answer still.

*C. F. Hoffman.*

— I would sooner bind

My thoughts to the open sky:  
I would worship as soon a familiar star,  
That is bright to every eye.  
'Twere to love the wind that is free to all—  
The wave of the beautiful sea—  
'Twere to hope for all the light in heaven,  
To hope for the love of thee.

*Willis.*

## CORPULENCE.

Would he were fatter:— But I fear him not:  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that sparc Cassius.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Let me have men about me that are fat,  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar*

Now Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:  
Were 't not for laughing I should pity him.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I*

Still she strains the aching clasp  
That binds her virgin zone;  
I know it hurts her, though she looks  
As cheerful as she can,  
Her waist is larger than her life  
For life is but a span.

*O. W. Holmes*

## CORRUPTION.

My business in this state,  
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,  
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,  
Till it o'erran the stew.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Corruption is a tree, whose branches are  
Of an unmeasurable length; they spread  
Ev'ry where; and the dew that drops from thence  
Hath infected some chairs and stools of authority.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

Justice herself, that sitteth whimples 'bout  
The eyes, doth it not because she will take  
No gold, but that she would not be seen blushing  
When she takes it; the balances she holds  
Are not to weigh the rights of the cause, but  
The weight of the bribe: she will put up her  
Naked sword, if thou offer her a golden scabbard.

*Lilly's Midas.*

He who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
Against temptation.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

As some of us, in trusts, have made  
The one hand with the other trade:  
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,  
The right a thief, the left receiver;  
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,  
The other, by as sly, retail'd.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

He that complies against his will,  
Is of his own opinion still;  
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,  
For reasons to himself best known.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Know what a leading voice is worth.  
A seconding, a third, or fourth;  
How much a casting voice comes to,  
That turns up trumps of *ay*, or *no*:  
And by adjusting all at th' end,  
Share every one his dividend.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Far as the sun his radiant course extends,  
Interest, my friend, with sway despotic rules,  
Some fight for interest, some for interest pray,  
And were not honesty the road to want,  
It would not be that slighted thing it is.

*Gentleman's Osman.*

Ifence, wretched nation! all thy woes arise,  
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,  
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,  
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

*Lord Lyttleton.*

'T is hence you lord it o'er your servile senates;  
How low the slaves will stoop to gorge their lusts  
When aptly baited: ev'n the tongues of patriots,  
Those sons of clamour, oft relax the nerve  
Within the warmth of favour.

*Brooke's Gustavus Vasa*

The impious man, who sells his country's freedom,  
Makes all the guilt of tyranny his own.  
His are her slaughters, her oppressions his;  
Just heav'n! reserve your choicest plagues for him,  
And blast the venal wretch.

*Martyn's Timoleon.*

If, ye powers divine!  
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,  
And bring them to account, crush, crush, those  
vipers,  
Who, singled out by a community  
To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of air,  
Or pultry office, sell 'em to the foe.

*Miller's Mahomet.*

Unless corruption first deject the pride,  
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,  
All crude attempts of violence are vain;  
Too firm within, and while at heart untouched,  
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.

*Thomson's Liberty.*

But though bare merit might in Rome appear  
The strongest plea for favour, 't is not here;  
We form our judgment in another way;  
And they will best succeed, who best can pay;  
Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,  
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

In Britain's senate, he a seat obtains,  
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.  
My lady falls to play; so bad her chance,  
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France:  
The house impeach him, Coningsby harangues,  
The court forsakes him, and Sir Balaam hangs:  
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan, are thy own,  
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:  
The devil and the king divide the prize,  
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

*Pope's Moral Essays*

Ask men's opinion; *Scoto*, now shall tell,  
How trade increases, and the world goes well:  
Strike off his pension by the setting sun,  
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

*Pope's Moral Essays*

The veriest hermit in the nation  
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.

*Pope.*

Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,  
Is therefore fit to have a government.

*Pope.*

This mournful truth is every where confess'd,  
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd:  
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,  
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold:  
When won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,  
The groom retails the favour of his lord.

*Dr. Johnson's London.*

Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite,  
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white,  
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,  
And plead for pirates in the face of day;  
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,  
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

*Dr. Johnson's London.*

Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,  
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

*Dr. Johnson's London.*

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,  
And ask no questions but the price of votes.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Talk not of a grant:  
What a king ought not, that he cannot give;  
And what is more than meet from princes' bounty,  
Is plunder, not a grant.

*Young's Brothers.*

Thieves at home must hang; but he that puts  
Into his overgorged and bloated purse,  
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.

*Couper's Task.*

He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal  
To serve his country. Ministerial grace  
Deals him out money from the public chest,  
Or if that mine be shut, some private purse  
Supplies his need with an usurious loan,  
To be refunded duly, when his vote,  
Well-managed, shall have earn'd its worthy price.

*Couper's Task.*

Whoso seeks an audit here  
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,  
Wild fowl or ven'son, and his errand speeds.

*Couper's Task.*

Examine well!  
His milk-white hand, the palm is hardly clean—  
But here and there an ugly smutch appears.  
Foh! 'Twas a bribe that left it. He has touch'd  
Corruption.

*Couper's Task.*

To bribe the mob, with brandy, beer, and song,  
To put their greasy fists to court addresses,  
Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,  
And with a fiddle lead the hogs along.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

E'en grave divines submit to glittering gold!  
The best of consciences are bought and sold.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

A close state-each, who, sticking to the nation,  
As adders deaf to honour's execration,  
Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,  
Nor till the state expires, will drop away.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar*

And conscience, truth, and honesty are made  
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.

*Moore.*

'T is pleasant, purchasing our fellow-creatures,  
And all are to be sold, if you consider  
Their passions, and are dext'rous; some by features  
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,  
Some by a place, as tend their years or natures;  
The most by ready cash—but all have prices,  
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.

*Byron.*

## COUNTRY.

I can make any country mine: I have  
A private coat for *Italian* stilettos,  
I can be treach'rous with the *Walloon*, drunk with  
The *Dutch*, a chimney-sweeper with the *Irish*,  
A gentlemen with the *Welch*, and turn arrant  
Thief with the *English*. What then is my country  
to me?

*Rowley's Noble Spanish Soldier.*

Stand

Firm for your country, and become a man  
Honour'd and lov'd: It were a noble life,  
To be found dead embracing her.

*Johnson's Catiline.*

He who loves not his country can love nothing.

*Byron.*

And lives there man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said—  
This is my own, my native land!

*Sir Walter Scott.*

They love their land because it is their own,  
And scorn to give aught other reason why.

*Halleck.*

Who dies in vain

Upon his country's war-fields and within  
The shadow of her altars? Feeble heart!  
I tell thee that the voice of patriot blood,  
Thus pour'd for faith and freedom, hath a tone  
Which from the night of ages, from the gulf  
Of death shall burst and make its high appeal  
Sound unto earth and heaven!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

My country! ay, thy sons are proud,  
True heirs of freedom's glorious dower;

For never here has knee been bow'd

In homage to a mortal power!

*Mrs. Hale.*

No fearing, no doubting, thy soldier shall know,  
When here stands his country, and yonder her foe;  
One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,  
One glance where our banner floats glorious on  
high:

Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey;  
Let the sword flash on high, fling the scabbard  
away;  
Roll on, like the thunderbolt over the plain!—  
We come back in glory, or come not again.

*Thomas Gray, Jr.*

Thou, O, my country, hast thy foolish ways,  
Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise,—  
But if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,  
Off goes the velvet, and out come the claws!

*O. W. Holmes.*

#### COUNTRY LIFE.

None can describe the sweets of country life,  
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them.  
Plain husbandmen, tho' far below our pitch  
Of fortune plac'd, enjoy a wealth above us:  
To whom the earth with true and bounteous justice,  
Free from war's cares returns an easy food.  
They breathe the fresh and uncorrupted air,  
And by clear brooks enjoy untroubled sleeps.  
Their state is fearless and secure, enrich'd  
With several blessings, such as greatest kings  
Might in true justice envy, and themselves  
Would count too happy, if they truly knew them.

*May's Agrippina.*

The fields did laugh, the flowers did freshly spring,  
The trees did bud and early blossoms bore,  
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,  
And told that gardin's pleasures in their caroling.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Oh, this life

Is nobler than attending for a cheek,  
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;  
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncross'd.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Abused mortals! did you know  
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow;  
You'd scorn proud towers,  
And seek them in these bowers,  
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may  
shake,  
But blustering care could never tempest make,  
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
Savvng of fountains that glide by us.

*Sir W. Raleigh.*

Blest silent groves! O may ye be  
For ever mirth's best nursery!  
May pure contents  
For ever pitch their tents  
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these  
mountains,

And peace still slumber by these purling fountains!  
Which we may every year  
Find when we come a fishing here!

*Sir W. Raleigh.*

This is a beautiful life now, privacy,  
The sweetness and the benefit of essence:  
I see there is no man but may make his paradise,  
And it is nothing but his love and dotage  
Upon the world's foul joys that keeps him out on't.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Nice Valour.*

Under a tuft of shade that on the green  
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side  
They sat them down; and after no more toil  
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd  
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease  
More easy, wholesom'r thirst and appetite  
More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Now purer air

Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

The flow'ry lap

Of irriguous valley spread her store,  
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

A wilderness of sweets: for nature here  
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will  
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweets;  
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

'T is a goodly scene —

Yon river, like a silvery snake, lays out  
His coil, i' th' sunshine lovingly — it breathes  
Of freshness in this lap of flowery meadows.

*Sir A. Hunt's Julian.*

O happy if ye knew your happy state,  
Ye rangers of the fields! whom nature's boon  
Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element  
Conspires to bless.

*Somerville's Chase.*

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

*Gray's Church-Yard.*

O happy plains! remote from war's alarms,  
And all the ravages of hostile arms!  
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,  
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!  
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,  
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!  
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,  
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;  
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain;  
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain;  
No flaming heavens cast their blaze afar,  
The dreadful signal of invasive war;  
No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,  
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

*Gay's Rural Sports.*

What happiness the rural maid attends,  
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!  
She gratefully receives what heaven has sent,  
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.  
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,  
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame:) She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,  
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;  
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,  
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;  
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,  
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:  
Her reputation, which is all her boast,  
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost,  
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,  
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.

*Gay's Rural Sports.*

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,  
The kind rewarders of industrious life;  
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,  
Alike indulgent to the muse and love;  
Ye murmuring streams that in meanders roll,  
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,  
Farewell! The city calls me from your bowers;  
Farewell, amusing thought, and peaceful hours.

*Gay's Rural Sports.*

Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda sharcs thy walk,  
With soul to thine attun'd. Then nature all  
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;  
And all the tumult of a guilty world,  
Toss'd by ungencorous passions, sinks away.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:  
Almost on nature's common bounty fed;  
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side  
Of a romantic mountain, forest crown'd,  
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:  
Or in the gelid caverns, wood-bine wrought,  
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,  
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,  
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses at noon.  
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,  
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,  
And every passion aptly harmonis'd,  
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;  
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth;  
For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
Of every stay, save innocence and heaven,  
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
Among the windings of a woody vale;  
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.

*Thomson's Seasons*

Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;  
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,  
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;  
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;  
Calm contemplation; and poetic ease.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

He when young spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours  
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,  
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;  
Search for peace with all your skill;  
Open wide the lofty door,  
Seek her on the marble floor;  
In vain you search, she is not there;  
In vain you search the domes of care:  
Grass and flowers *quiet* treads,  
On the meads and mountain-heads,  
Along with *Pleasure* close ally'd,  
Ever by each other's side:  
And often by the murmur'ring rill,  
Hear the thrush, while all is still  
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

*Dyer.*

Thus is nature's vesture wrought,  
To instruct our wandering thought;  
Thus she dresses green and gay,  
To dispense our cares away.

*Dyer's Grongar Hill.*

Ever charming, ever new,  
When will the landscape tire the view!  
The fountains fall, the rivers flow,  
The woody valleys, warm and low,  
The windy summit, wild and high,  
Roughly rushing on the sky!  
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,  
The naked rock, the shady bower,  
The town and village, dome and farm,  
Each gave each a double charm,  
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

*Dyer's Grongar Hill.*

Secure and free they pass their harmless hours,  
Gay as the birds that revel in the grove,  
And sing the morning up.

*Tate's Loyal General.*

Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,  
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,  
Stranger to civil and religious rage,  
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age;  
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,  
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.  
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolmen's subtle art,  
No language but the language of the heart,  
By nature honest, by experience wise,  
Healthy by temperance and exercise;  
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,  
His death was instant and without a groan.  
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!  
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.

*Pope.*

Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,  
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene,  
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,  
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,  
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;  
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chants,  
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.

*Smollet's Ode to Independence.*

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;  
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;  
The noisy geese that gabbed o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school;  
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

*Goldsmith's Deserter Village.*

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man,  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life requir'd, and gave no more.  
His best companions, innocence and health,  
And his best wishes, ignorance of wealth.

*Goldsmith's Deserter Village.*

Around in sympathetic mirth  
Its tricks the kitten tries;  
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,  
The crackling fagot flies.

*Goldsmith's Hermit.*

God made the country and man made the town;  
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts  
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught  
That life holds out to all, should most abound  
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?

*Couper's Task.*

Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd  
Please daily, and whose novelty survives  
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.

*Couper's Task.*

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;  
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,  
And sullen sadness that o'ershade, distort,  
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause.  
For such immeasurable woe appears,  
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair  
Sweet smiles and blooms less transient than her own.

*Couper's Task.*

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds  
Exhilarate the spirits, and restore  
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,  
That sweep the skirt of some fair-spreading wood  
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike  
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,  
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind.

*Couper's Task.*

They love the country, and none else, who seek  
For their own sake its silence and its shade:  
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart  
Susceptible of pity, or a mind  
Cultured and capable of sober thought?

*Couper's Task.*

Meditation hero  
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart  
May give an useful lesson to the head,  
And learning wiser grow without his books.

*Couper's Task.*

This pure air  
Braces the listless nerves, and warms the blood:  
I feel in freedom here.

*Joanna Baillie's De Montfort.*

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
Of charms which nature to her votary yields !  
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of evn,  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,  
O how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven !

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

There health, so wild and gay, with bosom bare,  
And rosy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,  
Trips with a smile the breezy scene along,  
And pours the spirit of content in song.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

But peace was on the cottage, and the fold,  
From court intrigue, from bickering faction far ;  
Beneath the chestnut tree love's tale was told ;  
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,  
Sweet stoop'd the western sun, sweet rose the evening star.

*Scott's Vision of Don Roderick.*

There shall be love, when genial morn appears,  
Like pensive beauty, smiling in her tears,  
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,  
And muse on nature with a poet's eye !

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—  
And down the vale his sober step returns ;  
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey  
The still sweet full of music far away ;  
And oft he lingers from his home awhile  
To watch the dying notes ; and start, and smile.

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

It was in this lone valley she would charm  
The ling'ring noon, where flow'r's a couch had strown ;  
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm  
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown :  
And eye that volume on her lap is thrown,  
Which every heart of human mould ondears ;  
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,  
And no intruding visitation fears,  
To shame th' unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

*Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming.*

From the white-thorn the May-flower shed  
Its dewy fragrance round our head :  
Not Ariel lived more merrily  
Under the blossom'd bough than we.

*Scott's Marmion.*

To pass their lives in fountains and on flowers,  
And never know the weight of human hours.

The nightingale, their only vesper-bell,  
Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell.

*Byron's Island*

—View them near  
At home, where all their worth and power is placed ;

And there their hospitable firs burn clear,  
And there the lowest farm-house hearth is graced  
With manly hearts in piety sincere,  
Faithful in love, in honour stern and chaste,  
In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,  
Beloved in life and sainted in the grave.

*Halleck's Poems*

And the winds and the waters

In pastoral measures,  
Go winding around us, with roll upon roll,  
Till the soul lies within  
In a circle of pleasures,  
Which hideth the soul.

*Miss Barrett.*

Thanks to my humble nature, while I've limbs,  
Tastes, senses, I'm determined to be rich ;  
So long as that fine alchymist, the sun,  
Can transmute into gold whate'er I like  
On earth, in air, or water ! while a banquet  
Is ever spread before me, in a hall  
Of heaven's own building, perfumed with the breath  
Of nature's self, and ringing to the sounds  
Of her own choristers.

*J. N. Barker.*

Poor drudge of the city !  
How happy he feels,  
With burrs on his legs  
And the grass at his heels ;  
No dodger behind,  
His bandannas to share,  
No constable grumbling—  
“ You cannot go there ! ”

*O. W. Holmes.*

Your love in a cottage is hungry,  
Your vine is a nest for flies—  
Your milkmaid shocks the graces  
And simplicity talks of pies !  
You lie down to your shady slumber  
And wake with a bug in your ear,  
And your damsel that walks in the morning  
Is shod like a mountaineer.

*Willis.*

Rich, though poor !  
My low-roof'd cottage is this hour a heaven,  
Music is in it—and the song she sings,  
That sweet-voiced wife of mine, arrests the ear  
Of my young child awake upon her knee  
And with his calm eye on his master's face  
My noble hound lies couchant.

*Willis.*

*Byron.*

I'm weary of my lonely hut  
And of its blasted tree,  
The very lake is like my lot,  
So silent constantly—

I've liv'd amid the forest gloom  
Until I almost fear—  
When will the thrilling voices come  
My spirit thirsts to hear?

Willis.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;  
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines  
When the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,  
At the Sophist's schools, and the learned clan;  
For what are they all in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet?

R. W. Emerson.

Within the sun-lit forest,  
Our roof the bright blue sky,  
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,  
We lift our hearts on high.

Ebenezer Elliott.

I sigh for the time  
When the reapers at morn  
Come down from the hill  
At the sound of the horn;  
Or when dragging the rake,  
I follow'd them out  
While they toss'd the light sheaves  
With their laughter about;  
Through the field, with boy-during,  
Barefooted I ran;  
But the stubbles foreshadow'd  
The path of the man.  
Now the uplands of life  
Lie all barren of sheaves—  
While my footsteps are loud  
In the withering leaves.

T. Buchanan Read.

## COURAGE.

It is held,  
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver: If it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd.

Shaks. Coriolanus.

He stopp'd the fliers;  
And, by his rare example, made the coward  
Turn terror into sport; as waves before  
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd  
And fell before his stern.

Shaks. Coriolanus.

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—  
Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,  
Though you were borne in Rome.

Shaks. Coriolanus

Come all to ruin;  
Let thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death,  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list,  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from  
me;  
But own thy pride thyself.

Shaks. Coriolanus

False hound!  
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,  
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I  
Flutter'd your voices in Corioli:  
Alone I did it.

Shaks. Coriolanus.

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Shaks. Macbeth.

Pr'ythee, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more, is none.

Shaks. Macbeth.

But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail.

Shaks. Macbeth.

I rather tell thee what is to be feard',  
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.

Shaks. Julius Cæsar.

Think not, thou noble Roman,  
That evcr Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind.

Shaks. Julius Cæsar.

I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall evcr take alive the noble Brutus:  
The Gods defend him from so great a shame!  
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus,—like himself.

Shaks. Julius Cæsar.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:  
Advance our standards, set upon our fobs;  
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory sits upon our helms.

Shaks. Richard III.

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,  
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bopp'd, and thump'd,  
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.

Shaks. Richard III

Fight, gentlemen of England; fight, bold yeomen:  
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head.  
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:  
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

*King Richard.*—A horse! a horse! my kingdom  
for a horse!

*Catesby.*—Withdraw, my lord: I'll help you to a  
horse.

*King Richard.*—Slave, I have set my life upon a  
cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;  
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

What though the mast be now blown overboard,  
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,  
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;  
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he  
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,  
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,  
And give more strength to that which hath too  
much,

Whiles, in his moan, the ship slips on the rock,  
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?  
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part III.*

In despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,  
Edward will always bear himself a king:  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part III.*

They call'd us for our fierceness, English dogs;  
Now, like to whelps, we crying ran away.  
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,  
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;  
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lion's stead.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

By how much unexpected, by so much  
We must awake, endeavour for defence;  
For courage mounteth with occasion.

*Shaks. King John.*

He's truly valiant that can suffer  
The worst that man can breathe; and make his  
wrongs  
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, care-  
lessly;  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.

*Shaks. Timon.*

His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

You must not think,  
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger  
And think it pastime.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Let us die instant: once more back again;  
The man that will not follow Bourbon now,  
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,  
Like a base pander hold the chamber door,  
Whilst, by a slave, no gentler than my dog,  
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

*Shaks. Henry V*

A valiant man

Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,  
But worthily, and by selected ways.  
He undertakes by reason, not by chance.  
His valour is the salt t' his virtues,  
They're all unseason'd without it.

*Ben Jonson's New Inn.*

Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves,  
There is a nobleness of mind, that heals  
Wounds beyond salves.

*Cartwright's Lady Errant.*

What, though the field be lost,  
All is not lost; th' ungovernable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome;  
That glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

Darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all the arch-angel: but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride,  
Waiting revenge.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deify his pow'r,  
Who from the terror of this arm so late  
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,  
That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
This downfall.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

But he his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd  
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

No thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argu'd fear: each on himself rely'd,  
As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

I should ill become this throne, O peers,  
And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd  
With splendour, arm'd with pow'r, if aught pro-  
pos'd  
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
Me from attempting.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,  
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his son except,  
Created thing nought valued he or shunn'd.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Incess'd with indignation, Satan stood  
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me,  
I have a soul, that, like an ample shield,  
Can take in all, and verge enough for more:  
Fate was not mine, nor am I fute's:  
Souls know no conquerors.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

'Tis not now who's stout and bold?  
But who bears hunger best and cold?  
And he's approv'd the most deserving,  
Who longest can hold out at starving;  
And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
The formidablest man of prowess.  
So th' emperor Caligula,  
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,  
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,  
And lobsters 'stead of cuirassiers;  
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,  
With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels,  
And led his troops with furious gallops,  
To charge whole regiments of scallops;  
Not like their ancient way of war,  
To wait on his triumphal car;  
But when he went to dine or sup,  
More bravely ate his captives up,  
And left all war by his example,  
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

*Butler.*

The brave man seeks not popular applause,  
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause;  
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can,  
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done,  
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to shun.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Be not dismay'd—fear nurses up a danger;  
And resolution kills it in the birth.

*Phillips's Duke of Gloucester.*

True valour, friends, on virtue founded strong,  
Meets all events alike.

*Mallet's Mustapha.*

The human race are sons of sorrow born;  
And each must have his portion. Vulgar minds  
Refuse or cranch beneath their load: the brave  
Bear theirs without repining.

*Mallet and Thomson's Alfred.*

True valour

Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purposc,  
Nor owns the blind award of giddy fortune.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

But while hope lives,  
Let not the generous die. 'T is late before  
The brave despair.

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

Is there a man, into the lion's den  
Who dares intrude to snatch his young away?

*Thomson's Britannia.*

To a mind resolved and wisc,  
There is an impotencie in misery,  
Which makes me smile, when all its shafts arc  
in me.

*Young's Revenge.*

True fortitude is seen in great exploits  
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;  
All else is tow'ring, phrenzy and distraction.

*Addison's Cato.*

My heart is firm:  
There's nought within the compass of humanity  
But I would dare and do.

*Sir A. Hunt's Julian.*

The wise and active conquer difficulties,  
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly  
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,  
And make the impossibility they fear.

*Roxe's Ambitious Step-Mother.*

True courage scorns  
To vent hor prowess in a storm of words;  
And to the valiant action speak alone.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

Not to the ensanguin'd field of death alone  
Is valour limited: she sits sereno  
In the deliberate council, sagely scans  
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides,  
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats  
Of brutal force alone.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

The intent and not the deed  
Is in our power; and therefore who dares greatly,  
Does greatly.

*Brown's Barbarossa.*

This is true courage, not the brutal force  
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve  
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks  
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,  
Builds on a sandy basis his renown,  
A dream, a vapour, or an ague-fit  
May make a coward of him.

*Whitehead's Roman Father.*

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,  
For that were stupid and irrational;  
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,  
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.  
As for your youth, whom blood and blows delight,  
Away with them! there is not in their crew  
One valiant spirit.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

Rocks have been shaken from their solid base;  
But what shall move a firm and dauntless mind?

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

I would, God knows, in a poor woodman's hut  
Have spent my peaceful days, and shar'd my crust  
With her who would have cheer'd me, rather far  
Than on this throne; but being what I am,  
I'll be it nobly.

*Joanna Baillie's Constantine Paleologus.*

Her look compos'd, and steady eye,  
Bespoke a matchless constancy.

*Scott's Marmion.*

My soul hath felt a secret weight,  
A warning of approaching fate:  
A priest had said, return, repent!  
As well to bid that rock be rent.  
Firm as that flint I face mine end;  
My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan;  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are  
one!

They are true to the last of their blood and their  
breath,

And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.

*Campbell's Lochiel.*

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain  
Could not bring his proud soul under;  
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said “No chains shall sully thee,  
“Thou soul of love and bravery!  
“Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
“They shall never sound in slavery!”

*Moore.*

A careless thing, who plac'd his choice in chance,  
Nurst by the legends of his land's romance;  
Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,  
Acquainted with all feelings, save despair.

*Byron's Island.*

A real spirit,  
Should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it.

*Byron*

“You fool! I tell you no one means you harm”  
“So much the better,” Juan said, “for them,”

*Byron*

Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from me,  
Who would but do—what he *hath* done.

*Byron's Giaour*

A spirit yet unquell'd and high  
That claims and seeks ascendancy.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Whate'er my fate,  
I am no changeling—'tis too late:  
The reed in storms may bow and quiver,  
Then rise again; the tree must shiver.

*Byron's Siege of Corinth.*

Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,  
Hopes snapp'd, name blighted, life's life lied  
away?

And only not to desperation driven,  
Because not altogether of such clay,  
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

The torture! you have put me there already,  
Daily since I was doge; but if you will  
Add the corporeal rack, you may: these limbs  
Will yield with age to crushing iron; but  
There's that within my heart shall strain your  
engines.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

Fate made me what I am—may make me no-  
thing—  
But either that or nothing must I be;  
I will not live degraded.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

I had a sword—and have a breast  
That should have won as haught a crest  
As ever wav'd along the line  
Of all these sovereign sires of thine.

*Byron's Parisina.*

But still he fac'd the shock,  
Obdurate as a portion of the rock  
Whereon he stood, and fix'd his levell'd gun,  
Dark as a sullen cloud before the sun.

*Byron*

There is strength  
Deep bedded in our hearts, of which we rea-  
But little till the shafts of heaven have pierc'd  
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent  
Before her gems are found?

*Mrs. Hemans*

Think'st thou there dwells no courage but in  
breasts  
That set their mail against the ringing spears,  
When helmets are struck down? Thou little  
knowest  
Of nature's marvels.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Ah, never shall the land forget

How gush'd the life-blood of the brave,  
Gush'd warm with hope and courage yet,  
Upon the soil they fought to save!

*Bryant.*

Like a mountain lone and bleak,  
With its sky-encompass'd peak,  
Thunder riven,  
Lifting its forehead bare,  
Through the cold and blighting air,  
Up to heaven,  
Is the soul that feels its woe,  
And is nerv'd to bear the blow.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

### COURT.

Whoso in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)  
Does swim, and bathe himself in courtly bliss,  
Does waste his dayes in dark obscurtie,  
And in oblivion ever buried is.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

O happy they that never saw the court,  
Nor ever knew great men but by report.

*Webster's White Devil.*

And what are courts but camps of misery!  
That do besiege men's states, and still are press'd  
To assail, prevent, complot and fortify;  
In hope t' attain, in fear to be suppress'd:  
Where all with shows, and with apparencty,  
Men seem as if for stratagems address'd:  
Where fortune, as the wolf, doth still prefer  
The foulest of the train that follows her.

*Daniel.*

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court.  
Experience, O thou disprov'st report.

*Shaks. Cymb.*

Revolve what tales I have told you  
(of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
This service is not service, so being done  
But being so allow'd.

*Shaks. Cymb.*

Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse garment,  
Too heavy for the sunshine of a court

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,  
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow,  
Refusal! canst thou wear a smoother form!

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The court's a golden, but a fatal circle,  
Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils  
In crystal forms sit, tempting innocence,  
And beckon early virtue from its centre.

*Lee's Nero.*

Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood;  
Where innocence is sham'd, and blushing modesty  
Is made the scorner's jest; where hate, deceit,  
And deadly ruin wear the mask of beauty,  
And draw deluded fools with shows of pleasure.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Sce there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!  
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves  
Devoutly bow to earth; from every mouth  
The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns  
With promises which die as soon as born.  
Vile intercourse, where virtue has no place!  
Frown but the monarch, all his glories fade;  
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,  
The pageant of a day; without one friend  
To soothe his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled,  
For though they bask'd in his meridian ray,  
The insects vanish as his beams decline.

*Somerville's Chase.*

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,  
Where varnish'd vice, and vanity, combin'd  
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;  
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.

*Smollett's Ode to Independence.*

O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!  
But most in courts where proud ambition towers;  
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring  
Beneath the pompous dome of cesar or of king.

*Shenstone's School Mistress.*

Painted for sight and essenc'd for the smell,  
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,  
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes  
So weak a vessel and so rich a prize!  
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,  
Ho boarding her, she striking sail to him.

Dear countess! you have charms all hearts to suit!  
And, sweet sir Topling! you have so much wit!  
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,  
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.

*Pope.*

I was not born for courts, or great affairs;  
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers.

*Pope.*

There we grow early grey, but never wise;  
There form connections, and acquire no friends.

*Couper's Task.*

'T is a fearful spectacle to see  
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.  
They gaze upon the links that hold them fast  
With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot,  
Then shake them in despair, and dance again.

*Couper's Task.*

There the sycophant, and he  
That with bare-headed and obsequious bows  
Begs a warm office, doom'd to a cold jail  
And groat per diem, if his patron frown.

*Couper's Task.*

Unhappy lot of all that shine at courts;  
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,  
Still odious to the monarch, or the people.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

Hast thou then liv'd in courts? Hast thou grown  
grey

Beneath the mask a subtle statesman wears  
To hide his secret soul, and dost not know  
That of all fickle fortune's transient gifts,  
Favour is most deceitful?

*Hannah More's Daniel. Part I.*

And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things that  
gain

Their bread as ministers and favourites — (that's  
To say by degradation) — mingled there  
As plentiful as in a court or fair.

*Byron.*

The thrall and state at the palace gate  
Are what my spirit has learn'd to hate;  
Oh. the hills shall be a home for me,  
For I'd leave a throne for the home of the free!

*Eliza Cook.*

### COURTESY.

Ill seemes (sayd he) if he so valiant be,  
That he should be so sterne to stranger wight:  
For seldom yet did living creature see  
That courtesie and manhood ever disagree.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

A stranger's kindness oft exceeds a friend's.

*Middleton.*

What fairer cloak than courtesy for fraud?

*Earl of Sterline.*

Study, with care, politeness, that must teach  
The modish forms of gesture and of speech:  
In vain formality with matron mien,  
And pertness apes with her familiar grin:  
They against nature for applauses strain,  
Distort themselves, and give all others pain:  
She moves with easy though with measur'd pace,  
And shows no part of study but the grace,

*Stillingfleet.*

Above all things raillery decline,  
Nature but few does for that task design:  
'Tis in the ablest hands a dangerous tool,  
But never fails to wound the meddling fool;  
For all must grant it needs no common art  
To keep men patient when we make them smart.  
No wit alone, nor humour's self, will do,  
Without good-nature, and much prudence too,  
To judge aright of persons, place and time;  
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime;  
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,  
Perhaps at court, or next day, would not pass.

*Stillingfleet*

Would you both please and be instructed too,  
Watch well the rage of shining, to subdue;  
Hear every man upon his favourite theme,  
And ever be more knowing than you seem,  
The lowest genius will afford some light,  
Or give a hint that had escaped your sigt.

*Stillingfleet.*

This Florentine's a very saint, so meek  
And full of courtesy, that he would lend  
The devil his cloak, and stand i' th' rain himself.

*Sir W. Davenant.*

All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,  
As maids of honour beauty,—by their place.

*Young's Love of Fame*

Discourse may want an animated No,  
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;  
But still remember, if you mean to please,  
To press your point with modesty and ease.

*Couper's Conversation.*

So gently blending courtesy and art  
That wisdom's lips seem'd borrowing friendship's  
heart.

*O. W. Holmes*

A smile for one of mean degree,  
A courteous bow for one of high,  
So modulated both that each  
Saw friendship in his eye.

*Henry B. Hirst.*

### COURTIER.

These can lie,  
Flatter, and swear, deprave, inform,  
Smile and betray; make guilty men; then beg  
The forfeit lives to get the livings; cut  
Men's throats with whisp'rings; sell to gaping  
suitors

The empty smoke that flies about the palace.

*Jonson's Sejanus*

True courtiers should be modest, and not nice;  
Bold, but not impudent; pleasure love, not vice.

*Chapman*

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,  
What hell it is in suing long to bide;  
To lose good days that might be better spent,  
To waste long nights in pensive discontent,  
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;  
To feed on hope, to pine with fear to-morrow;  
To have thy princess' grace, yet want her peers';  
To have thy asking yet wait many years;  
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;  
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;  
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronme,  
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne,  
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,  
That doth his life in so long tendence spend.

*Spenser's Mother Hubbard's Tale.*

'Tis common in such base fellows, such court  
Spiders, that weave their webs of flattery  
In the ears of greatness; if they can once  
Entangle them in their quaint treachery,  
They poison them straight.

*John Day's Isle of Gulls.*

I have been told, that virtue in courtiers' hearts  
Suffers an ostracism, and departs.

*Dr. Donne.*

It is the curse of kings to be attended  
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life:  
And on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance it frowns  
More upon humour, than advised respect.

*Shaks. King John.*

Not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

*Shaks. Cymb.*

Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;  
Wake and find nothing.

*Shaks. Cymb.*

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,  
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

I hardly yet have learn'd  
To insinuate, flatter, bow and bend my knee.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
Yon high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head  
So odd and white as this. O, oh! 't is foul.

*Shaks. Lear.*

And bid her steal into the pleached bower,  
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,  
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,  
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride  
Against that power that brod it.

*Shaks. Much ado.*

Live loath'd and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears.  
You fools of fortune, trencher friends, time's flies,  
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute jacks.

*Shaks. Timon.*

Others there are,  
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;  
And throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd  
their coats,  
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some  
soul;

And such a one do I profess myself.

*Shaks. Othello.*

All courtiers are a wise man's home,  
And so are governments to some.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow,  
Our princes worship, with a blow;  
King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic  
And testy courtiers with a kick.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Those that go up hill, use to bow,  
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,  
To poise themselves, and sometimes croop,  
When th' way is difficult and steep:  
So those at court, that do address,  
By low ignoble offices,  
Can stoop at any thing that's base,  
To wriggle into trust and grace,  
Are like to rise, to greatness sooner,  
Than those that go by worth and honour.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

I in no soul-consumption wait  
Whole years at levees of the great,  
And hungry hopes regale the while  
On the spare diet of a smile.

*Green's Spleen.*

How many men  
Have spent their blood in their dear country's  
service,  
Yet now pine under want; while selfish slaves,  
That even would cut their throats whom now they  
fawn on,  
Like deadly locusts, eat the honey up,  
Which those industrious bees so hardly toil'd for

*Otway's Orphan.*

See how he sets his countenance for deceit,  
And promises a lie before he speaks.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

He who his prince too blindly does obey,  
To keep his faith his virtue throws away.

*Dryden.*

To mischief bent,  
He seldom does a good, with good intent,  
Wayward but wise; by long experience taught  
To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought:  
For this advantage age from youth has won,  
As not to be out-ridden though outrun.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

They smile and bow, and hug, and shake the hand,  
Ev'n while they whisper to the next assistant  
Some cursed plot to blast its owner's head.

*Beller's Injured Innocence.*

I am no courtier, no fawning dog of state,  
To lick and kiss the hand that buffets me;  
Nor can I smile upon my guest, and praise  
His stomach, when I know he feeds on poison,  
And death disgus'd sits grinning at my table.

*Spewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.*

"Tis the curse of kings  
To be surrounded by a venal herd  
Of flatterers, that soothe his darling vices,  
And rob their master of his subjects' love.

*Brook's Earl of Warwick.*

'T is such pernicious flatterers,  
Such busy, ready, fawning slaves as thou art,  
That choke and stifle truth, poison all virtue,  
And curse mankind with tyrants and oppressors.

*Crisp's Virginia.*

This traitorous wretch  
Betrays his sovereign; others, destitute  
Of real zeal, to every altar bend  
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things  
To be styl'd honourable.

*Phillips's Cider.*

Those of fairest front,  
But equal inhumanity, in courts,  
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,  
Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,  
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe:  
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,  
Each smooth as those who mutually deceive,  
And for their falsehood each despising each.

*Thomson's Liberty.*

He was no civil ruffian: none of those  
Who lie with twisted looks,—betray with shrugs.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Curse on the coward or perfidious tongue,  
That dares not ev'n to kings avow the truth.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

What are such wretches? what but vapours foul,  
From fens and bogs, by royal beams exhal'd,  
That radiance intercepting which should cheer  
The land at large? Hence subjects' hearts grow  
cold,  
And frozen loyalty forgets to flow.

*Young's Brothers.*

Men, that would blush at being thought sincere,  
And feign, for glory, the few faults they want;  
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well;  
As if to them, vice shone her own reward.

*Young's Night Thoughts*

Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,  
And bows, and smiles more fatal than their swords  
Who stifle nature and subsist on art:  
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart:  
All real kindness for the show discard,  
As marble polish'd and as marble hard:  
Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,  
"With open arms their enemies embrace:"  
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine,  
"The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"  
Or, if they serve you, serve you disincl'n'd:  
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.

*Young.*

A courtier's dependant is a beggar's dog.  
*Shenstone.*

Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,  
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose,  
But from a crowd can single out his grace,  
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.

*Churchill.*

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd  
An humble servant to all human kind,  
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue  
could stir,

"If—where I'm going—I could serve you sir!"  
*Pope's Moral Essays.*

At this entranc'd he lifts his hands and eyes,  
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and re-  
plies;

"Oh! 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things,  
"To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"  
Then happy man who shows the tombs! said I,  
He dwells amidst the royal family:  
He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,  
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk;  
And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,  
What few can of the living—ease and bread

*Vypr.*

With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd  
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest;  
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,  
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,  
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,  
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;  
And, as her patron hints the cold or heat,  
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

*Dr. Johnson's London.*

A lazy, proud, unprofitable crew,  
The vermin gender'd from the rank corruption  
Of a luxurious state.

*Cumberland's Timon of Athens.*

There is a public mischief in your mirth ;  
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours  
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,  
Has made, which enemies could ne'er have done,  
Our arch of empire, stedfast but for you,  
A mutilated structure soon to fall.

*Couper's Task.*

Ungrateful scoundrels ! eat my rolls and butter,  
And daring thus their insolence to mutter !  
Swallow my turtle and my beef by pounds,  
And tear my ven'son like a pack of hounds,  
Yet have the impudence, the brazen face  
To say I am not fitted for the place.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Prepar'd for ev'ry insult, servile train,  
To take a kicking, and to fawn again.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

So warily a courtier speaks,  
They seem to talk with halters round their necks.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

A toad-eater's an imp I dont admirc ;  
Nor royal small-talk doth my soul desire ;  
I've seen my sovereign—that's enough for me.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

A simple race, they waste their toil,  
For the vain tribute of a smile.

*Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Yes—such was the man and so wretched his fate ;  
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,  
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the  
groat,

And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve !

*Moore on the Death of Sheridan.*

A mere court butterfly,  
That flutters in the pageant of a monarch.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Who toils for nations may be poor indeed,  
But free ; who sweats for monarchs is no more  
Than the gilt chamberlain, who, cloth'd and fee'd,  
Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door.

*Byron's Dante.*

He was a cold, good, honourable man,  
Proud of his birth, and proud of every thing ;  
A goodly spirit for a state divan,  
A figure fit to walk before a king ;  
Tall, stately, form'd to lead the courtly van  
On birthdays, glorious with a star and string ;  
The very model of a chamberlain.

*Byron.*

And none did love him—though to hall and bower,  
He gather'd followers from far and near ;  
He knew them flatterers of the festal hour,  
The heartless parasites of present cheer.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

#### COURTSIIIP.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights  
And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,  
Now singing sweetly to surprise her sprights,  
Now making layes of love and lover's paine,  
Bransles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine !  
Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devys'd ;  
And thousands like which flowed in his braine,  
With which he fed her fancy, and onty'sd  
To take to his new love, and leave her old despys'd.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

His feeling wordes her feble sense much pleased,  
And softly sunk into her molten heart :  
Heart that is inly hurt is greatly eas'd  
With hope of thing that may alleggo his smart ;  
For pleasing wordes are like to magick art,  
That doth the charmed snake in slumber lay.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Imagine with thy  
Self all are to be won ; otherwise mine  
Advice were as unnecessary as  
Thy labour. It is impossible for  
The brittle mettle of women to withstand  
The flattering attempts of men : only this,  
Let them be ask'd, their sex requires no less ;  
Their modesties are to be allow'd so much.

*Lilly's Sappho and Phaon.*

It is your virtue, being men, to try ;  
And it is ours, by virtue to deny.

*Drayton.*

A man's a fool  
If not instructed in a woman's school.  
*Beaumont and Fletcher's Spanish Curate.*

Away, you cashier'd younger brother, be gone :  
 Do not I know the fashions of you all ?  
 When a poor woman has laid open all  
 Her thoughts to you, then you grow proud and coy ;  
 But when wise maids dissemble and keep close,  
 Then you, poor snakes, come creeping on your  
 bellies,  
 And with all oiled looks prostrate yourselves  
 Before our beauty's sun ; where once but warm,  
 Like hateful snakes you strike us with your stings,  
 And then forsake us.

*Barry.*

I do not love  
 Much ceremony ; suits in love should not,  
 Like suits in law, be rock'd from term to term.

*Shirley.*

There is, sir, a critical minute in  
 Ev'ry man's wooing, when his mistress may  
 Be won, which if he carelessly neglect  
 To prosecute, he may wait long enough  
 Before he gain the like opportunity.

*Marmion's Antiquary.*

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd :  
 She is a woman, therefore may be won.

*Shaks. Titus Andronicus.*

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,  
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love ;  
 And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,  
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats ; messengers  
 Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

By your gracious patience,  
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what  
 charms,  
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)  
 I won his daughter with.

*Shaks. Othello.*

My story being done,  
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :  
 She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
 strange ;  
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :  
 She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd  
 That heaven had made her such a man ; she  
 thank'd me ;  
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
 And that would woo her.

*Shaks. Othello.*

If this inducement move her not to love,  
 Send her a letter of thy noble deeds.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

What ! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,  
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;  
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,  
 The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;  
 With God, her conscience, and these bars against  
 me,  
 And I no friend to back my suit withal,  
 But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,  
 And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !  
 Ha !

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Peace ! thou know'st not gold's effect :  
 Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough ;  
 For I will board her, though she chides as loud  
 As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew*

Say that she rail : why then I'll tell her plain,  
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :  
 Say, that she frown : I'll say, she looks as clear  
 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :  
 Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;  
 Then I'll commend her volubility,  
 And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

Every night he comes  
 With music of all sorts, and songs composed  
 To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us,  
 To chide him from our eaves, for he persists  
 As if his life lay on 't.

*Shaks. All's Well*

Say that upon the altar of her beauty  
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart ;  
 Write, till your ink be dry ; and with your tears  
 Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,  
 That may discover such integrity.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not ;  
 And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man ;  
 Or, that we women had men's privilege  
 Of speaking first.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,  
 And deck my body in gay ornaments,  
 And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III*

Gentle lady,  
 When I did first impart my love to you,  
 I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
 Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman :  
 And then I told you true.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice*

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces,  
 Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces,  
 That man that hath a tongue I say is no man,  
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona*

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If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you:  
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone;  
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;  
For—*get you gone*—she doth not mean—*away*.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Into these ears of mine,  
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words  
That art or love could frame.

*Beaumont's Maid's Tragedy.*

He that will win his dame, must do  
As love does when he bends his bow;  
With one hand thrust the lady from,  
And with the other pull her home.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

She that with poetry is won,  
Is but a desk to write upon;  
And what men say of her, they mean  
No more than on the thing they lean.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

The knight, perusing this epistle,  
Believ'd h' had brought her to his whistle:  
And read it like a jocund lover,  
With great applause t' himself twice over.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

O if good heaven would be so much my friend!  
To let my fate upon my choice depend,  
All my remains of life with you I'd spend,  
And think my stars had given a happy end.

*Oldham.*

When I first  
Mention'd the business to her all alone,  
Poor soul she blush'd as if already she  
Had done some harm by hearing of me speak;  
Whilst from her pretty eyes two fountains ran  
So true, so native, down her fairest cheeks;  
As if she thought herself oblig'd to cry,  
'Cause all the world was not so good as she.

*John Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

Like conquering tyrants you our breasts invade,  
Where you are pleas'd to ravage for a while:  
But soon you find new conquests out and leave  
The ravag'd province ruinate and bare.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Trust me—with women worth the being won,  
The softest lover ever best succeeds.

*Hill's Alzira.*

I am not form'd, by flattery and praise,  
By sighs and tears, and all the whining trade  
Of love, to feed a fair one's vanity;  
To charm at once and spoil her.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whose hearts  
Have felt the raptures of refining love;  
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!  
Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself!  
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,  
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
Shines lively fancy, and the feeling heart:  
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May  
Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
The morning dews, and gather in their prime  
Fresh blooming flowers to grace thy braided hair  
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
Hics merry-hearted; and by turns relieves  
Tho ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;  
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,  
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown  
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Now from the world,  
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,  
And pour their souls in transport.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to tease,  
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,  
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,  
In brisk disorder trips it up and down;  
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,  
And sits and blushes, smiles, and yields in form.

*Parnell's Hesiod*

From lips like thosc what precept fail'd to move?  
Too soon they taught me, 'twas no sin to love.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

Some squire, perhaps you take delight to rack,  
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack,  
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,  
Then gives a smacking buss and cries—no words,  
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable,  
Makes love with nods and knees beneath the table;  
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are  
coarse,  
And loves you best of all things,—but his horse.

*Pope.*

O days remember'd well! remember'd all!  
The bitter sweet, the honey and the gall;  
Those garden rambles in the silent night,  
Those trees so shady, and that moon so bright,  
That thickset alley by the arbour clos'd;  
That woodbine seat where we at last repos'd;  
And then the hopes that came and then were gone,  
Quick as the clouds beneath the moon past on.

*Crabbe.*

The lover now beneath the western star,  
Sighs through the medium of his sweet segar,  
And fills the ears of some consenting she,  
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy

Moore

Fondly the wheeling fire-flies flew around her,  
Those little glitterers of the London night;  
But none of these possess'd a sting to wound her—  
She was a pitch beyond a coxcomb's flight.

Byron.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,  
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;  
What earth she for hearts when once possessed?  
Do proper homage to thy idol's eyes;  
But not too humbly, or she will despise  
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes;  
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise;  
Brisk confidence still best with woman copes;  
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon passion crowns  
thy hopes. *Byron's Childe Harold.*

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,  
The least glance better understood than words,  
Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much.

Byron.

Like a lovely tree  
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles  
Rejected several suitors, just to learn  
How to accept a better in his turn.

Byron.

Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke!  
'T will but precipitate a situation  
Extremely disagreeable, but common  
To calculators when they count on woman.

Byron.

Learn to win a lady's faith  
Nobly as the thing is high;  
Bravely, as for life and death  
With a loyal gravity.  
Lead her from the festive boards,  
Point her to the starry skies,  
Guard her by your truthful words,  
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

*Miss Barrett's Poems.*

## COWARDICE.

Like dastard curres, that having at a bay  
The savage beast embost in wearie chace,  
Dare not adventure on the stubborn prey,  
Ne byte before, but rone from place to place,  
To get a snatch when turned is his face.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Like peasant foot-ys do they keep the walls,  
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I.*

I speak not this as doubting any here:  
For did I but suspect a doubtful man,  
He should have leave to go away betimes;  
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,  
And make him of like spiri to himself.  
If any such be here, as God forbid!  
Let him depart, before we need his help.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart, his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convey put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company,  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Reproach and everlasting shame  
Sit mocking in our plumes.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Art thou afear'd

To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire? wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem;  
Letting—I dare not—wait upon—I would?

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!  
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and agued fear! mind, and charge  
home,  
Or by the fires of heaven, I leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

O that a mighty man, of such descent,  
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew*

Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the  
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?  
Ha! why, I should take it; for it cannot be,  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall!  
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal.

*Shaks. Hamlet*

That which in mean men we entitle patience,  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

The like may of the heart be said;  
Courage and terror there are bred,  
All those whose hearts are loose and low,  
Start, if they hear but the tattoo:  
And mighty physical their fear is;  
For, soon as noise of combat near is,  
Their heart descending to their breeches,  
Must give their stomachs cruel twitches,  
But heroes who o'ercome or die,  
Have their hearts hung extremely high.

*Prior's Alna.*

Those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.  
Hence timely running's no mean part  
Of conduct, in the martial art,  
By which some glorious feats achieve,  
As citizens by breaking thrive,  
And cannons conquer armies while  
They seem to draw off and recoil;  
Is held the gallant'st course and bravest,  
To great exploits, as well as safest.  
That spares th' expense of time and pains,  
And dangerous beating out of brains;  
And in the end, prevails as certain  
As those that never trust to fortune;  
But make their fear do execution  
Beyond the stoutest resolution.  
As earthquakes kill without a blow,  
And only trembling, overthrow.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Go—let thy less than woman's hand

Assume the distaff—not the brand.

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

### COWARDS.

Whom neither glory or danger can excite,  
'Tis vain t' attempt with speech; for the mind's  
    fear

Keeps all brave sounds from ent'reng at that ear.

*Jonson's Catiline.*

Think not, coward, wit can hide the shame  
Of hearts; which, while they dare not strike for  
    fear,  
Would make it virtue in them to forbear.

*Lord Brooke's Alaham.*

Fear is my vassal, when I frown he flies;  
A hundred times in life a coward dies.

*Marston's Insatiate Countess.*

But look for ruin when a coward wins;  
For fear and cruelty were ever twins.

*Aleyn's Poictiers.*

Let valiant fools  
Brag of their souls; no matter what they say,  
A coward dares, in ill, do more than they.

*Shirley's Example*

All mankind  
Is one of these two cowards;  
Either to wish to die  
When he should live, or live when he should die.

*Sir Robert Howard's Blind Lady.*

Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,  
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

*Sir Walter Raleigh on the Snuff of a Candle.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

By laws of learned duellists,  
They that are bruis'd with wood or fists,  
And think one beating may for once  
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons:  
But if they dare engage t' a second,  
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

The coward wretch whose hand and heart  
    Can bear to torture aught below,  
Is ever first to quail and start  
    From slightest pain or equal soc.

*Eliza Cook.*

The coward never on himself relies,  
But to an equal for assistance flies.

*Crubbe.*

### COXCOMB.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd:  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

He was perfum'd like a milliner:  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held  
A pounce-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose: and still he smil'd and talk'd;  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly.  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

This is he,  
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;  
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,  
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
In honourable terms.

*Shaks. Love's Labour*

Our court, you know, is haunted  
With a refined traveller of Spain;  
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;  
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;  
A man of compliments.

*Shaks. Love's Labour.*

I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;  
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones  
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we  
see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*Shaks. All's Well*

Let me not live, quoth he,  
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain: whose judgments are  
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constan-  
cies

Expire before their fashions.

*Shaks. All's Well*

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations;  
Which, out of use, and stall'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,  
But as a property.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

All smatterers are more brisk and pert,  
Than those that understand an art;  
As little sparkles shine more bright  
Than glowing coals that give them light.

*Butler.*

A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait:  
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;  
Fearful it seem'd, tho' of athletic make,  
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake  
Its tender form, and savage motion spread,  
O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

So by false learning is good sense defac'd:  
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,  
And some made coxcombs, nature meant but fools.

*Pope.*

Nature made ev'ry sop to plague his brother,  
Just as one beauty mortifies another.

*Pope.*

My lord advances with majestic mien,  
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

Sir Plume, (of amber snuff-box justly vain,  
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,)  
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,  
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock*

Absence of mind Brabantia turns to fame,  
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;  
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,  
And takes a memorandum to forget.

*Young's Love of Fume.*

He would not with a peremptory tone,  
Assert the nose upon his face his own;  
With hesitation admirably slow,  
He humbly hopes,—presumes it may be so.

*Couper's Conversation*

Knows what he knows as if he knew it not,  
What he remembers, seems to have forgot.

*Couper's Conversation*

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,  
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he:  
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,  
An oracle within an empty cask,  
The solemn fop; significant and budge;  
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;  
He says but little, and that little said  
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.  
His wit invites you by his looks to come,  
But when you knock it never is at home.

*Couper.*

Puppies! who, though on idiotism's dark brink,  
Because they've heads dare fancy they can think.

*Dr. Wolcott's Peter Pindar.*

In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,  
Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth.

*Byron.*

I saw the curl of his waving lash,  
And the glance of his knowing eye,  
And I knew the thought he was cutting a dash,  
As his steed went thundering by,

*O. W. Holmes.*

So gentle, yet so brisk, so wondrous sweet,  
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet.

*Churchill.*

Fops take a world of pains  
To prove that bodies may exist *sans* brains;  
The former so fantastically dress'd,  
The latter's absence may be safely guess'd.

*Park Benjamin*

## CRAFT

For craft once known,  
Does teach fools wit; leaves the dece'vers none

*Middleton*

For he  
That sows in craft, does reap in jealousy.  
*Middleton.*

This is the fruit of craft:  
Like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft  
And finds it in his forehead.  
*Middleton.*

## CREDULITY.

Your noblest natures are most credulous.  
*Chapman.*

O credulity,  
Security's blind nurse, the dream of fools,  
The drunkard's ape, that feeling for his way,  
Ev'n when he thinks, in his deluded sense,  
To snatch at safety, falls without defence.  
*Mason's Muleasses.*

Blessed credulity, thou great great god of error,  
Thou art the strong foundation of huge wrongs,  
To thee give I my vows and sacrifice;  
By thee, great deity, he doth believe  
Falshoods, that falshood's self could not invent;  
And from that misbelief doth draw a course  
T' o'erwhelm e'en virtue, truth and sanctity.  
Let him go on, blest stars, 't is meet he fall,  
Whose blindfold judgment nath no guide at all.  
*Machen's Dumb Knight.*

Generous souls  
Are still most subject to credulity.  
*Sir W. Davenant's Albovina.*

## CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

Those fierce inquisitors of wit,  
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,  
But just as toothdraw'r's find among the rout,  
Their own teeth work in pulling others out,  
So they, decrying all of all that write,  
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't.  
*Butler.*

Critics to plays for the same end resort,  
That surgeons wait on trials in a court;  
For innocence condemn'd they've no respect,  
Provided they've a body to dissect.  
*Congreve.*

Till critics blame and judges praise,  
The poet cannot claim his bays;  
On me when dunces are satiric,  
I take it for a panegyric.  
Hated by fools, and fools to ha'e,  
Be that my motto, and my fate.  
*Swift.*

Shall we not censure all the motley train  
Whether with ale irriguous or champaign?  
Whether they tread the vale of rose, or climb,  
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme?  
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;  
The purple prelate or the parish clerk;  
The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig;  
The plaintiff tory, or defendant whig;  
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;  
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;  
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;  
Men that read well or men that only write;  
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,  
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeed;  
For bankrupts write when ruiu'd shops are shut;  
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut:  
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,  
And wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.  
*Young.*

What ambitious fools are more to blame  
Than those who thunder in the critic's name?  
Good authors damn'd have their revenge in this,  
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.  
*Young.*

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,  
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;  
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry  
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, ink, and dio.  
*Young.*

Cold-blooded critics, by encravate sires,  
Scarce hammer'd out, when nature's feebler fires  
Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half  
frozo,  
Creeps lab'ring thro' their veins; whose heart ne'er  
glows

With fancy-kindled heats: — a servile race,  
Who in mere want of fault all merit place;  
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,  
Bigots to Grecce, and slaves to rusty rules.  
*Churchill.*

Who shall dispute what the reviewers say?  
Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason,  
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.  
*Churchill.*

One finds out, — he's of stature somewhat low —  
Your hero always should be tall, you know.  
True natural greatness all consists in height,  
Produce your voucher, critic — Serjeant Kite.  
*Churchill.*

The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,  
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.  
*Churchill.*

A critic was of old a glorious name,  
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame;  
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:  
His judgment great, and great his candour too.  
No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;  
Secure he walked, for nature was his guide.  
But now, O strange reverse! our critics bawl  
In praise of candour with a heart of gall.  
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light;  
They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night:  
Safe from destruction, seize th' unwary prey,  
And stab, like bravoes, all who comé that way.

*Churchill.*

Critics I saw, that other names deface,  
And fix their own, with labour, in their place.

*Pope's Temple of Fame.*

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,  
And catch the manners living as they rise;  
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;  
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

*Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

Commentators each dark passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade,  
Save censure; critics all are ready made,  
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,  
With just enough of learning to misquote;  
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,  
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;  
To Joffrey go, be silent and discreet,  
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:  
Fear not to lie, 't will seem a lucky hit;  
Shrink not from blasphemy, 't will pass for wit;  
Care not for feeling, pass your project jest,  
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

*Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,  
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,  
Condemn'd to drudge the meanest of the mean,  
And furbish falschools for a magazine,  
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;  
Himself a living libel on mankind.

*Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,  
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,  
Or any other thing that's false, before  
You trust in critics who themselves are sore.

*Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,  
The cry is up and scribblers are my game.  
*Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*

Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I choose:  
This is true criticism, and you may kiss  
Exactly as you please, or not, the rod.

*Byron.*

For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,  
I've bribed my grandmother's review—the British.

*Byron.*

His "bravo" was decisive, for that sound  
Hushed "academie" sighed in silent awe;  
The fiddlers trembled as he looked around,  
For fear of some false note's detected flaw.

*Byron's Beppo.*

Lords of the quill, whose critical assaults  
O'erthrow whole quartos with their quires of faults;  
Who soon detect and mark where'er we fail,  
And prove our marble with too nice a nail!  
Democritus himself was not so bad;  
He only thought, but you would make us mad.

*Byron.*

A modern critic is a thing who runs  
All ways, all risks, to evitate his duns;  
Let but an author ask him home to dine,  
And lend him money while he gave him wine;  
However dull the trash the man might write,  
Its praise the grateful guest would still endite.

*Byron.*

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one critique,  
Just as he really promised something great,  
If not intelligible, without Greek  
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,  
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.  
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate,  
'T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

*Byron.*

After us all are critics to a man,  
Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear  
Glean after what it can:

*Bailey*

## CROWN.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?  
O polish'd perturbation! Golden care!  
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide  
To many a watchful night! he sleeps with 't now.  
Yet not so sound, and half so sweet  
As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,  
Snores out the watch of night.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II*

Do but think,  
How severe a thing it is to wear a crown;  
Within whose circuit is elysium,  
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part III.*

Empires to-day are upside down,  
'The castle kneels before the town,  
The monarch fears a printer's frown,  
A brickbat's range;  
Give me, in preference to a crown,  
Five shillings change

*Halleck.*

### CRUELTY.

Oft those whose cruelty makes many mourn,  
Do by the fires which they first kindle burn.

*Earl of Sterline.*

No council from our cruel wills can win us,  
But ills once done, we bear our guilt within us.

*John Ford's Love's Sacrifice.*

I must be cruel only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Let me be cruel, not unnatural;  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;  
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of  
France,  
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!  
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex  
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,  
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide!  
How could'st thou drain the life blood of the child?  
*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

That face of his the hungry cannibals  
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd  
with blood;  
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—  
O ten times more than tigers of Hyrcania.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Thou art come to answer  
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Incapable of pity void and empty  
From ev'ry drachm of mercy.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Had sighs, deep groans, nor silver shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sirc.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Was this a face  
To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
To stand against the deep dread bottled thunder?  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick cross lightning? mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Spare not the babe,  
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their  
mercy;  
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,  
And mince it sans remorse

*Shaks. Timon.*

My lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty  
To load a falling man.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Do not insult calamity;  
It is a barbarous grossness to lay on  
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery  
Too much already weighs men's fortunes down.

*Daniel's Philotas.*

O barbarous men! your cruel breasts assuage,  
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?  
Does not his service earn your daily bread?  
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!  
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,  
And shifting seats in other bodies lives;  
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,  
Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range;  
Car-men transformed, the groaning load shall  
draw,

Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

*Gay's Trivia*

O breasts of pity void! t' oppress the weak,  
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,  
And with one mutual cry insult the fallen!  
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

*Somerville's Chase.*

Villain, abhorred villain!  
Hath he not push'd me to extremity?  
Are these wild limbs, these scarr'd and scathed  
limbs,  
This wasted frame, a mark for human malice?  
There have been those who from the high bark's  
side

Have whelm'd their enemy in the flashing deep;  
But who have watch'd to see his struggling hands,  
To hear the sob of death?

*Maturin's Bertram.*

I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine  
sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
That crawls at evening in the public path,  
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,  
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.

*Courter's Task.*

Thou fairest flower,  
Why didst thou fling thyself across my path?  
My tiger spring must crush thee in its way,  
But cannot pause to pity thee.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Cruel of heart, and strong of arm,  
Loud in his sport, and keen for spoil,  
He little reck'd of good or harm,  
Fierce both in mirth and toil;  
Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were;  
Speak mildly, when he would, or look in fear.

*Dana's Buccaneer.*

## CURIOSITY.

The over curious are not over wise.

*Massinger.*

He who would pry  
Behind the scenes oft sees a counterfeit.

*Dryden.*

Conceal yersel' as weel's ye can  
Fra' critical dissection;  
But keek thro' every other man  
With lengthen'd, sly inspection.

*Burns.*

Eve,  
With all the fruits of Eden blest,  
Save only onc, rather than leave  
That one unknown lost all the rest.

*Moore.*

I loathe that low vice, Curiosity.

*Byron.*

—Curiosity! who hath not felt  
Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?

*Sprague's Curiosity.*

How many a noble art, now widely known,  
Owes its young impulse to this power alone!

*Sprague.*

What boots it to your dust, your son were born  
An empire's idol or a rabble's scorn?  
Think ye the franchis'd spirit shall return,  
To share his triumph, his disgrace to mourn?  
Ah, curiosity! by thee inspir'd  
This truth to know how oft has man enquir'd!

*Sprague.*

Faith we may boast, undarken'd by a doubt,  
We thirst to find each awful secret out.

*Sprague.*

The enquiring spirit will not be controll'd,  
We would make certain all, and all behold.

*Sprague.*

The curious questioning eyc,  
That plucks the heart of evry mystery.

*Grenville Mellen*

## CURSES.

But curses are like arrows shot upright,  
That oftentimes on our own heads do light;  
And many times ourselves in rage prove worst;  
The fox ne'er better thrives, but when accurst.

*Valiant Welshman.*

I do not wish them Egypt's plagues, but c'en  
As bad as they: I'll add unto them seven.  
I wish not grasshoppers, frogs, and lice come down,  
But clouds of moths in ev'ry shop i' th' town.  
Then, honest devil to their ink convey  
Some *aqua fortis*, that may eat away  
Their books.

*Randolph.*

I could  
Accuse my unkind destiny; declaim  
Against the pow'r of love; rail at the charms  
Of language and proportion, that betray us  
To hasty sorrow and too late repentance;  
But breath is this way lost.

*Shirley's Love's Cruelty.*

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make  
him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse him.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven feathers from unwholesome fen,  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er!

*Shaks. Tempest.*

If heaven have any grievous plagues in store,  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation  
On thee, the trouble of the poor world's peace!

*Shaks. Richard III.*

If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;  
And that be heir to his unhappiness.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Take with thee thy most heavy curse ;  
Which in the day of battle tire thee more,  
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !

*Shaks. Richard III.*

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul !  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !  
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar !

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

May never glorious sun reflex his beams  
Upon the country where you make abode !  
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death  
Environ you till mischief and despair  
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I.*

Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,  
And occupations perish !

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

All the contagion of the south light on you,  
You shames of Rome ! you herd of — Boils and  
plagues  
Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorred  
Further than seen, and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile !

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day ! — he lies to the heart.

*Shaks. Othello.*

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
Into her scornful eyes ! — Infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd sogs, drawn by the powerful sun,  
To fall and blast her pride !

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, thou gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'ous sense :  
But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited adders, lie in their way.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Piety and fear,

Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries,  
And yet confusion live ! — Plagues incident to men  
Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
On Athens ripe for stroke !

*Shaks. Timon.*

A plague upon them ! wherefore should I curse  
them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,  
I would invent as bitter searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,  
Mine hair be fixed on end like one distract —  
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban,  
And even now my burden'd heart would break,  
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !  
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste !  
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees !  
Their choicest prospects murd'ring basilisks !  
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings !  
Their music frightful as the serpents' hiss !  
And boding screech-owls make the concert full !

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part II.*

Oh ! I will curse thee till thy frightened soul  
Runs mad with horror.

*Lee's Cæsar Borgia.*

May sorrow, shame, and sickness overtake her,  
And all her beauties, like my hopes, be blasted.

*Roxe's Royal Convert.*

Plagues and palsy,  
Disease and pestilence consume the robber,  
Infest his blood, and wither ev'ry pow'r.

*Brown's Athelstan.*

I curse thee not !

For who can better curse the plague or devil,  
Than to be what they are : that curse be thine.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king !  
Confusion on thy banners wait,  
Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing  
They mock the air with idle state.

Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail  
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears.

*Gray's Bard.*

May curses blast thy arm ! may Aetha's fires  
Convulse the land ; to its foundation shake  
The groaning isle. May civil discord bear  
Her flaming brund thro' all the realms of Greece :  
And the whole race expire in pangs like mine.

*Murphy's Grecian Daughter.*

But no, I will not curse them : thro' the world  
A curse will follow them, like the black plague,  
Tracking their footsteps ever, — day and night,  
Morning and eve, summer and winter — ever.

*Proctor's Mirandola.*

Go, virtuous dame, to thy most happy lord,  
And Bertram's image taint your kiss with poison.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Blast, blast her charms, some bloom-destroying air!  
And turn his love to loathing; but let her's  
Know no decrease, that disappointment,  
Lover's worst hell, may meet her warmest wishes,  
And make her curse the hour in which she wedded.

*Elizabeth Haywood's Duke of Brunswick.*

May the swords  
And wings of fiery cherubim pursue him,  
By day and night—snakes spring up in his path—  
Earth's fruit be ashes in his mouth—the leaves  
On which he lays his head to sleep be strew'd  
With scorpions! may his dreams be of his victim,  
His waking a continual dread of death!

*Byron's Cain.*

May the grass wither from thy feet! the woods  
Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust  
A grave! the sun his light! and heaven her God.

*Byron's Cain.*

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,  
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,  
By that most seeming virtuous eye,  
By that shut soul's hypocrisy,  
By the perfection of thine art  
Which pass'd for human thine own heart,  
By the delight in others' pain,  
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,  
I call upon thee and compel  
Thyself to be thy proper hell.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Cursed be the social wants  
That sin against the strength of youth,

Cursed be the social lies

That warp us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms

That err from honest nature's rule!

And cursed be the gold that gilds

The straighten'd forehead of a fool!

*Tennyson.*

A curse is like a cloud—it passes.

*Bailey.*

He turns and curses in his wrath

Both man and child; then hastens away

Shoreward, or takes some gloomy path;

But there he cannot stay;

Terror and darkness drive him back to men;

His hate of man to solitude again.

*Dana's Buccaneer.*

## CUSTOM.

Custom in course of honour, ever errs:  
And they are best, whom fortune least prefers.

*Jonson's Poetaster.*

Custom in ills that do affect the sense,  
Make reason useless when it should direct  
The ills reforming: men habituate  
In any evil, 'tis their greatest curse:  
Advice doth seldom mend, but makes them worse.

*Nabb's Microcosmus.*

'Tis base,  
And argues a low spirit, to be taught  
By custom, and to let the vulgar grow  
To our example.

*Mead's Combat of Love and Friendship*

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat  
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;  
That to the use of actions fair and good,  
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,  
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence; the next, more easy;  
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,  
And master ev'n the devil, or throw him out,  
With wondrous potency.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

But to my mind;—though I am native here,  
And to the manner born,—it is a custom  
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law  
My services are bound; wherefore should I  
Stand to the plague of custom.

*Shaks. Lear.*

Custom's the world's great idol we adore,  
And knowing this, we seek to know no more.  
What education did at first conceive,  
Our ripen'd eye confirms us to believe.  
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,  
To learn opinions, and our country's creed.  
The parents' precepts early are instill'd,  
And spoil the man, while they instruct the child.

*John Pomfret.*

Custom does often reason overrule,  
And only serves for reason to the fool.

*Rochester.*

Custom forms us all;  
Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd beliefs  
Are consequences of our place of birth.

*Hill's Zara.*

Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant,  
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone  
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead  
A course of long observance for its use,  
That even servitude, the worst of ills,  
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,  
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.

*Couper's Task.*

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,  
In all things ruled — mind, body and estate;  
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply  
To them we know not, and we know not why.

*Crabbe.*

Habit with him was all the test of truth,  
"It must be right: I've done it from my youth."

*Crabbe.*

### DANCING.

Dear creature! you'd swear,  
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,  
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,  
And she only, "par complaisance" touches the  
ground. *Moore's Fudge Family.*  
How sweetly Marian sweeps along!  
Her step is music, and her voice is song.  
Silver-sandall'd foot! how blest  
To bear the breathing heaven above,  
Which on thee, Atlas-like, doth rest,  
And round thee move.

*Bailey.*

Such a dancer!

Where men have souls or bodies she must answer.

*Byron.*

And then he danced — all foreigners excel  
The serious Angles in the eloquence  
Of pantomime; — he danced, I say, right well,  
With emphasis, and also with good sense —  
A thing in footing indispensable:  
He danced without theatrical pretence,  
Not like a ballet-master in the van  
Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.

*Byron.*

Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bound,  
And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure;  
Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimm'd the ground,  
And rather held in than put forth his vigour.  
And then he had an ear for music's sound,  
Which might defy a crotchet critic's rigour.  
Such classic pas — sans flaws — set off our hero,  
He glanced like a personified Bolero.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

What! the girl I adore by another embraced!  
What! the balm of her lips shall another man taste!  
What! touch'd in the twirl by another man's knee!  
What! pant and recline on another than me!  
Sir! sho's yours! From the grape you have press'd  
the soft blue!

From the rose you have shaken the tremulous dew!  
What you've touch'd, you may take! Pretty  
waltzer, adieu!" *Byron.*

I gaz'd upon the dance, where ladies hight  
Were moving in the light

Of mirrors and of lamps. With music and with  
flowers,  
Danced on the joyous hours;  
And fairest bosoms  
Heav'd happily beneath the winter roses' blossoms:  
And it is well;  
Youth hath its time,  
Merry hearts will merrily chime.

*C. P. Cranch.*

I saw her at a country ball;  
There when the sound of flute and fiddle  
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,  
Of hands across and down the middle.  
Hers was the subtlest spell by far  
Of all that sets young hearts romancing;  
She was our queen, our rose, our star;  
And when she danced — oh, heaven, her dancing!

*Praed.*

I love to go and mingle with the young  
In the gay festal room — when every heart  
Is beating faster than the merry tune,  
And their blue eyes are restless, and their lips  
Parted with eager joy, and their round cheeks  
Flush'd with the beautiful motion of the dance.

*Willis.*

### DANDY.

Ev'ry morning does  
This fellow put himself upon the rack,  
With putting on 's apparel, and manfully  
Endures his taylor, when he screws and wrests  
His body into the fashion of  
His doublet.

*Shirley's Bird in a Cage.*

The boot pinched hard — the suffering dandy  
sighed!

Jane fondly thought the sigh her beauty's due;  
"Bootless your passion, Sir!" she proudly cried,  
"Ah!" sighed the fop, "would I were bootless  
too!" *Mrs. Osgood.*

Oh! save me, ye powers, from these pinks of the  
nation,  
These tea-table heroes! these lords of creation.

*Salmagundi*

## DANGER.

The absent danger greater still appears;  
Less fears he, who is near the thing he fears.

*Daniel's Cleopatra.*

Speak, speak, let terror strike slaves mute,  
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

What is danger  
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?  
A poor cold part o' th' blood; who takes it hold of?  
Cowards and wicked livers: valiant minds  
Were made the masters of it.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Chances.*

Our dangers and delights are near allies;  
From the same stem the rose and prickly rise.

*Alyen's Poictiers.*

Danger knows full well,  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conciving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;  
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,  
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear!

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

He that stands upon a slippery place,  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

*Shaks. King John.*

Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;  
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,  
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!  
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:  
Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants, all,  
And don your helmes amaine:  
Death's couriers, Fame and Honor, call  
Us to the field againe.

*Motherwell.*

Now, gallant Saxon! hold thy own;  
No maiden's arm is round thee thrown!  
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel  
Through bars of brass and triple steel.

*Scott.*

There's not a cloud in that blue plain,  
But tells of storm to come or past;—  
Here, flying loosely as the mane  
Of a young war-horse in the blast;—  
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,  
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling.

*Moore.*

Thou little know'st  
What he can brave, who, born and nurst  
In danger's paths, has dared hor worst!  
Upon whose ear the signal-word  
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;  
Who sleeps with head upon the sword  
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking.

*Moore.*

Was none who could be foremost  
To lead such dire attack;  
But those behind cried "Forward!"  
And those before cried "Back!"  
And backward now and forward  
Wavers the deep array;  
And on the tossing sea of steel  
To and fro the standards reel,  
And the victorious trumpet-peal  
Dies fitfully away.

*Macaulay.*

He led on; but thoughts  
Seem'd gathering round which troubled him. The  
veins  
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow,  
And his proud lip was press'd as if with pain.  
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye  
Glanc'd forward frequently, as if some ill  
He dared not meet were there.

*Willis.*

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,  
Who trims his narrow'd sail;  
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep  
Her broad breast to the gale.

*O. W. Holmes.*

## DEATH.

And after all came life, and lastly death;  
Death with most grim and griesley visage seen,  
Yet he is dought but parting of the breath,  
Ne ought to see, but like a shake to weene,  
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseen.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Come then, come soon; come, sweetest death to me  
And take away this long lent loathed light.  
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be  
That long captived soules from weary thraldome  
free.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

This world death's region is, the other life's ;  
And here, it should be one of our first strifes,  
So to front death, as each might judge us past it :  
For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.

Jonson

Death is the port where all may refuge find,  
The end of labour, entry unto rest ;  
Death hath the bounds of misery confin'd,  
Whose sanctuary shrouds affliction best.

Earl of Sterline.

What life refus'd, to gain by death he thought :  
For life and death are but indiff'rent things,  
And of themselves not to be shunn'd nor sought,  
But for the good or ill that either brings.

Earl of Sterline.

For though the soul of man  
Be got when he is made ; 'tis born but then  
When man doth die : our body's as the womb,  
And, as a midwife death directs it home.

Dr. Donne.

Our lives, cut off  
In our young prime of years, are like green herbs,  
With which we strew the hearses of our friends :  
For as their virtue gather'd, when they're green,  
Before they wither, or corrupt, is best ;  
So we in virtue are the best for death,  
While yet we have not liv'd to such an age,  
That the increasing cancer of our sins  
Hath spread too far upon us.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

He could no longer death's expectance bear,  
For death is less than death's continual fear.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

O death ! why art thou fear'd ? why do we think  
'T is such a horrid terror not to be ?  
Why, not to be, is not to be a wretch,  
Why, not to be, is to be like the heav'ns,  
Not to be subject to the pow'r of fate :  
O there's no happiness but not to be.

Gomersal's Lodovick Sforza.

I buried sorrow for his death,  
In the grave with him. I did never think  
He was immortal, though, I vow, I grieve,  
And see no reason why the vicious,  
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy men  
Should die alike.

Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.

Fond, foolish man ! with fear of death surpris'd,  
Which either should be wish'd for, or despis'd :  
'This, if our souls with bodies death destroy ;  
That, if our souls a second life enjoy :  
What else is to be fear'd ? when we shall gain  
Eternal life, or have no sense of pain.

Denham.

The bad man's death is horror ; but the just  
Keeps something of his glory in his dust.

Habington's Castara

The wisest men are glad to die ; no fear  
Of death can touch a true philosopher.  
Death sets the soul at liberty to fly,  
Which, whilst imprison'd in the body here,  
She cannot learn : a true philosopher  
Makes death his common practice, while he lives,  
And every day, by contemplation, strives  
To separate the soul, far as he can,  
From off the body.

May's Continuation of Lucan.

'Tis mere fondness in our nature,  
A certain clownish cowardice, that still  
Would stay at home, and dares not venture  
Into foreign countries, though better than  
Its own — ha — what countries ? for we receive  
Descriptions of the other world from our divines,  
As blind men take relation of this from us.

Suckling's Brennorath

Death is honourable, advantageous,  
And necessary : honourable in  
Old men to make room for younger ;  
Advantageous to those that get legacies  
By it ; and necessary for married  
People, that have no other gaol-delivery.

Fane's Love in the Dark.

Oh death ! death ! death ! thou art not half so cruel  
In thy destructions of the prosperous  
As in not killing wretches that would die.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

Shaks. Mea. for Mea.

That life is better life, past fearing death,  
Than that which lives to fear.

Shaks. Mea. for Mea.

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst  
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts  
Imagine howling ! — 't is too horrible !

Shaks. Mea. for Mea.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment,  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

Shaks. Mea. for Mea.

If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

Shaks. Mea. for Mea.

Yes, thou must die:  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

O I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;  
Seeing that death a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,  
Cuts off so many years of foaming death.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure?

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Fates! we will know your pleasures:—  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

O, our lives' sweetness!  
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die  
Rather than die at once.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

O you mighty gods!  
This world I do renounce; and in your sight,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed' time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead:  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well:  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

The sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Receive what cheer you may;  
The night is long that never finds a day.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Ah! dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man cutlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eyes and wrinkled brow  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Mutest for death; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

The tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;  
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in  
vain;  
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words  
in pain.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

All comfort go with thee!  
For none abides with me: my joy is—death;  
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,  
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part II.*

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part II.*

Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,  
And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick?  
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,  
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows  
That I must yield my body to the earth,  
And by my fall, the conquest to the foe.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,  
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;  
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind;

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,  
Were likend oft to kingly sepulchres;  
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?  
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Lo now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,  
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands  
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!  
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and  
dust?

And live we how we can, yet die we must.  
*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

O amiable, lovely death!  
Thou odiferous stench! sound rottenness!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,  
And buss thee as my wife! Mercy's love,  
O come to me!

*Shaks. King John.*

It is too late; the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-  
house)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretel the ending of mortality.

*Shaks. King John.*

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
That all my bowels crumble up to dust;  
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
Upon a parchment; and against this fire  
Do I shrink up.

*Shaks. King John.*

No medicine in the world can do thee good,  
In thee there is not half an hour's life.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Lay her i' the earth;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids  
Sceek for thy noble father in the dust:  
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live, must  
die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

To die — to sleep —  
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to; — 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

To die — to sleep —  
To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay, there's the  
rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: There's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;  
But that the dread of something after death —  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

For further life in this world I ne'er hope;  
Nor will I sue; although the king have mercies  
More than I dare make faults.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spared a better man.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

My cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a mind,  
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

I better brook the loss of brittle life,  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;  
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword  
my flesh:  
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I*

Brave Percy : fare thee well !  
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk :  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I.*

I, in my own woe charm'd  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan ;  
Nor feel him, where he struck : Being an ugly  
monster,  
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i' the war.

*Shaks. Cymb.*

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea,  
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes  
Where eyos did once inhabit, there were crept  
(As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,  
That wo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges ; here are no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

*Shaks. Titus Andronicus.*

Here is my journey's end, here is my birth,  
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

*Shaks. Othello.*

O my life ! — my wife !  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :  
Thou art not conquer'd : beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Let no man fear to die, we love to sleep all,  
And death is but the sounder sleep.

*Beaumont's Humorous Lieutenant.*

Why should man's high aspiring mind  
Burn in him with so proud a breath ;  
When all his haughty views can find  
In this world, yield to death ;  
The fair, the brave, the vain, the wise,  
The rich, the poor, and great and small,  
Are each but worms' anatomies,  
To strew his quiet hall.

*Marvel.*

My soul  
The warm embraces of her flesh is now,  
Even now forsaking ; the frail body must  
Like a lost feather fall from off the wing  
Of vanity.

*W. Chamberlain.*

Death levels all things in his march,  
Nought can resist his mighty strength ;  
The palace proud, — triumphal arch,  
Shall mete their shadow's length ;  
The rich, the poor, one common bed  
Shall find in the unhonour'd grave,  
Where weeds shall crown alike the head  
Of tyrant and of slave.

*Marvel.*

On death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,  
The glory of one fair and virtuous action  
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,  
Or silken banners over us.

*Shirley*

That must end us, that must be our cure,  
To be no more ; sad cure ; for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
These thoughts that wander through eternity ;  
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

The other shape,  
If shape it may be call'd that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
For each seem'd either ; black it stood as night,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his  
head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Death  
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be fill'd, and bless'd his maw  
Destin'd to that good hour.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Why am I mock'd with death, lengthened out  
To deathless pain ? how gladly would I meet  
Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
Insensible, how glad would lay me down,  
As in my mother's lap ; there I should rest  
And sleep secure.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans ; despair  
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch  
And over them triumphant death his dart  
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd  
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

Grim death in different shapes  
Depopulates the nations ; thousands fall  
His victims ; youths, and virgins, in their flower,  
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves  
Unfinish'd, by infectious heaven destroy'd.

*Phillips's Cider.*

Yet tell me, frighted senses ! what is death ?  
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath ;  
The utmost limit of a narrow span,  
And end of motion, which with life began.  
As smoke that rises from the kindling firs,  
Is seen this moment, and the next expires ;  
As empty clouds by rising winds are toss'd,  
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost ;  
So vanishes our state, so pass our days ;  
So life but opens now, and now decays ;  
The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh,  
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,  
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd ?  
No : the dead know it not, nor profit gain ;  
It only serves to prove the living vain.

*Gay's Trivia.*

She's gone ! for ever gone ! The king of terrors  
Lays his rude hands upon her lovely limbs,  
And blasts her beauties with his icy breath.

*Dennis's Appius and Virginia.*

Death came on amain,  
And exercis'd below his iron reign ;  
Then upward to the seat of life he goes :  
Sense fled before him ; what he touch'd he froze.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,  
To make a virtue of necessity.  
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain,  
The bad grows better, which we well sustain,  
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,  
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Poor abject creatures ! how they fear to die  
Who never knew one happy hour in life,  
Yet shake to lay it down ! Is load so pleasant ?  
Or has heav'n bid the happiness of death,  
That man may dare to live.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

I feel death rising higher still, and higher  
Within my bosom ; every breath I fetch  
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass :  
And, like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less  
And less each pulse, till it be lost in air.

*Dryden's Rival Ladies.*

Oh ! I less could fear to lose this being !  
Which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand,  
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away  
*Dryden's All for Love.*

Death is not dreadful to a mind resolv'd,  
It seems as natural as to be born.  
Groans and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,  
Friends weeping round us, blacks, and obsequies,  
Make death a dreadful thing. The pomp of death  
Is far more terrible than death itself.

*Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.*

The dead are only happy, and the dying :  
The dead are stiff, and lasting slumbers hold' em.  
He who is near his death, but turns about,  
Shuffles awhile to make his pillow easy,  
Then slips into his shroud and rests for ever.

*Lee's Caesar Borgia.*

O death ! thou gentle end of human sorrows,  
Still must my weary eye-lids vainly wake,  
In tedious expectation of thy peace :  
Why stand thy thousand, thousand doors still open  
To take the wretched in, if stern religion  
Guards every passage, and forbids my entrance ?

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

There life gave way, and the last rosy breath  
Went in that sigh ; death, like a brutal victor  
Already enter'd, with rude haste defaces  
The lovely frame he's master'd.

*Rowe's Jane Shore*

'Tis but to die,  
'Tis but to venture on that common hazard  
Which many a time in battle I have run ;  
'Tis but to do, what, at that very moment,  
In many nations of the peopled earth,  
A thousand and a thousand shall do with me.

*Rowe's Jane Shore*

Death is the privilege of human nature ;  
And life without it were not worth our taking.  
Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner,  
Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

'Tis not the Stoic's lessons got by rote,  
The pomp of words and pedant dissertations,  
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror :  
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,  
But when the trial comes they stand aghast.  
Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it ?  
How thy account may stand, and what to answer ?

*Rowe.*

The reconciling grave  
Swallows distinction first, that made us foes,  
That all alike lie down in peace together

*Southern's Fatal Marriage.*

The death of those distinguish'd by their station,  
But by their virtue more, awakes the mind  
To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe.  
Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,  
Left to the toil of life. And yet the best  
Are, by the playful children of this world,  
At once forgot, as they had never been.

*Thomson's Tuncred and Sigismunda.*

To die, I own  
Is a dread passage — terrible to nature,  
Chiefly to those who have, like me, been happy.

*Thomson's Edward and Eleanor.*

Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame  
Hangs quivering on the point, leaps off by fits  
And falls again, as loath to quit its hold.

*Addison's Cato.*

Let guilt, or fear,  
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them ;  
Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die.

*Addison's Cato.*

Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure ?  
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes  
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,  
As lands and cities, with their glittering spires,  
To the poor shatter'd bark by sudden storm  
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there ?  
Will toys amuse ? No : thrones will then be toys,  
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Each friend snatch'd from us, is a plume  
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,  
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,  
And, damp't with omen of our own disease,  
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,  
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,  
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,  
And save the world a nuisance.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Death is the crown of life :  
Were death deny'd, poor men would live in vain ;  
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life :  
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wish to die.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Like other tyrants, death delights to smite,  
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of pow'r,  
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,  
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate ;  
The feeble wrap the athletic in his shroud ;  
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Why start at death ? where is he ? death arriv'd.  
Is past; not come or gone, he's never here.  
Ere hope, sensation fails; black-boding man  
Receives, not suffers death's tremendous blow.  
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave ;  
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm ,  
These are the bug-bears of a winter's eve,  
The terrors of the living, not the dead.  
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,  
Man makes a death, which nature never made ;  
Then on the point of his own fancy falls ;  
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die,  
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.  
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,  
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,  
As absent far : and when the revel burns,  
When fear is banish'd, and triumphant thought,  
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,  
Against him turns the key, and bids him sup  
With their progenitors, he drops his mask ;  
Frowns out at full ; they start, despair, expire

*Young's Night Thoughts*

That man lives greatly,  
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies ;  
High flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene ;  
Their post so proud, their buskin, and their plume !  
How many sleep, who kept the world awake  
With lustre and with noise !

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

When down thy vale, unlock'd my midnight  
thought,  
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,  
O death ! I stretch my view ; what visions rise !  
What triumphs ! toils imperial ! arts divine !  
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight !  
What lengths of far-famed ages, billow'd high  
With human agitation, roll along  
In unsubstantial images of air ?  
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,  
Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause .  
With penitential aspect, as they pass,  
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,  
The wisdom of the wise and prancings of the great.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Now every splendid object of ambition,  
Which lately, with their various glosses, pass'd  
Upon my brain, and fool'd my idle heart,  
Are taken from me by a little mist,  
And all the world is vanish'd.

*Young's Bustress.*

How shocking must thy summons be, O death,  
To him that is at ease in his possessions !  
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,  
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come !  
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,  
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,  
But shrieks in vain.

*. Blair's Grave.*

Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die, my soul !  
What a strange moment must it be, when near  
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulph in view !  
That awful gulph no mortal e'er repass'd,  
To tell what's doing on the other side !  
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,  
And every life-string bleeds at thought of parting.

*Blair's Grave.*

Death's shafts fly thick ! Here falls the village  
swain,  
And there his pamper'd lord ! The cup goes round,  
And who so artful as to put it by !

*Blair's Grave.*

O great man-eater  
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet !  
Unheard-of epicure ! without a fellow !  
The voriest gluttons do not always cram ;  
Some intervals of abstinence are sought  
To edge the appetite ; thou seekst none.

*Blair's Grave.*

Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God.

*Parnell.*

The world recedes ; it disappears !  
Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring :  
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
O grave ! where is thy victory ?  
O death ! where is thy sting ?

*Pope.*

See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
These cheeks now fading at the blust of death ;  
Cold is the breast which warm'd the world before,  
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

*Pope.*

'Thy fate un pity'd, and thy rites unpaid !  
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,  
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful  
bier.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.

*Pope.*

How pale appear  
Those clay-cold checks where grace and vigour  
glow'd !

O dismal spectacle ! How humble now  
Lies that ambition which was late so proud !

*Smollett's Regicide.*

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

*Gray's Church-Yard.*

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

*Gray's Church-Yard.*

That hour, O long belov'd, and long deplo'rd !  
When blooming youth, nor gentlest wisdom's arts,  
Nor hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,  
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears,  
Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave ;  
Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell  
Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul,  
As with the hand of death.

*Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.*

Heav'n ! what enormous strength does death pos-  
sess !

How muscular the giant's arm must be,  
To grasp that strong-boned horse, and, spite of all  
His furious efforts, fix him to the earth !

Yet, hold, he rises ! no — the struggle's vain,  
His strength avails him not. Beneath the gripe  
Of the remorseless monster, stretch'd at length  
He lies with neck extended, head hard press'd,  
Upon the very turf where late he fed.

*Blacket's Dying Horse*

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"—  
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays :  
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,  
That life protracted, is protracted woe.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,  
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise ?  
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage  
flow,

And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Since, howe'er protracted, death will come,  
Why fondly study with ingenious pains  
To put it off ! — To breathe a little longer  
Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it :  
Small gain ! which wisdom with indiff'rent eye  
Beholds.

*Hannah More's David and Goliath.*

I fear to die. And were it in my power,  
By suffering of the keenest racking pains,  
To keep upon me still these weeds of nature,  
I could such things endure, that thou wouldest  
marvel,

And cross thyself to see such coward bravery.  
For oh ! it goes against the mind of man  
To be turn'd out from its warm wonted home,  
Ere yet one rent admits the winter's chill.

*Joanna Baillie's Rayner.*

O thou most terrible, most dreaded power,  
In whatsoever power thou meet'st the eye !  
Whether thou bidd'st thy sudden arrow fly  
In the dread silence of the midnight hour ;  
Or whether, hovering o'er the lingering wretch,  
Thy sad cold javelin hangs suspended long,  
While round the couch the weeping kindred throng  
With hope and fear alternately on stretch ;  
Oh, say for me what horrors are prepared ?  
Am I now doom'd to meet thy fatal arm ?  
Or wilt thou first from life steal every charm,  
And bear away each good my soul would guard ?  
That thus, deprived of all it loved, my heart  
From life itself contentedly may part.

*Mrs. Tighe.*

Death ! to the happy thou art terrible,  
But how the wretched love to think of thee,  
O thou true comforter, the friend of all  
Who have no friend beside !

*Southey's Joan of Arc.*

Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame  
Forsake its languid melancholy frame !  
Soon may these eys their trembling lustre close,  
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose ;  
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourn  
Where, lull'd to slumber, grief forgets to mourn !

*Campbell.*

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades,  
Like the fair flow'r dishevell'd in the wind ;  
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream ;  
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,  
And we that worship him, ignoble graves.

*Cowper's Task.*

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips ! but still their  
bland  
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt  
With love that could not die ! and still his hand  
She presses to the heart no more that felt.  
Ah, heart ! where once each fond affection dwelt,  
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.  
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—  
Of them that stood encircling his despair,  
He heard some friendly words ; but knew not what  
they were.

*Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming.*

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,  
I woo thee, death !

*Porteus's Death.*

Oft, too, when that disheartning fear,  
Which all who love beneath this sky  
Feel when they gaze on what is dear —  
The dreadful thought that it must die !  
That desolating thought, which comes  
Into men's happiest hours and homes,  
Whose melancholy boding flings  
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,  
Sickles the infant's bloom, and spreads  
The grave beneath young lovers' heads !

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

None to watch near him — none to slake  
The fire that in his bosom lies,  
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,  
Which shines so cool before his eyes.  
No voice well-known through many a day,  
To speak the last — the parting word,  
Which, when all other sounds decay,  
Is still like distant music heard.  
That tender farewell on the shore  
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,  
Which cheers the spirit, cre its bark  
Puts off into the unknown dark.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Great God ! how could thy vengeance light  
So bitterly on one so bright ?  
How could the hand, that gave such charms,  
Blast them again ?

*Moore.*

And then I div'd,  
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,  
Searching its cause in its effect ; and drew  
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,  
Conclusions most forbidden.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Can this be death ? there 's bloom upon her cheek,  
But now I see it is no living hue,  
But a strange hectic — like the unnatural red  
Which autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.  
It is the same ! Oh God ! that I should dread  
To look upon the same — Astarte !

*Byron's Manfred.*

I know no evil death can show, which life  
Has not already shown to those who live  
Embodyed longest. If there be indeed  
A shore, where mind survives, 't will be as man  
All unincorporate : or if there fits  
A shadow of this cumbrous clog of clay,  
Which stalks, methinks, between our souls and  
heaven,  
And fetters us to earth — at least the phantom,  
Whate'er it have to fear, will not fear death.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Alas ! thou art pale, and on thy brow the drops  
Gather like night-dew. My beloved, hush—  
Calm thee. Thy speech seems of another world,  
And thou art loved of this. Be of good cheer ;  
All will go well.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Since I heard

Of death, although I know not what it is,  
Yet it seems horrible. I have look'd out  
In the vast desolate night in search of him ;  
And when I saw gigantic shadows in  
The umbrage of the walls of Eden, chequer'd  
By the far flashing of the cherubs' swords,  
I watch'd for what I thought his coming ; for  
With fear rose longing in my heart to know  
What 'twas which shook us all—but nothing came,  
And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off  
Our native and forbidden paradise,  
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,  
Which are so beautiful :—shall they, too, die ?

*Byron's Cain.*

I live,

But live to die : and living, see nothing  
To make death hateful, save an innate clinging,  
A loathsome and yet all-invincible  
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I  
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome—  
And so I live. Would I had never lived !

*Byron's Cain.*

Death is but what the haughty brave,  
The weak must bear, the wretch must crave.

*Byron's Giaour.*

The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress.

*Byron's Giaour.*

The very cypress droops to death—  
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,  
The only constant mourner o'er the dead.

*Byron's Giaour.*

His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,  
His back to earth, his face to heaven,  
Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclos'd eye,  
Yet lowering on his enemy,  
As if the hour that seal'd his fate,  
Surviving left his quenchless hate.

*Byron's Giaour.*

"Tis morn—and o'er his altered features play  
The beams—without the hope of yesterday.  
What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing  
O'er which the raven flaps her wing :  
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,  
While sets that sun and dews of evening melt,  
Chill—wet—and misty round each stiffen'd limb,  
Refreshing earth—reviving all but him !

*Byron's Corsair.*

He died too in the battle broil,  
A time that heeds nor pain nor toil ;  
One cry to Mahomet for aid,  
One prayer to Allah all he made.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Can this be death ? then what is life or death ?  
" Speak ! " but he spoke not : " wake ! " but still he  
slept :

But yesterday, and who had mightier breath ?  
A thousand warriors by his word were kept  
In awe : he said, as the centurion saith,  
" Go," and he goeth ; " come," and forth he stepp'd.  
The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb,  
And now nought left him but the muffled drum.

*Byron.*

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus ; at last,  
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance to show  
A parting pang, the spirit from her past :  
And they who watch'd her nearest could not know  
The very instant, till the change that cast  
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,  
Glazed o'er her eys—the beautiful, the black—  
Oh ! to possess such lustre—and then lack !

*Byron.*

" Whom the gods love die young " was said of yore,  
And many deaths do they escape by this :  
The death of friends, and that which slays even  
more,

The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,  
Except mere breath ; and since the silent shore  
Awaits at last even those who longest miss  
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave  
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

*Byron.*

Happy they !

Thrice fortunate ! who of that fragile mould,  
The precious porcelain of human clay,  
Break with the first fall : they can ne'er behold  
The long year link'd with heavy day on day,  
And all which must be borne, and never told.

*Byron.*

Thus lived—thus died she ;—never more on her  
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made  
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,  
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid  
By age in earth.

*Byron.*

Perchance she died in youth ; it may be, bow'd  
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb  
That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud  
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom  
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom  
Heaven gives its favourites—early death.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

"Strike!"—and as the word he said,  
Upon the block he bow'd his head;  
These the last accents Hugo spoke:  
"Strike!"—and flashing fell the stroke—  
Roll'd the head, and, gushing, sunk  
Back the stain'd and heaving trunk  
In the dust, which each deep vein  
Slaked with its ensanguined rain;  
His eyes and lips a moment quiver,  
Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.

*Byron's Parisina.*

Of all  
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,  
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral  
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.

*Byron's Vision of Judgment.*

Hark! to the hurried question of despair:  
"Where is my child?" an echo answers "where?"

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

What rocks it, though that corpse shall lie  
Within a living grave?  
The bird that tears that prostrate form  
Hath only robb'd the meeker worm.

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

Peace to thy broken heart and virgin grave!  
Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!  
That grief—though deep—though fatal—was my  
first!

Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force  
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse!

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,  
But where he died his grave was dug as deep!  
Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,  
Though priest nor bless'd, nor marble deck'd the  
mound.

*Byron's Lara.*

And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,  
And earth nor sky will yield a single tear;  
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,  
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;  
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,  
And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.

*Byron's Lara.*

The soul, too soft its ills to bear,  
Has left our mortal hemisphere,  
And sought, in better world, the meed  
To blameless life by heaven decreed.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

By tenfold odds oppress'd at length,  
Despite his struggles and his strength,  
He took an hundred mortal wounds,  
As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds;  
And when he died, his mortal groan  
Had more of laughter than of moan.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore  
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,  
Of strange adventures happ'd by land or sea,  
How are they blotted from the things that be.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

When musing on companions gone,  
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

*Scott's Marmion.*

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,  
The kindest and the best!  
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs  
Are laid with thee at rest!

*Burns.*

What a world were this,  
How unendurable its weight, if they  
Whom Death hath sunder'd did not meet again!

*Southeby.*

Voice after voice hath died away,  
Once in my dwelling heard;  
Sweet household name by name hath chang'd  
To grief's forbidden word!  
From dreams of night on each I call,  
Each of the far remov'd;  
And waken to my own wild cry,  
Where are ye, my belov'd?

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Not where Death hath power may love be blest.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Let them die,  
Let them die now, thy children! so thy heart  
Shall wear their beautiful image all undimmed,  
Within it to the last.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

E'en as the tenderness that hour distils,  
When summer's day declines along the hills;  
So feels the fulness of the heart and eyes,  
When all of Genius that can perish—dies.

*Byron's Monody on the Death of Sheridan.*

Nor would I change my buried love  
For any one of living mould.

*Campbell.*

Can that man be dead  
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?  
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust  
Has more of life than half its breathing mould;

*Miss Landon.*

Let music make less terrible  
The silence of the dead;  
I care not, so my spirit last  
Long after life has fled.

*Miss Landon.*

We must not pluck death from the Maker's hand

*Bailey's Festus.*

Death is another life.

*Bailey.*

Death, thou art infinite ; — 't is Life is little.

*Bailey.*

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !  
Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet-song and dance and wine ;  
And thou art terrible — the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.

*Halleck's Marco Bozzaris.*

— Death should come  
Gently to one of gentle mould, like thee,  
As light winds, wandering through groves of  
bloom,

Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree.  
Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain,  
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

*Bryant.*

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustain'd and  
sooth'd

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*Bryant's Thanatospis.*

Weep not for those  
Who sink within the arms of death  
Ere yet the chilling wintry breath  
Of sorrow o'er them blows,  
But weep for them who here remain,  
The mournful inheritors of pain,  
Condemn'd to see each bright joy fade,  
And mark grief's melancholy shade  
Flung o'er Hope's fairest rose.

*Mrs. Embury.*

Weep not for him who dieth —  
For he sleeps and is at rest;  
And the couch whercon he lieth  
Is the green earth's quiet breast.

*Mrs. Norton.*

## DEBTS.

Oh, how you wrong our friendship, valiant youth !  
With friends there is not such a word as debt :  
Where amity is ty'd with band of truth,  
All benefits are there in common set.

*Lady Carew's Mariam.*

Dost think, friend,

The sense of all my debts could shake me thus ?  
I know 't would come, and in my fears examin'd  
The mischief they present; 't is not their weight  
Affrights me: let the vultures whet their talons;  
And creditors, with hearts more stubborn than  
The metal they adore, double their malice ;  
Had I a pile of debts upon me, more  
Heavy than all the world, it could not, but with  
The pressure, keep this piece of earth beneath 'em :  
My soul would be at large, and feel no burthen.

*Shirley's Example.*

You have outrun your fortune ;  
I blame you not that you would be a beggar ;  
Each to his taste ! But I do charge you, Sir,  
That, being beggar'd, you should win false moneys  
Out of that crucible call'd DEBT !

*Bulwer.*

The ghost of many a veteran bill  
Shall hover around his slumbers.

*O. W. Holmes.*

The ghostly dun shall worry his sleep,  
And constables cluster around him,  
And he shall creep from the wood-hole deep  
Where their spectre eyes have found him.

*O. W. Holmes.*

## DECAY.

I've touched the highest point of all my greatness :  
And from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting.

*Shaks. King Henry VIII.*

Before decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

*Byron's Giaour.*

But in the glow of vernal pride,  
If each warm hope *at once* hath died,  
Then sinks the mind, a blighted flower,  
Dead to the sunbeam and the shower;  
A broken gem, whose inborn light  
Is scatter'd — ne'er to reunite.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

I sorrow that all fair things must decay.

*Halleck.*

Alas ! the morning dew is gone,  
Gone ere the full of day.

*O. W. Holmes.*

It is sad  
To see the light of beauty wane away,  
Know eyes are dimming, bosoms shrivelling, feet  
Losing their springs, and limbs their lily roundness;  
But it is worse to feel the heart-spring gone,  
To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,  
And feel all things go to decay within us.

*Bailey's Festus.*

### DECEIT.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,  
As to descry the crafty cunning train,  
By which deceit doth mask in visor fair,  
And cast her colours dyed deep in grain,  
To seem like truth, whose shape she well can feign,  
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,  
The guiltless man with guile to entertain?

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

He secretly

Puts pirate's colours out at both our sterns,  
That we might fight each other in mistake,  
That he should share the ruin of us both!

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,  
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;  
And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.  
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man  
Unsound yet, and full of deep deceit.

*Shaks. Henry VI.*

Get thee glass eyes;  
And like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.

*Shaks. Lear.*

They say this town is full of cozenage;  
As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;  
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such like libertines of sin.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—  
Was ever book containing such vile matter,  
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravenging lamb!  
Despised substance of divinest show!  
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse,  
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,  
If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit.

*Shaks. Othello.*

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them in a sepulchre.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Every man in this age has not a soul  
Of crystal, for all men to read their actions  
Through: men's hearts and faces are so far asunder  
That they hold no intelligence.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster.*

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
And well-plac'd words of glossy courtesy,  
Baited with reason not unpleasing,  
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
And hug him into snares.

*Milton's Comus.*

He seem'd  
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:  
But all was false and hollow.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

A villain, when he most seems kind,  
Is most to be suspected.

*Lansdown's Jew of Venice*

Thou hast prevaricated with thy friend,  
By under-hand contrivances undone me;  
And while my open nature trusted in thee,  
Thou hast stepp'd in between me and my hopes,  
And ravish'd from me all my soul held dear,  
Thou hast betray'd me.

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

Were men t' appear themselves,  
Set free from customs that restrain our nature,  
Nor wolves nor tigers would dispute more fiercely!  
Yet all we boast above the brute is—what?  
That in our times of need we dare dissemble'

*Cibber's King John.*

The man who dares to dress misdeeds,  
And colour them with virtue's name, deserves  
A double punishment from gods and men.

*Ch. Johnson's Medea*

'T is not my talent to conceal my thoughts,  
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,  
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.

*Addison's Cato.*

Our innocence is not our shield :  
They take offence, who have not been offended ;  
They speak our ruin too, who speak us fair ;  
And death is often ambush'd in our smiles :  
We know not whom we have to fear.

*Young's Revenge.*

The world's all title-page ; there's no contents ;  
The world's all face ; the man who shows his  
heart

Is hooted for his nudities and scorn'd.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

O what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practise to deceive !

*Scott's Marmion.*

They may be false who languish and complain,  
But they who sigh for money never feign.

*Lady Mary W. Montague.*

He that hangs or beats out his brains  
The devil's in him if he feigns.

*Hudibras.*

False wave of the desert, thou art less beguiling  
Than false beauty over the lighted hall shed :  
What but the smiles that have practised their  
smiling,

Or honey words measured, and reckon'd as said.

*Miss Landon.*

But now I look upon thy face,  
A very pictured show,  
Betraying not the slightest trace  
Of what may work below

*Miss Landon.*

I live among the cold, the false,  
And I must seem like them ;  
And such I am, for I am false  
As these I most condemn —  
I teach my lip its sweetest smile,  
My tongue its softest tone ;  
I borrow others' likeness, till  
I almost lose my own.

Ah ! many hearts have changed since we two  
parted,

And many grown apart, as time hath sped —  
Till we have almost deem'd that the true-hearted  
Abided only with the faithful dead.  
And some we trusted with a fond believing,  
Have turn'd and stung us to the bosom's core ;  
And life hath seem'd but as a vain deceiving  
From which we turn aside heart-sick and sore.

*Mrs. C. M. Chandler.*

Oh ! colder than the mind that freezes  
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,  
Is that congealing pang that seizes  
The trusting bosom when betray'd.

*Moore.*

### DECLARATION.—(See PROPOSAL.)

### DEFIANCE.

Fly they that need to fly ;  
Wordes fearen babes. I meane not to thee entreat  
To passe ; but maugre thee will passe or dy.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Herald, save thou thy labour ;  
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald ;  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints :  
Which if they have as I will leavo 'em to them,  
Shall leavo them little.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

I pray thee, bear my former answer back ;  
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones,  
Good God ! why should they mock poor fellows  
thus ?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Scorn, and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not mis-become  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

What man dare, I dare :  
Approach thou like the ragged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble ; or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert, with thy sword ;  
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !  
Unreal mockery, hence !

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Gentle heaven,  
Cut short all intermission ; front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;  
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil has come from hell.

*Shaks. King John.*

Thou losest labour :  
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Marry,  
Thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou ;—  
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,  
I fear thee not.

*Shaks. Much Ado.*

I pry'thee take thy fingers from my throat;  
For though I am not splenctive and rash,  
Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme  
Until my cyclids will no longer wag.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

*Shaks. Julius Cesar.*

Neither the king, nor him that loves him best,  
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,  
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick stir his bells.  
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,  
And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth  
A bird that will revenge upon you all :  
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,  
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

What I did, I did in honour,  
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul ;  
And never shall you see, that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,  
Vagabond, exile, flaying : Pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

Behold ! I have a weapon :  
A better never did itself sustain  
Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,  
That with this little arm, and this good sword,  
I have made my way through more impediments  
Than twenty times your stop.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Let him do his spite :  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints.

*Shaks. Othello.*

The elements  
Of whom your swords are temper'd may as well  
Wound the loud winds, or with be-mocked-at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowlie that's in my plume.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Let them come ;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I*

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest ;  
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,  
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Who sets me else ? by heaven I'll throw at all ;  
I have a thousand spirits in my breast,  
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

I do defy him, and I spit at him ;  
Call him — a slanderous coward, and a villain :  
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds ;  
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot,  
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps.

*Shaks. Richard II*

Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,  
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Thou trumpet, there's my purse,  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :  
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek  
Outswell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon :  
Come stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout  
blood ;  
Thou blow'st for Hector.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
To yonder gates ? through them I mean to pass  
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee :  
Retire or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Reckonest thou thyself with spirits of heaven,  
Hell-doom'd, and breathest defiance here and scorn,  
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,  
Thy king and lord ?

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

If I must contend, said he,  
Best with the best, the sender not the sent,  
Or all at once; more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,  
Proud limitary cherub, but ere then  
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
From my prevailing arm, though heav'n's king  
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
In progress through the road of heav'n star-pav'd.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Our puissance is our own; our own right hand  
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend  
Address, and to begirt the Almighty throne  
Beseeching or besieging.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

I scorn (quoth she) thou coxcomb silly,  
Quarter or counsel from a foe,  
If thou canst force me to it, do.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Enough for me: with joy I see  
The different doom our fates assign;  
Be thine despair and sceptred care,  
To triumph and to die are mine.

*Gray's Bard*

Torture thou may'st, but thou shalt ne'er despise  
me:  
The blood will follow, where the knife is driven;  
The flesh will quiver, where the pincers tear;  
And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain:  
But these are foreign to the soul: not mine  
The groans that issue, or the tears that fall;  
They disobey me;—on the rack I scorn thee.

*Young's Revenge.*

Thou think'st I fear thee, cursed reptile,  
And hast a pleasure in the damned thought.  
Though my heart's blood should curdle at thy  
sight,  
I'll stay and face thee still.

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

On this spot I stand,  
The champion of despair—this arm my brand—  
This breast my panoply—and for my gage—  
(Oh thou hast rest from me all knightly pledge!)  
Take these black hairs torn from a head that hates  
thee,  
Deep be their dye before that pledge is ransom'd—  
In these heart's blood or mine.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Let them wield the thunder,  
Fell is their dint, who're mailed in despair.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

(Nay, never look upon your lord,  
And lay your hand upon your sword,)  
I tell thee thou'rt defied!  
And if thou said'st, I am not peer  
To any lord in Scotland here,  
Lowland or highland, far or near,  
Lord Angus, thou hast lied.

*Scott's Marmion.*

He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
And shout of loud defiance pours,  
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

*Scott's Marmion.*

The mountaineer cast glance of pride  
Along Benledi's living side,  
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow,  
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?"  
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;  
And, Saxon,—I am Roderic Dhu!"

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

The shivering band stood oft aghast,  
At the impatient glance he cast;—  
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,  
As from the cliffs of Ben-venue  
She spread her dark sails on the wind,  
And high in middle heaven reclined,  
With her broad shadow on the lake,  
Silenced the warbler of the brake.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake*

On his dark face a scorching clime,  
And toil had done the work of time,  
Roughen'd the brow, the temples barod,  
And sable hairs with silver sharod,  
Yet left—what age alone could tame—  
The lip of pride, the eye of flame,  
The full-drawn lip that upward curled,  
The eye that seem'd to scorn the world.

*Scott's Rokeby*

Go, wretch! and give  
A life like thine to other wretches—live!

*Byron's Heaven and Earth.*

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up,  
On Nature's awful waste  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief that man shall taste.  
Go, tell that night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!

*Campbell.*

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the  
rock!

But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws.

*Campbell.*

Though all around is dark and cheerless,  
And on high my star looks pale,  
My heart is steadfast still and fearless,  
Still my lips disdain to wail.

My spirit still stands up undaunted,  
Still I on myself rely;

No craven thought my brain e'er haunted,  
Fate and Fortune I defy!

*Frazer's Magazine.*

Mine own death's in this clenched hand;  
I know the noble trust;  
These limbs must rot on yonder strand,—  
These lips must lick its dust,  
But shall this dusky standard quail  
In the red slaughter-day;  
Or shall this heart its purpose fail,  
This arm forget to slay?

*Motherwell.*

No — though of all earth's hope bereft,  
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.  
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves  
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,  
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves  
Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.

*Moore.*

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!  
Will ye give it up to slaves?  
Will ye look for greener graves?  
Hope ye mercy still?  
What's the mercy despots feel?  
Hear it in yon cannon's peal,  
See it on yon bristling steel,  
Ask it ye who will!

*Pierpont.*

Woe to the British soldiery  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear:  
When wakening to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again.

*Bryant.*

The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,  
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the  
weak!  
Go, light the dark, cold hearth-stones—go turn the  
prison lock  
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid  
the flock.

*Whittier.*

## DEFORMITY.

Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionably,  
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them.  
But I, — that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe  
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub,  
To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to make my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part,  
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be belov'd?

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Nature herself started back when thou wert born,  
And cried, the work's not mine.  
The midwife stood aghast; and when she saw  
Thy mountain-back, and thy distorted legs,  
Thy face itself  
Half-minted with the royal stamp of man,  
And half o'ercome with beast, she doubted long  
Whose right in thee were more;  
And knew not if to burn thee in the flames  
Were not the holier work.

*Lee's Oedipus.*

Am I to blame, if nature threw my body  
In so perverse a mould! yet when she cast  
Her envious hand upon my supple joints,  
Unable to resist, and rumpled them  
On heaps in their dark lodging; to revenge  
Her bungled work, she stamped my mind more  
fair,  
And as from chaos, huddled and deform'd,  
The gods struck fire, and lighted up the lamps  
That beautify the sky; so she inform'd  
This ill-shap'd body with a daring soul,  
And, making less than man, she made me more.

*Lee's Oedipus.*

Deformity is daring;  
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind  
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—  
Ay, the superior of the rest. There is  
A spur in its halt movements, to become  
All that the others cannot, in such things  
As still are free for both, to compensate  
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first.

*Byron's Deformed Transformed*

Do you —dare you  
To taunt me with my born deformity?  
*Byron's Deformed Transformed*  
Glorious ambition!  
I love thee most in dwarfs.  
*Byron's Deformed Transformed.*

## DEITY.

Of the gods we are forbid to dispute,  
Because their deities come not within  
The compass of our reasons.

*Lilly's Endymion.*

There is one  
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind;  
He sees through doors, and darkness, and our  
thoughts:  
And therefore as we should avoid with fear,  
To think amiss ourselves before his search;  
So should we be as curious to shun  
All cause, that others think not ill of us.

*Chapman.*

## Nature

Nevo. did bring forth a man without a man;  
Nor could the first man, being but  
The passive subject, not the active mover,  
Be the maker of himself; so of necessity  
There must be a superior pow'r to nature.

*Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.*

It is not so with him that all things knows,  
As 'tis with us, that square our guess by shows:  
But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of heav'n, we count the act of men.

*Shaks. All's Well.*

It did not please the gods, who instruct the people:  
And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd.  
They know what's fitter for us, than ourselves:  
And 't were impety to think against them.

*Jonson's Catiline.*

'Tis hard to find God, but to comprehend  
Him, as he is, is labour without end.

*Herrick.*

And chiefly thou, O spirit, that dost prefer,  
Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for thou know'st.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance always with delight;  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

These are thy glorious works, parent of good,  
Almighty thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspakuble, who sit'st above these heavens,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Beyond compare the son of God was seen  
Most glorious; in him all his father shone  
Substantially express'd; and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
Love without end, and without measure grace.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

From nature's constant or eccentric laws,  
The thoughtful soul this general inference draws,  
That an effect must pre-suppose a cause:  
And, while she does her upward flight sustain,  
Touching each link of the continued chain,  
At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see  
A first, a source, a life, a deity;  
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Repine not, nor reply;  
View not what heaven ordains with reason's eye,  
Too bright the object is; the distance is too high.  
The man who would resolve the work of fate,  
May limit number and make crooked straight:  
Stop thy inquiry then and curb thy sense,  
Nor let dust argue with omnipotence.

*Prior's Solomon.*

In this wild maze their vain endeavours end;  
How can the less the greater comprehend,  
Or finite reason reach infinity?  
For what could fathom God were more than He.

*Dryden's Religio Laici.*

Hail, source of being! universal soul  
Of heaven and earth! essential presence, hail!  
To thee I bend the knee; to thee my thoughts  
Continual climb; who, with a master hand,  
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

With what an awful world-revolving power  
Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along  
The illimitable void! Thus to remain  
Amid the flux of many thousand years,  
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,  
And all their labour'd monuments away,  
Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course;  
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,  
And of the seasons ever stealing round,  
Minutely faithful: such the all-perfect hand!  
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

*Thomson's Seasons*

And yet was every falt'ring tongue of man,  
Almighty father ! silent in thy praise,  
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,  
Even in the depth of solitary woods,  
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,  
And to the quire celestial *Thee* resound,  
The eternal cause, support, and end of all !

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Let no presuming impious railer tax  
Creative wisdom as if aught was form'd  
In vain, or not for admirable ends.  
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
His works unwise of which the smallest part  
Exceeds the narrow vision of his mind ?

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Yet providence, that ever-waking eye,  
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil  
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe  
Through all the dreary labyrinth of fate.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Father of light and life, thou good supreme !  
O teach me what is good ! — teach me thyself !  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

*Thomson's Seasons.*

In the vast, and the minute, we see  
The unambitious footsteps of the God  
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,  
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.

*Couper's Task.*

What prodigies can power divine perform  
More grand than it produces year by year,  
And all in sight of inattentive man ?  
Familiar with th' effect, we slight the cause,  
And in the constancy of nature's course,  
The regular return of genial months,  
And renovation of a faded world,  
See naught to wonder at.

*Couper's Task.*

Thou dread source,  
Prime, self-existing cause and end of all  
That in the scale of being fill their place ;  
Above our human region or below,  
Set and sustain'd. Thou, thou alone, O ! Lord,  
Art everlasting !

*Wordsworth.*

O, God ! Thou wondrous One in Three,  
As mortals must Thee deem ;  
Thou only canst be said to be,  
We but at best to seem.

*Bailey's Festus.*

The blue, deep, glorious heavens ! I lift mine eye  
And bless thee, O my God ! that I have met  
And own'd thine image in the majesty  
Of their calm temple still ! — that never yet  
There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight  
By noon tide blaze, or sweeping storm of night :  
I bless thee, O my God !

*Mrs. Heman's Poems*

He who reigns on high  
Upholds the earth, and spreads abroad the sky,  
With none his name and power will he divide,  
For He is God and there is none beside.

*James Montgomery*

## DELAY.

Shun delays, they breed remorse ;  
Take thy time, while time is lent thee ;  
Creeping snails have weakest force ;  
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee ;  
Good is best when soonest wrought,  
Ling'ring labours come to naught.  
Hoist up sail while gale doth last,  
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure ;  
Seek not time, when time is past,  
Sobor speed is wisdom's leisure,  
After-wits are dearly bought,  
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

*Robert Southwell.*

Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;  
'T is like a pardon after execution :  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me .  
But now I'm past all comfort here but prayers.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Away towards Salisbury ;—while we reason here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Your gift is princely, but it comes too late,  
And falls, like sun-beams, on a blasted blossom.

*Suckling's Brennoralt.*

Go, fool, and teach a caratact to creep !  
Can thirst, empire, vengeance, beauty, wait ?

*Young's Brother.*

Be wise to-day ; 't is madness to defer ;  
Next day the fatal precedent will plead  
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

*Young's Night Thoughts*

Procrastination is the thief of time;  
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Our greatest actions, or of good or evil,  
The hero's and the murderer's, spring at once  
From their conception: Oh! how many deeds  
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime  
The world had wanted, had the actor said,  
I will do this to-morrow!

*Lord John Russel's Don Carlos.*

Wilt thou sit among the ruins,  
With all words of cheer unspoken,  
Till the silver cord is loosen'd,  
Till the golden bowl is broken?

*Anne C. Lynch.*

He came too late! Neglect had tried  
Her constancy too long;  
Her love had yielded to her pride,  
And the deep sense of wrong.  
She scorn'd the offering of a heart  
Which linger'd on its way,  
Till it would no delight impart,  
Nor spread one cheering ray.

*Elizabeth Bogart.*

#### DELICACY.—(See PURITY.)

#### DELUGE

We, we shall view the deep's salt sources pour'd,  
Until one element shall do the work  
Of all in chaos; until they,  
The creatures proud of their poor clay,  
Shall perish, and their bleached bones shall lurk  
In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains, where  
The deep shall follow to their latest lair;  
Where even the brutes, in their despair,  
Shall cease to prey on man and on each other,  
And the striped tiger shall lie down and die  
Beside the lamb, as though he were his brother:  
Till all things shall be as they were,  
Silent and uncreated, save the sky.

*Byron's Heaven and Earth.*

The heavens and earth are mingling — God! Oh  
God!

What have we done? yet spare!  
Hark! even the forest beasts howl forth their pray'r!  
The dragon crawls from out his den,  
To herd in terror innocent with men;  
And the birds scream their agony through air!

*Byron's Heaven and Earth.*

Hark! hark! the sea-birds cry!  
In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,  
And hover round the mountain, where before  
Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,  
Yet dared to soar,

Even when the waters wax'd too fierce to brave;  
Soon it shall be their only shore.  
And then, no more!

*Byron's Heaven and Earth*

Earth shall be ocean!  
And no breath,

Save of the winds, be on the unbounded wave!  
Angels shall tire their wings, but find no spot:  
Not even a rock from out the liquid grave  
Shall lift its point to save,  
Or show the place where strong despair hath  
died,

After long looking o'er the ocean wide  
For the expected o'b which cometh not:

All shall be void,  
Destroyed!

*Byron's Heaven and Earth.*

#### DEPENDANTS.

Who would rely upon these miserable  
Dependencies, in expectation  
To be advanced to-morrow? what creature  
Ever fed worse than hoping Tantalus?  
Nor ever died any man more fearfully,  
Than he that hop'd for a pardon?

*Webster's Duchess of Malfy.*

I hate dependence on another's will,  
Which changes with the breath of ev'ry whisper,  
Just as the sky and weather with the winds:  
Nay with the winds, as they blow east or west,  
To make his temper pleasant or unpleasant:  
So are our wholesome or unwholesome days.

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

#### DEPUTY.

A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main waters.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

We have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply;  
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;  
And given his deputation all the organs  
Of our own power.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

## DESIGN.

The noble heart, that harbours virtuous thought,  
And is with child of glorious great intent,  
Can never rest, until it forth have brought  
Th' eternal brood of glory excellent.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

He that intends well, yet deprives himself  
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,  
Deceives his purpose of the due reward.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts  
them,  
But when they are just they're arm'd, and nothing  
daunts them. *Middleton.*

When any great design thou dost intend,  
Think on the means, the manner, and the end. *Denham.*

Honest designs  
Justly resemble our devotions,  
Which we must pay and wait for the reward. *Sir Robert Howard.*

I do believe, you think what now you speak,  
But what we do determine oft we break:  
Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth but poor validity;  
Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,  
But fall unshaken when they mellow be. *Shaks. Hamlet.*

## DESIRE.

O fierce desire, the spring of sighs and tears,  
Reliev'd with want, impoverish'd with store,  
Nurst with vain hopes, and fed with doubtful fears,  
Whose force withstood, increaseth more and more! *Brandon's Octavia.*

'T is most ignoble, that a mind unshaken  
By fear should by a vain desire be broken;  
Or that those powers no labour e'er could vanquish,  
Should be o'ercome and thrall'd by sordid pleasure. *Chapman.*

How large are our desires! and yet how few  
Events are answerable! So the dew,  
Which early on the top of mountains stood,  
Meaning, at least, to imitate a flood;  
When once the sun appears, appears no more,  
And leaves that parch'd which was too moist  
before. *Gomersall.*

The desire of the moth for the star—  
Of the night for the morrow—  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow. *Shelley.*

Thou blind man's mark; thou fool's self-chosen  
snare,

Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scatter'd thoughts;  
Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;  
Thou web of ill, whose end is never wrought  
Desire! Desire! I have too dearly bought  
With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware,  
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,  
Who shouldest my mind to higher things prepare.

*Sir P. Sidney.*

Vain are these dreams, and vain these hopes;

And yet 't is these give birth  
To each high purpose, generous deed,  
That sanctifies our earth.

He who hath highest aim in view,  
Must dream at first what he will do.

*Miss Landon.*

— I look into my heart,  
And see how full it is of mighty schemes,  
Some that shall ripen, some ever dreams,  
And yet, though dreams, shall act a real part.

*F. W. Faber.*

Labour shall be my lot;  
My kindred shall be joyful in my praise;  
And fame shall twine for me in after days,  
A wreath I covet not. *Pred.*

Oh, fountains that I have not reach'd,  
That gush far off even now,  
Where shall I quench my spirits' thirs  
When your sweet waters flow! *Miss Lynch.*

## DESPAIR.

To doubt  
Is worse than to have lost: And to despair,  
Is but to antedate those miseries  
That must fall on us. *Massinger's Duke of Milan.*

Despair takes heart, when there's no hope to  
speed:  
The coward then takes arms and does the deed. *Herrick.*

Despair,  
Thou hast the noblest issues of all ill,  
Which frailty brings us to; for to be worse  
We fear not, and who cannot lose,  
Is ever a frank gamester. *Sir Robert Howard*

So cowards fight, when they can fly no further,  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III*

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

I pull in resolution : and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

They have ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But bear-like, I must fight the course.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance  
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
'The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me ;  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :  
Fortune and Antony part here; even here  
Do we shake hands.— All come to this ? — The  
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd  
That overtopp'd them all.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

There 's nothing in this world can make me joy :  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

*Shaks. King John.*

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd.

*Shaks. King John.*

If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a  
beam

To hang thee on ; or, would'st thou drown thyself,  
Put a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

*Shaks. King John.*

Let order die,  
And let this world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention in a lingering act :  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms; that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead !

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;  
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
Expecting ever when some envious surge  
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

*Shaks. Titus Andronicus.*

Thus roving on  
In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands  
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
View'd their lamentable lot, and found  
No rest.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

All sat mute,  
Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
In other's count'nance read his own dismay  
Astonish'd.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;  
Evil, be thou my good.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Horror and doubt distract  
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
The hell within him; for within him hell  
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell  
One step no more than from himself can fly  
By change of place.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
Infinito wrath, and infinite despair ?  
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,  
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

With what delight could I have walk'd the round  
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods and plains,  
Now land, now sea, and shores with forests crown'd  
Rocks, dens and caves; but I in none of these  
Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

There they him laid  
Gnashing for anguish, and despite and shame,  
To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
Humbled by such rebuke.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

All hope is lost  
Of my reception into grace; what worse,  
For where no hope is left, is left no fear.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

Consider how the desperate fight;  
Despair strikes wild,—but often fatal too—  
And in the mad encounter wins success.

*Havard's Regulus.*

All judging heav'n,  
Was there no bolt, no punishment above?—  
No, none is equal to despairing love:  
Hell loudly owns it, and the damn'd themselves  
Smile to behold a wretch more curs'd than they.

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

My loss is such as cannot be repair'd;  
And to the wretched, life can be no mercy.

*Dryden's Marriage à la Mode.*

Tell me why, good heaven,  
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,  
Aspiring thoughts and elegant desires,  
That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather, why  
Did'st thou not form me sordid as my fate,  
Base-minded, dull and fit to carry burdens?  
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?  
Is this just dealing, nature?

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills;  
I will indulge my sorrows, and give way  
To all the pangs and fury of despair.

*Addison's Cato.*

O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!  
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

*Addison's Cato.*

Methinks we stand on ruin; nature shakes  
About us; and the universal frame's  
So loose, that it but wants another push  
To leap from its hinges.

*Lee's Oedipus.*

What miracle  
Can work me into hope! Heav'n here is bankrupt,  
The wond'ring gods blush at the want of power,  
And quite abash'd confess they cannot help me.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

Curs'd fate! malicious stars! you now have drain'd  
Yourselves of all your poisonous influence;  
Ev'n the last baleful drop is shed upon me!

*Lee's Mithridates.*

Let her rave,  
And prophesy ten thousand thousand horrors;  
I could join with her now, and bid 'em come;  
They fit the present fury of my soul.  
The stings of love and rage are fix'd within,  
And drive me on to madness. Earthquakes, whirl-winds,  
A general wreck of nature now would please me.

*Rowe's Royal Convert.*

Whether first nature, or long want of peace,  
Has wrought my mind to this, I cannot tell;  
But horrors now are not displeasing to me;  
I like this rocking of the battlements.  
Rage on, ye winds; burst clouds, and waters roar!  
You bear a just resemblance of my fortune,  
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul!

*Young's Revenge.*

Why let them come: let in the raging torrent:  
I wish the world would rise in arms against me;  
For I must die; and I would die in state.

*Young's Busiris.*

Creation sleeps; 't is as the general pulse  
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause—  
An awful pause! prophetic of her end,  
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;  
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,  
I wake; how happy they that wake no more!  
Yet that were vain, if dreams infect the grave.  
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams  
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding  
thought,

From wave to wave of fancy'd misery,  
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.  
Tho' now restor'd, 't is only change of pain,  
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.  
The day too short for my distress; and night,  
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,  
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

With woful measures wan despair—  
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air!  
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

*Collins's Passions.*

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure,  
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

But dreadful is their doom whom doubt has driv'n:  
To censure fate, and pious hope forego:  
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,  
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,  
But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

*Bentley's Minstrel.*

Mine after-life ! what is mine after-life !  
My day is closed ! the gloom of night is come !  
A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

Welcome rough war ! with all thy scenes of blood ;  
Thy roaring thunders, and thy dashing steel !  
Welcome once more ! what have I now to do  
But play the brave man o'er again, and die !

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

Be it what it may, or bliss or torment,  
Annihilation, dark, and endless rest,  
Or some dread thing, man's wildest strange of thought  
Hath never yet conceived, that change I'll dare  
Which makes me any thing but what I am.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

I would have time turn'd backward in his course,  
And what is past ne'er to have been : myself  
A thing that no existence ever had.  
Canst thou do this for me ?

*Joanna Baillie's Rayner.*

O that I were upon some desert coast !  
Where howling tempests and the lashing tide  
Would stun me into deep and senseless quiet.

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

Come, madness ! come unto me, senseless death !  
I cannot suffer this ! here, rocky wall,  
Scatter these brains, or dull them !

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

O that I had been form'd  
An idiot from the birth ! a senseless changeling,  
Who eats his glutton's meals with greedy haste,  
Nor knows the hand who feeds him !

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

He hangs upon me like a dead man's grasp  
On the wreck'd swimmer's neck.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

Full many a storm on this grey head has beat ;  
And now, on my high station do I stand,  
Like the tired watchman in his rocked tower,  
Who looketh for the hour of his release.  
I'm sick of worldly broils, and fain would rest  
With those who war no more.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

O night, when good men rest, and infants sleep !  
Thou art to me no season of repose,  
But a fear'd time of waking more intense,  
Of life more keen, of misery more palpable.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

The fountain of my heart dried up within me,  
With nought that loved me, and with nought to  
love

' stood upon the desert earth alone.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Thou sayest I am a wretch —  
And thou sayest true — these weeds do witness it —  
These wave-worn weeds — these bare and bruised  
limbs.

What wouldst thou more ? I shrink not from the  
question.

I am a wretch, and proud of wretchedness,  
'Tis the sole earthly thing that cleaves to me.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

The wretched have no country ; that dear name  
Comprises home, kind kindred, fostering friends,  
Protecting laws, all that binds man to man —  
But none of these are mine ; — I have no country —  
And for my race, the last dread trump shall wake  
The sheeted relics of mine ancestry,  
Ere trump of herald to the armed lists,  
In the bright blazon of their stainless coats  
Calls their lost child again.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

And in that deep and utter agony,  
Though then, than ever most unfit to die,  
I fell upon my knees and pray'd for death.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

The storm for Bertram ! — and it hath been with me,  
Dealt with me branch and bole, bared me to th' roots,  
And where the next wave bears my perish'd trunk  
In its dread lapse, I neither know norreck of.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Is there no forest,  
Whose shades are dark enough to shelter us ;  
Or cavern rifted by the perilous lightning,  
Where we must grapple with the tenunting wolf  
To earn our bloody lair ? — there let us bide,  
Nor hear the voice of man nor call of heaven.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Behold me, earth ! what is the life he hunts for ?  
Come to my cave, thou human hunter, come ;  
For thou hast left thy prey no other lair,  
But the bleak rock, or howling wilderness ;  
Cheer up thy pack of fanged and fleshed hounds,  
Flash all the flames of hell upon its darkness,  
Then enter if thou darest.  
Lo, there the bruised serpent coils to sting thee,  
Yea, spend his life upon the mortal thro'e.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

To be thus —  
Grey hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,  
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,  
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,  
Which but supplies a fueling to decay —  
And to be thus, — eternally but thus,  
Having been otherwise ! now furrow'd o'er  
With wrinkles plough'd by moments, not by years ;

And hours—all tortured into ages—hours  
Which I outlive! ye toppling crags of ice!  
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down  
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!  
I hear ye momently above, beneath,  
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,  
And only fall on things that still would live.

*Byron's Manfred.*

I have no dread,  
And feel the curse to have no natural fear,  
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or  
wishes,  
Or lurking love of something on the earth.

*Byron's Manfred.*

My mother earth!  
And thou fresh breaking day, and you, ye mountains!  
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye!  
And thou the bright eye of the universe,  
That openest over all, and unto all  
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart!

*Byron's Manfred.*

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?  
It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine  
Have made my days and nights imperishable,  
Endless and all alike, as sands on the shore,  
Innumerable atoms; and one desert,  
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,  
But nothing rests save carcasses and wrecks,  
Rocks and the salt surf weeds of bitterness.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Look on me in my sleep,  
Or watch my watchings—come and sit by me!  
My solitude is solitude no more,  
But peopled with the furies;—I have gnash'd  
My teeth in darkness till returning morn,  
Then cursed myself till sunset;—I have pray'd  
For madness as a blessing—'t is denied me.

*Byron's Manfred.*

They who have nothing more to fear may well  
Indulge a smile at that which once appall'd;  
As children at discover'd bugbears.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Who thundering comes on blackest steed?  
With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed;  
Beneath the clattering iron's sound,  
The cavern'd echoes wake around  
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;  
The foam that streaks the courser's side,  
Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide;  
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
There's none within his rider's breast,  
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,  
'T is calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!

*Byron's Giaour.*

But once I saw that face—yet then  
It was so mark'd with inward pain  
I could not pass it by again;  
It breathes the same dark spirit now,  
As death were stamp'd upon his brow.

*Byron's Giaour.*

But talk no more of penitence;  
Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence  
And if thy holy talk were true,  
The deed that's done canst thou undo?  
Think me not thankless—but this grief  
Looks not to priesthood for relief.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Waste not thine orison, despair  
Is mightier than thy pious prayer:  
I would not, if I might, be blest,  
I want no paradise but rest.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung  
From forest-cave her shrieking young,  
And calm the lonely lioness:  
But soothe not—mock not my distress.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Beside the jutting rock the few appear'd,  
Like the last remnant of the red-deer's herd;  
Their eyes were feverish, and their aspect worn,  
But still the hunter's blood was on their horn.

*Byron's Island.*

Loud sung the wind above; and doubly loud,  
Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder cloud;  
And flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,  
To him more genial than the midnight star:  
Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his  
chain,  
And hoped that peril might not prove in vain.  
He raised his iron hand to heaven, and pray'd  
One pitying flash to mar the form it made:  
His steel and impious prayer attract alike—  
The storm roll'd onward, and disdain'd to strike;  
Its peal wax'd fainter—ceased—he felt alone,  
As if some faithless friend had spurn'd his groan.

*Byron's Corsair.*

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes:  
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,  
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting.

*Moore.*

Beware of desperate steps!—the darkest day,  
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

*Couper.*

Like one within a charnel cast,  
I hear but dirges ringing for the dead—  
Walk all the time with hand in hand of Death'

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

## DESPONDENCY.

The recollection of one upward hour  
Hath more in it to tranquillize and cheer  
The darkness of despondency, than years  
Of gayety and pleasure.

*Percival.*

My heart is very tired — my strength is low —  
My hands are full of blossoms pluck'd before,  
Held dead within them till myself shall die.

*Miss Barrett.*

It may be that I shall forget my grief;  
It may be time has good in store for me;  
It may be that my heart will find relief  
From sources now unknown. Futurety  
May bear within its folds some hidden spring  
From which will issue blessed streams; and yet  
Whate'er of joy the coming year may bring,  
The past — the past — I never can forget.

*Mrs. Hale.*

And if despondency weigh down  
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions, then  
Despair — thy name is written on  
The roll of common men.

*Halleck's Poems.*

No thought within her bosom stirs,  
But wakes some feeling dark and dread;  
God keep thee from a doom like hers,  
Of living when the hopes are dead.

*Phoebe Carey.*

## DESTINY.—(See FATE.)

## DESTRUCTION.—(See RTINS.)

## DETERMINATION.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;  
For what I will, I will, and there's an end.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Although

The air of paradise did fan the house,  
And angels offic'd all: I will begone.

*Shaks. All's Well.*

Bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day;  
Cannot be false; and that I dare not, falser;  
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

I have given suck; and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn  
As you have done to this.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

I said to Sorrow's awful storm,  
That beat against my breast,  
Rage on — thou mayst destroy this form,  
And lay it low at rest;  
But still the spirit that now brooks  
Thy tempest raging high,  
Undaunted on its fury looks,  
With steadfast eye.

*Mrs. Stoddard.*

## DETRACTION.

'T is not the wholesome sharp morality,  
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,  
That hurts or wounds the body of a state;  
But the sinister application  
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base  
Interpreter; who will distort, and strain  
The gen'ral scope and purpose of an author,  
To his particular and private spleen.

*Jonson's Poetaster.*

Who stabs my name, would stab my person too,  
Did not the hangman's axe lie in the way.

*Crown's Henry VII.*

Happy are they that hear their detractions,  
And can put them to mending.

*Shaks. Much ado.*

Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not  
To wound the fame of princes, if it find  
But any blemish in their lives to work on.

*Massinger.*

To you I shall no trophy raise  
From other men's detraction or dispraise:  
That jewel never had inherent worth,  
Which ask'd such foils as these to set it forth.

*Bishop King.*

## DEW.

And that same dew, which sometimes on the buds  
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,  
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,  
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The starlight dews  
All silently their tears of love instil,  
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse,  
Deep into nature's breast, the spirit of her hues.

Byron.

Within these leaves the holy dew  
That falls from heaven, hath won anew  
A glory — in declining.

Miss Barrett.

Oh dew, thou droppest soft below  
And platenst all the ground ;  
Yet when the noontide comes, I know  
Thou never cans't be found.

Maria Lowell.

## DEVOTION.

One grain of incense with devotion offer'd,  
'S beyond all perfumes or Sabæan spices,  
By one that proudly thinks he merits it.

*Massinger's Bashful Lover.*

The immortal gods

Accept the meanest altars that are raised  
By pure devotion ; and sometimes prefer  
An ounce of frankincense, honey, or milk,  
Before whole hecatombs of Sabæan gems,  
Offer'd in ostentation.

*Massinger.*

The hand is rais'd, the pledge is given,  
One monarch to obey, one creed to own,  
That monarch, God ; that creed, His word alone.

*Sprague.*

Like earth, awake, and warm, and bright  
With joy the spirit moves and burns ;  
So up to thee ! O Fount of Light !

Our light returns.

*John Sterling.*

## DIGNITY.

I know myself now, and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities ;  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd  
me,  
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity ta'en  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.  
O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Where ambition of place goes before fitness  
Of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.

*Chapman.*

Great honours are great burdens : but, on whom  
They're cast with envy, he doth bear two loads ;  
His cares must still be double to his joys,  
In any dignity ; where, if he err,  
He finds no pardon ; and, for doing well,  
A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.

*Jonson's Catiline*

True dignity is never gained by place,  
And never lost when honours are withdrawn.

*Massinger*

## DINNER.—(See FEASTING.)

## DISAPPOINTMENT.—(See GRIEF.)

## DISCONTENT.

O thoughts of men accrue'd !

Past and to come, seem best ; things present, worst.  
*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Happiness courts thee in her best array ;  
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,  
Thou pourest upon thy fortune and thy love :  
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

He reads much ;  
He is a good observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no  
plays,

As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :  
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

She is peevish, sullen, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;  
Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil ;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure ; what's the matter  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion for the name  
Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

*Shaks. Othello.*

With his words  
All seem'd well pleas'd ; all seem'd but were not  
all.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

Did I request thee, maker, from my clay  
To mould me man, did I solicit thee  
From darkness to promote me, or here place  
In this delicious garden? as my will  
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resign and render back  
All I receiv'd unable to perform  
Thy terms so hard, by which I was to hold  
The good I sought not.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Sour discontent that quarrels with our fate,  
May give fresh smart, but not the old abate;  
The uneasy passion's disingenuous wit,  
The ill reveals, but hides the benefit.

*Sir Richard Blackmore.*

Against our peace we arm our will:  
Amidst our plenty something still  
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,  
To thee, to me, to him is wanting;  
That cruel something unpossess  
Corrodes and leavens all the rest,  
That something if we could obtain,  
Would soon create a future pain.

*Prior.*

Why discontent for ever harbour'd there?  
Incurable consumption of our peace!  
Resolve me why the cottager, and king,  
He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he  
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,  
Repelling winter's blast, with mud and straw,  
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,  
In fate so distant, in complaint so near.

*Young.*

It's hardly in a body's power  
To keep, at times, frae being sour,  
To see how things are shar'd;  
How best o' chiel's are whyles in want,  
While coofs on countless thousands rant,  
And ken na how to wair't.

*Burns.*

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,  
As through the world he wends;  
On every stage, from youth to age,  
Still discontent attends.

*Soultrey.*

I cannot bear to be with men  
Who only see my weaknesses;  
Who know not what I might have been,  
But scan my spirit as it is.

*Willis.*

It is not well to brood  
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell  
Life's current to a flood.  
As brooks, and currents, rivers, all  
Increase the gulf in which they fall,

Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills  
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;  
And with their gloomy shades conceal  
The land-marks Hope would else reveal.

*Mrs. Dinnies*

### DISCORD.

Discord, a sleepless hag, who never dies,  
With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,  
Lean, sallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supplied,  
Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,  
As if old drums, worn out with martial din.  
Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

### DISCRETION.

Press me not, 'beseech you, so;  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' th'  
world,  
So soon as yours, could win me.

*Shaks*

His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,  
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,  
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

*Addison.*

How excellent is woman, when she gives  
To the fine pulses of her spirit way;  
Her virtues blossom daily, and pour out  
A fragrance upon all who in her path  
Have a blest fellowship.

*Willis.*

O, save to one *familiar* friend,  
Thy heart its veil should wear,  
The faithless vow be all unheard,—  
The flattery wasted there;  
Heeding the homage of the vain  
As lightly as some star,  
Whose steady radiance changes not,  
Though thousands kneel afar.

*Whittier.*

### DISEASE.—(See HEALTH.)

### DISHONESTY.—(See THIEVES.)

### DISPLEASURE.—(See ANGER.)

### DISPOSITION.—(See CHARACTER.)

## DOUBT.

His name was Doubt, that had a double face,  
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent,  
Therein resembling *Janus ancient*,  
Which had in charge the ingate of the year :  
And evermore his eyes about him went,  
As if some proved peril he did fear,  
Or did misdoubt some ill, whose cause did not  
appear.      *Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

'T is good to doubt the worst,  
We may in our belief be too secure.  
    *Webster's and Rowley's Thracian Wonder.*

Known mischiefs have their cure, but doubts have  
none ;  
And better is despair than fruitless hope  
Mix'd with a killing fear.

*May's Cleopatra.*

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me : pray you  
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties  
Or are past remedies, or timely knowing,  
The remedy then born) discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

The wound of peace is surely,  
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise ; the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

I run the gauntlet of a file of doubts,  
Each one of which down hurls me to the ground.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Who never doubted never half believed,  
Where doubt there truth is — 't is her shadow.

*Bailey.*

Life's sunniest hours are not without  
The shadow of some lingering doubt —  
Amid its brightest joys will steal  
Spectres of evil yet to feel —

Its warmest love is blent with fears,  
Its confidence a trembling one —  
Its smile — the harbinger of tears —  
Its hope — the change of April's sun !  
A weary lot — in mercy given,  
To fit the chastened soul for heaven.

*Whittier.*

What though the world has whisper'd thee, 'Be-  
ware !'  
Thou dost not dream of change. Nay, do not  
speak,  
For any answer would imply a doubt  
In love's deep confidence, which not for worlds  
Should have existence.

*Robert Morris.*

The clear, cold questibn chills to frozen doubt ;  
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without ;  
O then, if reason waver at thy side,  
Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide,  
Go to thy birth-place, and, if faith was there,  
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer.

*O. W. Holmes*

Yet do not think I doubt thee,  
I know thy truth remains ;  
I would not live without thee,  
For all the world contains.

*G. P. Morris.*

Beware of doubt — faith is the subtle chain  
Which binds us to the infinite : the voice  
Of a deep life within, that will remain  
Until we crowd it thence.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

## DREAMS.

Dreams are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
And more inconstant than the wind.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand ;  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne ;  
And all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep,  
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream :  
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
On some great sudden haste.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I*

Dreams are toys :  
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
I will be squar'd by this.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale*

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will utter their affairs.

*Shaks. Othello.*

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,  
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—  
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Divinity hath oftentimes descended  
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troupes  
Have, in the calm and quiet of the soul,  
Conversed with us.

*Shirley.*

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;  
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:  
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,  
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings:  
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad;  
Both are the reasonable soul run mad:  
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,  
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.  
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind  
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.  
The nurse's legends are for truths received,  
And the man dreams but what the boy believed.

*Dryden.*

But dreams full oft are found of real events  
The forms and shadows.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,  
What though my soul fantastic measures trod  
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom  
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep  
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;  
Or scal'd the cliff, or danc'd on hollow winds,  
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?  
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature

Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;—  
For human weal, heaven husbands all events,  
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

*Young.*

He sleeps, if it be sleep; this starting trance,  
Whose feverish tossings and deep mutter'd groans  
Do prove the soul shares not the body's rest—  
How the lip works, how the bare teeth do grind,  
And beaded drops course down his writhen brow!

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Lightly he dreamt as youth will dream,  
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,  
Of hawk, of hound, of ring, of glove,  
Or lighter yet—of lady's love.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt,  
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)  
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!  
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!  
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!  
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung  
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!  
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!  
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue  
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,  
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.

*Young.*

Dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;  
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
They take a weight from off our waking toils,  
They do divide our being; they become  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity;  
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak  
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—  
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;  
They make us what we were not—what they will,

And shake us with the vision that's gone by,  
The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so?  
Is not the past all shadow? what are they?  
Creations of the mind? the mind can make  
Substance, and people planets of its own  
With beings brighter than have been, and give  
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.

*Byron's Dream.*

O Spirit Land! thou land of dreams!

A world thou art of mysterious gleams,

Of startling voices and sounds of strife,

A world of the dead in the hues of life.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset glow;  
I listen to music of long ago;  
But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint  
through the lay,—  
“It is but a dream; it will melt away.”

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

Just one look before I sleep,  
Just one parting glance to keep  
On my heart, and on my brain  
Every line and feature plain,  
In sweet hopes that they may be  
Present in these dreams to me,  
Which the gentle night hour brings  
Ever on her starry wings.

*Miss Landon.*

Dreams are rudiments  
Of the great state to come. We dream what is  
About to happen.

*Bailey.*

Innocent dreams be thine ! thy heart sends up  
Its thoughts of purity, like pearly bells,  
Rising in crystal fountains. 'Would I were  
A sound, that I might steal upon thy dreams,  
And, like the breathing of my flute, distil  
Sweetly upon thy senses.

*Willis.*

Bright dreams attend thee, gentle one,  
The brightest and the best ;  
For sorrows scarce can fall upon  
A maid so purely blest.  
And when death's shadows round thee swell,  
And dim thy starry eyes,  
O, mayst thou be, my Rosabelle,  
A spirit of the skies.

*Robert Morris.*

#### DRESS.—(See APPAREL.)

#### DROWNING.

O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !  
What dreadful noise of water in my ears !  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !  
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,  
A thousand men and fishes gnaw'd upon me.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Alone in the dark, alone on the wave,  
To buffet the storm alone —  
To struggle aghast at thy watery grave,  
To struggle and feel there is none to save,  
God shield thee, helpless one !  
The stout limbs yield, for their strength is past,  
The trembling hands on the deep are cast,  
The white brow gleams a moment more,  
Then slowly sinks — the struggle is o'er !

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

#### DRUMS.

Strike up the drum : and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest.

*Shaks. King John.*

Your drums, being beaten, will cry out, —  
And so shall you, being beaten : do but stir  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine :  
Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the wckin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

*Shaks. King John.*

#### DRUNKENNESS.

And now, in madness,  
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

*Shaks. Othello.*

If I can fasten one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Oh that men should put an enemy in  
Their mouths, to steal away their brains ! that we  
Should with joy, pleasure, revel and applause,  
Transform ourselves into beasts.

*Shaks. Othello.*

It hath plac'd the devil, drunkenness, to  
Give place to the devil, wrath ; one  
Unperfectness shows me another, to  
Make me frankly despise myself.  
I will ask him for my place again ; he  
Shall tell me, I am a drunkard : had I  
As many mouths as Hydra, such an answer  
Would stop them all. To be now a sensible  
Man, by and by a fool, and presently  
A beast ! every inordinate cup  
Is unbless'd, and th' ingredient is a devil.  
Oh thou invisible spirit of wine,  
If thou hast no name to be known by, let  
Us call thee devil !

*Shaks. Othello.*

They were red-hot with drinking ;  
So full of valour, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

I have drugg'd their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live, or die.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Give me the cups ;  
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to the  
earth,  
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,  
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;  
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,  
Re-speaking earthly thunder.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Give me a bowl of wine :—  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Give me a bowl of wine :  
I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Drunkenness ! that's a most gentleman-like  
Sin, it scorns to be beholden ; for what it  
Receives in a man's house, it commonly  
Leaves again at his door.

*Cupid's Whirligig.*

Fly drunkenness, whose vile incontinence  
Takes both away the reason and the sense :  
'Till with Circcean cups thy mind possest  
Leaves to be man, and wholly turns a beast.  
Think while thou swallow'st the capacious bowl,  
Thou let'st in seas to sack and drown thy soul.  
That hell is open, to remembrance call,  
And think how subject drunkards are to fall.  
Consider how it soon destroys the grace  
Of human shape, spoiling the beauteous face :  
Puffing the cheeks, blearing the curious eye,  
Studding the face with vicious heraldry.  
What pearls and rubies does the wine disclose,  
Making the *purse* poor to enrich the *nose* !  
How does it nurse disease, infect the heart,  
Drawing some sickness into every part !

*Randolph.*

It weaks the brain, it spoils the memory,  
Hasting on age, and wilful poverty :  
It drowns thy better parts, making thy name  
To foes a laughter, to thy friends a shame.  
'T is virtue's poison and the bane of trust,  
The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust.  
Quite leave this vice, and turn not to 't again,  
Upon presumption of a stronger brain ;  
For he that holds more wine than others can,  
I rather count a hogshead than a man.

*Randolph.*

Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend  
The turbulent mirth of wine ; nor all the kinds  
Of maladies, that lead to death's grim cave,  
Wrought by intemperance : joint-racking gout ;  
Intestine stone ; and pining atrophy,  
Chill even when the sun with July heats  
Fries the scorch'd *sol.*, and dropsy all afloat,  
Yet craving liquids.

*Philip's Cider.*

Now,  
As with new wine intoxicated both,  
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
Divinity within them breeding wings  
Wherewith to scorn the earth.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Man, with raging drink inflam'd,  
Is far more savage and untam'd ;  
Supplies his loss of wit and sense  
With barb'rousness and insolence ;  
Believes himself, the less he's able,  
The more heroic, and formidable ;  
Lays by his reason in his bowls,  
As Turks are said to do their souls,  
Until it has so often been  
Shut out of its lodgings, and let in,  
At length it never can attain  
To find the right way back again ;  
Drinks all his time away, and pruns  
The end of's life as vigncrons  
Cut short the branches of a vine,  
To make it bear more plenty o' wine ;  
And that which nature did intend  
T' enlarge his life, perverts its end.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,  
Recls fast from theme to theme ; from horses,  
hounds,  
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,  
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Confused above,  
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,  
As if the table even itself was drunk,  
Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below,  
Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride,  
The lubber power in filthy triumph sits,  
Slumb'rous, inclining still from side to side,  
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.  
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,  
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,  
Outlives them all, and from his bury'd flock  
Retiring full of rumination sad,  
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

What dext'rous thousands just within the goal  
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !  
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,  
No morning admonitions shock the head.  
But ah ! what woes remain ! life rolls apace,  
And that incurable disease—*old age*,  
In youthful bodies more severely felt,  
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health*

When the frantic raptures in your breast  
Subside, you languish into mortal man;  
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.  
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night  
You lavish'd more than might support three days.  
A heavy morning comes; your cares return  
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well  
May be endured; so may the throbbing heart:  
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,  
Involves you; such a dastardly despair  
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,  
When, baited round Cithæron's sides,  
He saw two suns, and double Thebes, ascend,—  
Add that your incans, your health, your parts  
decay;  
Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd  
They hardly know you, or, if one remains  
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Ten thousand casks,  
For ever dribbling out their base contents,  
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,  
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.  
Drink and be mad then. 'Tis your country  
bids.  
Gloriously drunk, obey th' important call,  
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats,  
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

*Couper's Task.*

Then a hand shall pass before thee,  
Pointing to his drunken sleep,  
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows,  
To the tears that thou shalt weep!

*Tennyson.*

### DUELLING.

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd  
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling  
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,  
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world  
When sects and factions were but newly born:  
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe; and make his  
wrongs  
His outsides; wear them like his raiment, care-  
lessly;  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,  
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;  
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,  
Provokes a broil, and stabs him for a jest.

*Dr. Johnson's London*

K

Am I to set my life upon a throw  
Because a bear is rude and surly? — No!  
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man  
Will not affront me, and no other can.

*Couper's Conversation*

'T is hard indeed, if nothing will defend  
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end;  
That now and then a hero must decease,  
That the surviving world may live in peace.  
Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show  
The practice dastardly, and mean and low;  
That men engage in it, compell'd by force,  
And fear, not courage, is its proper source;  
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear  
Lest sops should censure us, and fools should sneer  
At least to trample on our Maker's laws,  
And hazard life for any or no cause.

*Couper's Conversation*

It is a strange quick jar upon the ear,  
That cocking of a pistol, when you know  
A moment more will bring the sight to bear  
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so;  
A gentlemanly distance, not too near,  
If you have got a former friend for foe;  
But after being fired at once or twice,  
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

*Byron*

### DUTY.

Stern daughter of the voice of God!  
O Duty! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove;  
Thou who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe,  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice.

*Wordsworth*

Cold duty's path is not so blithely trod  
Which leads the mournful spirit to its God.

*William Herbert*

Rugged strength and radiant beauty —  
These were one in nature's plan;  
Humble toil and heavenward duty —  
These will form the perfect man.

*Mrs. Hale*

Vain we number every duty,  
Number all our prayers and tears,  
Still the spirit lacketh beauty,  
Still it droops with many fears.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith*

To hallow'd duty,   
Here with a loyal and heroic heart,  
Bind we our lives.

*Mrs. Osgood*

Then the purposes of life  
Stood apart from vulgar strife,  
Labour in the path of duty  
Gleam'd up like a thing of beauty.

*C. P. Cranch.*

For Love himself took part against himself  
To warn us off, and Duty lov'd of Love,  
O this world's curse,—belov'd but hated—came  
Like Death between thy dear embrace and mine.

*Tennyson.*

### EARTH.

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,  
But to the earth some special good doth give.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

And fast by hanging in a golden chain  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;  
As mortal, tho' less transient, than her sons.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Where is the dust that has not been alive?  
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;  
From human mould we reap our daily bread.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
And, even with something of a mother's mind,

And no unworthy aim,

The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came

*Wordsworth.*

'Tis earth shall lead destruction; she shall end,  
The stars shall wonder why she comes no more  
On her accustom'd orbit, and the sun  
Miss one of his eleven of light; the moon,  
An orphan orb, shall seek for earth for aye  
Through time's untrodden depths, and find her not.

*Bailey's Festus.*

My kindred earth I see;—  
Once every atom of this ground  
Lived, breathed and felt like me.

*Montgomery.*

The earth is bright,  
And I am earthly, so I love it well;  
Though heaven is holier, and full of light,  
Yet I am frail, and with frail things would dwell.

*Mrs. Judson.*

### EARTHQUAKE.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth  
In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth  
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd,  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down  
Steeple, and moss-grown towers.

*Shaks. Henry IV Part I.*

As though an earthquake smack'd its mumbling  
lips  
O'er some thick-peopled city.

*Bailey's Festus*

EATING.—(See FEASTING.)

ECSTACY.—(See JOY.)

### EDUCATION.

How can he rule well in a commonwealth,  
Which knoweth not himself in rule to frame?  
How should he rule himself in ghostly health,  
Which never learn'd one lesson for the same?  
If such catch harm, their parents are to blame.  
For needs must they be blind, and blindly led,  
Where no good lesson can be taught or read.

*Cavil in the Mirror for Magistrate*

For noble youth, there is no thing so meet  
As learning is, to know the good from ill:  
To know the tongues, and perfectly indite,  
And of the laws to have a perfect skill,  
Things to reform as right and justice will:  
For honour is ordained for no caus  
But to see right maintained by the laws.

*Cavil in the Mirror for Magistrates*

The more politic sort  
Of parents will to handicrafts resort:  
If they observe their children to produce  
Some flashings of a mounting genius,  
Then must they with all diligence invade  
Some rising calling, or some gainful trade;  
But if, by chance, they have one leaden soul,  
Born for to number eggs, he must to school;  
Specially if some patron will engage  
Th' advowson of a neighbouring vicarage;  
Strange hedly-medly! who would make his swine  
Turn greyhounds, or hunt foxes with his kine?

*Hall.*

Man's like a barren and ungrateful soil,  
That seldom pays the labour of manuring.

*Sir Robert Howard's Blind Lady*

'Tis education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.  
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;  
The next a tradesman meek, and much a liar;  
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;  
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave;  
Is he a churchman? Then he's fond of pow'r;  
A quaker? Sly; A presbyterian? Sour;  
A smart free-thinker? All things in an hour.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

She taught the child to read, and taught so well,  
That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to spell.

*Byron's Sketch from Private Life.*

'T is pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue  
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean  
When both the teacher and the taught are young,  
As was the case at least where I have been;  
They smile so when one's right, and when one's

wrong

They smile still more.

*Byron.*

Culture's hand  
Has scatter'd verdure o'er the land;  
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,  
Where barren wild usurp'd the scene.  
And such is man—a soil which breeds  
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;  
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,  
Weeds deadly as an aconite;  
Just as his heart is train'd to bear  
The poisonous weed, or flow'ret fair.

*Browning.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,  
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
But drinking largely sobers us again.

*Pope's Essay on Criticism.*

Learning by study must be won;  
'T was ne'er entail'd from sire to son.

*Gay's Fables.*

And say to mothers what a holy charge  
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love  
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind;  
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow  
Good seed before the world has sown its tares.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Look through the casement of yon village school,  
Where now the pedant with his oaken rule,  
Sits like Augustus on the imperial throne,  
Between two poets yet to fame unknown.

*James T. Fields.*

One while the fever is to learn what none will be  
wiser for knowing,

Exploded errors in extinct tongues, and occasions  
for their use is small;

And the bright morning of life, for years of mis  
spent time,  
Wasted in following sounds hath track'd but little  
sense.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

Be understood in thy teaching, and instruct to the  
measure of capacity;  
Precepts and rules are repulsive to a child, but  
happy illustration winneth him.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

EGOTISM.—(See SELFISHNESS.)

ELEGANCE.—(See GRACE.)

### ELOQUENCE.

And when she spake,

Sweete words, like dropping honey, she did shed;  
And 'twixt the perles and rubies softly brake  
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seem'd to  
make.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Her words were like a stream of honey fleeting,  
The which doth softly trickle from the hive,  
Able to melt the hearer's heart unweeting,  
And eke to make the dead again alive.

*Spenser*

Pow'r above pow'rs! O heavenly eloquence!  
That with the strong rein of commanding words,  
Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence  
Of men's affections, more than all their swords!  
Shall we not offer to thy excellency  
The richest treasure that our wit affords?  
Thou that canst do much more with one pen,  
Than all the pow'rs of princes can effect;  
And draw, divert, dispose, and fashion men,  
Better than force or rigour can direct!  
Should we this ornament of glory then,  
As th' unmaterial fruits of shades neglect?

*Daniel*

Men are more eloquent than women made;  
But women are more pow'rful to persuade.

*Randolph's Amyntas.*

What is judicious eloquence to those  
Whose speech not up to other's reason grows,  
But climbs aloft to their own passion's height?  
And as our seamen make no use of sight  
By any thing observ'd in wide strange seas,  
But only of the length of voyages;

Or else, as men in races make no stay  
To draw large prospects of their breath away.

So they, in heedless races of the tongue,  
Care not how broad their theme is, but how long

*Sir W. Davenant*

Ev'ry word he speaks is a syren's note,  
To draw the careless hearer.

*Beaumont's Sea Voyage.*

In her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,  
Such as moves men; besides she hath prosperous  
art,  
When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Oh! I will hearken like a doting mother,  
To hear her children prais'd by flatt'ring tongues.

*Sir Robert Howard's Duke of Llerma.*

His tongue

Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

When with greatest art he spoke,  
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

But when he pleas'd to show 't, his speech,  
In loftiness of sound, was rich;  
A Babylonish dialect,  
Which learned pedants much affect.  
It was a party-coloured dress  
(Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages:  
'T was English cut on Greek and Latin,  
Like fustian heretofore on satin.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Oh! speak that again!

Sweet as the syren's tongue those accents fall,  
And charm me to my ruin.

*Southern's Royal Brother.*

When he spoke, what tender words he us'd!  
So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,  
They melted as they fell.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

I'll speak the kindest words

That tongue e'er utter'd, or that art e'er thought.

*Dryden's Indian Emperor.*

Your words are like the notes of dying swans;  
Too sweet to last.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Methought I heard a voice,  
Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,  
When all his little flock's at feed before him.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Who talks of dying in a voice so sweet,  
I hat life's in love with it.

*Otway's Orphan.*

That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers,  
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Oh, while you speak, methinks a sudden calm,  
In spite of all the horror that surrounds me,  
Falls upon every frightened faculty,  
And puts my soul in tune.

*Lee's Brutus.*

And wheresoe'er the subject's best, the sense  
Is better'd by the speaker's eloquence.

*King.*

As I listen'd to thee,

The happy hours pass'd by us unperceived,  
So was my soul fix'd to the soft enchantment.

*Roue's Tamerlane.*

Oh! I know

Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempers;  
Herds would forget to graze, and savage beasts  
Stand still, and lose their fierceness, but to hear  
thee,

As if they had reflection: and by reason  
Forsok a less enjoyment for a greater.

*Roue's Tamerlane.*

Oft the hours

From morn to eve have stolen unmask'd away,  
While mute attention hung upon his lips.

*Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination*

Now, with fine phrase, and poppery of tongue,  
More graceful action, and a smoother tone,  
That orator of fable, and fair face,  
Will steal on your bri'b'd hearts.

*Young's Brothers.*

O eloquence! thou violated fair!

How art thou woo'd, and won to either bed  
Of right or wrong! O when injustice folds thee,  
Dost thou not curse thy charms for pleasing him,  
And blush at conquest.

*Havard's King Charles I.*

Thy words had such a melting flow,  
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,  
They drop'd like heaven's screenest snow,  
And all was brightness where they fell!

*Moore.*

Here rills of oily eloquence in soft  
Meanders lubricate the course they take.

*Cowper.*

The grand debate,

The popular harangue, the tart reply,  
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,  
And the loud laugh — I long to know them all.

*Cowper.*

Oh! as the bee upon the flower, I hang  
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue.

*Bulwer's Lady of Lyons*

Her tears her only eloquence.

*Rogers' Jacqueline*

His words seem'd oracles  
That pierc'd their bosoms; and each man would  
turn  
And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's face,  
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him.  
You could have heard  
The beating of your pulses while he spoke.

*George Croly.*

Such a lip! — oh, pour'd from thence  
Lava floods of eloquence  
Would come with fiery energy,  
Like those words that cannot die.  
Words the Grecian warrior spoke  
When the Persian's chain he broke;  
Or that low and honey tone,  
Making woman's heart his own.

*L. E. Landon.*

The charm of eloquence — the skill  
To wake each secret string,  
And from the bosom's chords at will  
Life's mournful music bring;  
The o'ermastering strength of mind, which sways  
The haughty and the free,  
Whose might earth's mightiest ones obey,  
This charm was given to thee.

*Mrs. Embury.*

There's a charm in deliv'ry, a magical art,  
That thrills like a kiss from the lip to the heart;  
'T is the glance — the expression — the well-chosen  
word —

By whose magic the depths of the spirit are  
stirr'd.

The lip's soft persuasion — its musical tone:  
Oh! such were the charms of that eloquent one!

*Mrs. Welby.*

The spell is thine that reaches  
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;  
And there's one rare, strange virtue in thy speeches,  
The secret of their mastery — they are short.

*Halleck.*

His eloquence is classic in its style,  
Not brilliant with explosive coruscations  
Of heterogeneous thoughts, at random caught,  
And scatter'd like a shower of shooting stars,  
That end in darkness: no; — his noble mind  
Is clear, and full, and stately, and serene.  
His earnest and undazzled eye he keeps  
Fix'd on the sun of Truth, and breathes his  
words

As easily as eagles cleave the air;  
And never pauses till the height is won;  
And all who listen follow where he leads.

*Mrs. Hale.*

## EMIGRATION.

Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,  
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;  
And piety with wishes plac'd above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

Good heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting  
day,  
That call'd them from their native walks away,  
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,  
Hung round the bow'r's, and fondly look'd their last,  
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main;  
And shudd'rung still to face the distant deep,  
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

Behold the duteous son, the sire decay'd,  
The modest matron and the blushing maid,  
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse climes beyond the western main:  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound!  
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays  
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous  
ways;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim.  
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim  
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells rise;  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

Let us depart! the universal sun  
Confines not to one land his blessed beams;  
Nor is man rooted, like a tree, whose seed  
The winds on some ungenial soil have cast  
There, where it cannot prosper.

*Southeys Madoc.*

I hear the tread of pioneers  
Of nations yet to be,  
The first low wash of waves where soon  
Shall roll a human sea.

*Whittier.*

The emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is  
mark'd by  
Camp-fires long consum'd, and bones that bleach  
in the sunshine.

*Longfellow's Evangeline.*

One look, one last look,  
To the cots and the towers,  
To the rows of our vines  
And the beds of our flowers,  
To the church where the bones  
Of our fathers decay'd,  
Where we fondly had deem'd  
That our own would be laid!  
Our hearths we abandon;—  
Our lands we resign;—  
But, Father, we kneel  
To no altar but thine.

*T. Babington Macaulay.*

Over the Rocky Mountains' height,  
Like ocean in its tided might,  
The living sea rolls onward, on!  
And onward on the stream shall pour,  
And reach the far Pacific's shore,  
And fill the plains of Oregon.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

The axe rang sharply 'mid those forest shades,  
Which from creation toward the sky had tower'd  
In unshorn beauty. There, with vigorous arm,  
Wrought a bold emigrant, and by his side  
His little son, with question and response  
Beguile'd the time.

*Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.*

### EMULATION.—(See AMBITION.)

#### ENEMY.

Though all things do to harm him what they can,  
No greater en'my to himself than man.

*Earl of Sterline.*

I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay, admire him;  
His valour claims it from me, and with justice:  
He that could fight thus, in a cause not honest;  
His sword edg'd with defence of right and honour,  
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed  
too,  
And kill as deadly.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

'Tis, methinks, a strange dearth of enemies,  
When we seek foes among ourselves.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Island Princes.*

'T is ill to trust a reconciled foe;  
Be still in readiness, you do not know  
How soon he may assault us.

*Webster and Rowley's Thracian Wonder.*

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree:  
Love is a present for a mighty king;  
Much less make any one thine enemy.

*Herbert.*

Let not thy foe still pass without controlling,  
Like fame and snow-balls he'll get strength by  
rolling.

*Aleyn's Crescye.*

The fine and noble way to kill a foe,  
Is not to kill him: you with kindness may  
So change him, that he shall cease to be so;  
And then he's slain. Sigismund us'd to say  
His pardons put his foes to death; for when  
He mortify'd their hate, he kill'd them then.

*Aleyn's Henry VII*

There's not so much danger  
In a known foe, as a suspected friend.

*Nabb's Hannibal and Scipio*

Enemies, reconcil'd,  
Are like wild beasts brought up to hand; they have  
More advantage given them to be cruel.

*Killegrew's Conspiracy.*

Lands intersected by a narrow firth,  
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd  
Make enemies of nations, which had else  
Like kindred drops been melted into one.

*Couper*

I never see a wounded enemy,  
Or hear of foe slain on the battle-field,  
But I bethink me of his pleasant home,  
And how his mother and his sisters watch  
For one who never more returns. Poor souls!  
I've often wept to think how they must weep.

*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

### ENGAGEMENT.—(See PROPOSAL.)

#### ENGLAND.

The English nation, like the sea it governs,  
Is bold and turbulent and easily mov'd;  
And always beats against the shore that bounds it

*Crown's 2d part of Henry VI*

Bid us hope for victory:  
We have a world within ourselves whose breast  
No foreigner hath unreveged prest  
These thousand years. Tho' Rhine and Rhone  
can serve,  
And envy Thames his never captive streams:  
Yet maugre all, if we ourselves are true,  
We may despise what all the earth can do.

*True Trojans.*

England is safe, if true within itself.  
'T is better using France, than trusting France:  
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,  
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,  
And with their helps only defend ourselves;  
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

England never did (nor never shall)  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.

*Shaks. King John*

O England! — model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural!  
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out  
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
With treacherous crowns.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them; nought shall make us  
rue,  
If England to itsclf do rest but true.

*Shaks. King John.*

I' the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;  
In a great pool, a swan's nest.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choak'd up,  
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

This scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demy Paradise,  
This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
Against infection, and the hand of war;  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall;  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Britain, the queen of isles, our fair possession  
Secur'd by nature, laughs at foreign force;  
Her ships her bulwark, and the sea her dike,  
Sees plenty in her lap, and braves the world.

*Havard's King Charles I.*

Whether this portion of the world were rent,  
By the rude ocean, from the continent,  
Or thus created; it was sure design'd  
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

*Waller to the Lord Protector.*

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,  
That thunder round thy rocky coast, set up,  
At once, the wonder, terror, and delight,  
Of distant nations: Whose remotest shores  
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;  
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
Raffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea wave.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,  
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,  
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age  
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again  
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.  
Bright at his call, the age of men effulg'd,  
Of men on whom late time kindling eye  
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

'Tis liberty crowns Britannia's Isle,  
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak moun-  
tains smile. *Addison.*

O native isle! fair freedom's happiest seat!  
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;  
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns;  
And all my country to my soul returns.  
When shall I see those fields, whose plenteous grain  
No pow'r can ravish from th' industrious swain?  
When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth  
That gave a Burleigh or a Russell birth?  
When—in the shade of laws that long have stood,  
Propt by their care or strengthen'd by their blood,—  
Of fearless independence wisely vain,  
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain.

*Lord Littleton.*

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I see the lords of human kind pass by;  
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,  
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
True to imagin'd right, above control;  
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
And learns to venerate himself as man.

*Goldsmith's Traveller*

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,  
My country! and while yet a nook is left  
Where English names and manners may be found  
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy  
clime

Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deform'd  
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost.  
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies  
And fields without a flower, for warmer France  
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves  
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers.

*Couper's Task.*

Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,  
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed  
By public exigence, 'till annual food  
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,  
Thee I account still happy, and the chieft  
Among' the nations, seeing thou art free!  
My native nook of earth.

*Couper's Task.*

He had an English look; that is, was square  
In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,  
Good teeth, with curling, rather dark brown hair,  
And it might be from thought, or toil, or study,  
An open brow a little mark'd with care.

Byron.

"England with all thy faults I love thee still,"  
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;  
I like to speak and lubricate my fill;  
I like the government (but that is not it);  
I like the freedom of the press and quill;  
I like the "*Habeas Corpus*" (when we've got it):  
I like a parliamentary debate,  
Particularly when 'tis not too late;  
I like the taxes, when they're not too many;  
I like a sea-coal fire, when not too dear;  
I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;  
Have no objection to a pot of beer;  
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,  
That is, I like two months of every year.  
And so God save the regent, church and king!  
Which means that I like all and every thing.  
Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,  
Poor's rate, reform, my own, the nation's debt,  
Our little riots just to show we are freemen,  
Our trifling bankruptcies in the gazette,  
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,  
All these I can forgive, and those forget,  
And greatly venerate our recent glories,  
And wish they were not owing to the tories.

Byron's *Beppo*.

The free, fair homes of England!  
Long, long, in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be rear'd  
To guard each hallow'd wall!  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God!

Mrs. Hemans.

England! my country, great and free!  
Heart of the world, I leap to thee!

Bailey's *Festus*.

Adieu, oh Fatherland! I see  
Your white cliffs on th' horizon's rim,  
And though to freer skies I flee,  
My heart swells and my eyes are dim!  
As knows the dove the task you give her,  
When loosed upon a foreign shore,  
As spreads the rain-drop in the river  
In which it may have flow'd before,  
To England, o'er vale and mountain,  
My fancy flew from climes more fair,  
My blood, that knew its purest fountain,  
Ran warm and fast in England's air.

Willis's Poems.

It is well worth  
A year of wandering, were it but to feel  
How much our England does outweigh the world.

Miss Landon.

I love thee — when I see thee stand  
The hope of every other land;  
A sea-mark in the tide of time,  
Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime.

J. Montgomery.

Thou glorious island of the sea!  
Though wide the wasting flood  
That parts our distant land from thee,  
We claim thy generous blood;  
Nor o'er thy far horizon springs  
One hallow'd star of fame,  
But kindles, like an angel's wings  
Our western skies in flame!

O. W. Holmes.

## ENJOYMENT.

With much we surfeit, plenty makes us poor;  
The wretched Indian scorns the golden ore.

Drayton.

"Tis a bliss above the feign'd Elysium  
To clasp a dainty waist; to kiss a lip  
Melts into nectar; to behold an eye  
Shoot am'rous fires, that would warm cold statues  
Into life and motion; play with hair  
Brighter than that was stylified.

Nabb's *Covent Garden*.

Go to your banquet then, but use delight,  
So as to rise still with an appetite.  
Love is a thing most nice, and must be fed  
To such a height; but never surfeited:  
What is beyond the mean is ever ill.

Herrick.

So full of life and soul our joys have been,  
We've almost scatter'd life to all things round us,  
A thousand times I've thought the wanton pictures  
Have striven to leap out of their golden frames  
That held them captive, and come share with us:  
A thousand times methought I've seen their mouths  
Striving to break the painted shadows' bonds  
That held 'em bound in everlasting silence,  
And burst into a laughter and a rapture.

Crown's *Henry VI. Part I.*

We all are children in our strife to seize  
Each petty pleasure, as it lures the sight;  
And like the tall tree, swaying in the breeze,  
Our lofty wishes stoop their tow'ring flight,  
Till, when the prize is won, it seems no more  
Than gather'd shell from ocean's countless store  
And ever those, who would enjoyment gain,  
Must find it in the purpose they pursue.

Mrs. Hale's Poems.

Give me long dreams and visions of content,  
Rather than pleasures in a minute spent:  
And since I know before, the shedding rose  
In that same instant doth her sweetness lose ;  
Upon the virgin stock still let her dwell,  
For me to feast my longings with her smell.  
Those are but counterfeits of joy at best,  
Which languish soon as brought unto the test,  
Nor can I hold it worth his pains, who tries  
To inn that harvest which by reaping dies.

*Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester.*

### ENNUI.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,  
Nor peace within nor calm around,  
Nor that content surpassing wealth  
The sage in meditation found.

*Shelley.*

Social life is fill'd  
With doubts and vain aspirations; solitude,  
When the imagination is dethron'd,  
Is turn'd to weariness and ennui.

*Miss Landon.*

I am tired of looking on what is,  
' ne might as well see beauty never more,  
As look upon it with an empty eye.  
I would this world were over. I am tired.

*Bailey's Festus.*

They are mockery all—these skies, these skies,  
Their untroubled depth of blue—  
They are mockery all—those eyes, those eyes,  
Which seem so warm and true;  
Each tranquil star in the one that lies,  
Each metoo! glance that at random flies  
The other's lashes through!  
They are mockery all, these flowers of spring,  
Which her airs so softly woo—  
And the love to which we would madly cling,  
Ay, it is mockery too!  
The winds are false which the perfume stir,  
And the looks deceive to which we sue;  
And love but leads to the sepulchre,  
Which flowers spring to strew.

*Hoffman.*

It hath been said, " for all who die,  
There is a tear;  
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh,  
O'er every bier;"  
But in that hour of pain and dread,  
Who will draw near,  
Around my humble couch, and shed  
One farewell tear ?

*Mrs. S. A. Lewis.*

Alas ! that youth's fond hopes must fade,  
And love be but a name,  
While its rainbows, follow'd o'er so fast,  
Are distant still the same.

*Rufus Daves.*

### ENTHUSIASM.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,  
'Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.  
*Cowper's Progress of Error.*

And rash enthusiasm in good society  
Were nothing but a moral ineptiety.

*Byron.*

In every secret glance he stole  
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

*Scott.*

Methinks we must have known some former  
state

More glorious than our present, and the heart  
Is haunted with dim memories, shadows left  
By past magnificence ; and hence we pine  
With vain enthusiastic hopes that fill  
The eyes with tears for their own vanity.

*Miss Landon.*

I gaze upon the thousand stars  
That fill the midnight sky ;  
And wish, so passionately wish,  
A light like theirs on high.  
I have such eagerness of hope  
To benefit my kind ;  
I feel as if immortal power  
Were given to my mind.

*Miss Landon.*

### ENVY.

And next to him malicious Envy rode  
Upon a ravenous Wolfe, and still did chaw  
Between his cankered teeth a venomous tode,  
That all the poison ran about his jaw ;  
But inwardly he chawed his own maw  
At neighbour's wealth that made him ever sad  
For death it was when any good he saw ;  
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had ;  
And when he heard of harme he waxed wondrous  
glad.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

And if she hapt of any good to heare,  
That had to any happily betid,  
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare  
Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid .  
But if she heard of ill that any did,  
Or harme that any had, then would she make  
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid :  
And in another's losse great pleasure take,  
As she had got thereby, and gayned a great stake

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Her hands were foul and dirty, never washt,  
In all her life, with long nayles overraught,  
Like puttock's clawes, with th' one of which she  
scratcht

Her cursed head, although it itched naught,  
The other held a snake with venom fraught  
On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,  
As if that long she had not eaten aught;  
That round about her jawes one might descry  
The bloudie gore and poysion dropping loathsomely.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds;  
And him no less, that any like did use:  
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,  
His alms for want of faith he doth accuse:  
So every good to bad he doth abuse:  
And eke the verse of famous poets' wit  
He doct backbite, and spiteful poison spues  
From leprosy mouth, on all that ever writ:  
Such one vile envy was, that first in row did sit.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Envy with a pale and meagre face (whose  
Body was lean, that one might tell all  
Her bones, and whose garment was so tatter'd  
That it was easy to number ev'ry  
Thread) stood shooting at stars, whose darts fell  
down  
Again on her own face.

*Lilly's Endymion.*

His name was, while he liv'd, above all envy,  
And being dead, without it.

*Jonson's Sejanus.*

For the true condition of envy, is,  
*Dolor alienæ felicitatis*; to have  
Our eyes continually fix'd upon another  
Man's prosperity, that is, his chief happiness,  
And to grieve at that.

*Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour.*

Envy is but the smoke of low estate,  
Ascending still against the fortunate.

*Lord Brooke's Alaham.*

Envyn not greatness; for thou mak'st thereby  
Thyself the worse; and so the distance greater.  
Be not thine own worm: yet such jealousy  
As hurts not others but makes thee better,  
Is a good spur.

*Herbert.*

For envy doth invade  
Works breathing to eternity, and cast  
Upon the fairest piece the greatest shade.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

Beneath his feet pale envy bites her chain,  
And snaky discord whets her sting in vain.

*Sir John Beaumont.*

Envyn is proud, nor strikes at what is low,  
And they shall only feel, who scorn her blow:  
She on no base advantage will insist;  
Nor strive with any, but that can resist.

*Gomersall.*

Great and good persons well may be  
From guilt, but not from envy free.

*Baron's Mirza.*

Of all antagonists, most charity  
I find in envious men: For they do  
Sooner hurt themselves, than hurt or me or  
Him that raised me up. An envious man is  
Made of thoughts: To ruminante much doth melt  
The brain, and make the heart grow lean. Such  
men

As these, that in opposing waste their proper  
Strength; that sacrifice themselves in silly  
Hope to butcher us; save revenge a labour;  
And die to make experiment of wrath.

*Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

Thy wit, thy valour, and thy delicate form,  
Were mighty faults, which the world could not  
bear.

No wonder the vile envy of the base  
Pursu'd thee, when the noble could not bear thee.

*Crown's Henry IV. Part I.*

Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal you are moulded — envy.  
How eagerly you follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye; and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have Christian warrant for them; and, no  
doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Base envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellency it cannot reach.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Yet much is talk'd of bliss; it is the art  
Of such as have the world in their possession,  
To give it a good name, that fools may envy;  
For envy to small minds is flattery.

*Young's Revenge.*

Here stood ill-nature like an ancient maid,  
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;  
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and  
noons,

Her hands are fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

Envy will merit as its shade pursue;  
But like a shadow, proves the substance true.

*Pope.*

With that malignant envy, which turns pale,  
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,  
Which merit and success pursues with hate,  
And damns the worth it cannot imitate.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,  
The women pardon'd all except her face.

*Byron.*

Envy dogs success;  
And every victor's crown is lin'd with thorns,  
And worn 'mid scoffs.

*Miss Landon.*

Cold words that hide the envious thoughts.

*Willis.*

### EQUALITY.

Who can in reason then or right assume  
Monarchy over such as live by right  
His equals, if in pow'r or splendour less,  
In freedom equal?

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Equal nature fashion'd us  
All in one mould. The bear serves not the bear,  
Nor the wolf the wolf; 't was odds of strength in  
tyrants,  
That pluck'd the first link from the golden chain  
With which that *thing of things* bound in the world.  
Why then, since we are taught, by their examples,  
To love our liberty, if not command,  
Should the strong serve the weak, the fair deform'd  
ones?

Or such as know the cause of things, pay tribute  
To ignorant fools? All's but the outward gloss,  
And politic form, that does distinguish us.

*Massinger's Bondman.*

Consider man, weigh well thy frame,  
The king, the beggar are the same;  
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,  
Then sinks into his native clay.

*Gay's Fables.*

He was my equal at his birth,  
A naked, helpless, weeping child;  
— And such are born to thrones on earth:  
On such hath every mother smiled.

*J. Montgomery.*

My equal he will be again

Down in that cold oblivious gloom,  
Where all the prostrate ranks of men  
 Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.

*J. Montgomery.*

Well, one may trail her silken robe,  
And bind her locks with pearls,  
And one may wreath the woodland rose  
Among her floating curls;  
And one may tread the dewy grass,  
And one the marble floor,  
Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,  
Nor broider'd corset more.

*O. W. Holmes.*

Children of wealth or want, to each is given  
One spot of green, and all the blue of heaven!

*O. W. Holmes.*

### ERROR.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

But as a dog that turns the spit  
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet  
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,  
His own weight brings him down again,  
And still he's in the self-same place,  
Where at his setting out he was.

*Butler's Hudibras*

When people once are in the wrong,  
Each line they add is much too long;  
Who fastest walks, but walks astray  
Is only furthest from his way.

*Prior's Alma*

— By tasting of the fruit forbid  
Where they sought knowledge they did error  
find,  
Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did,  
And to give passion eyes made reason blind.

*Davies' Immortality of the Soul.*

Error is worse than ignorance.

*Bailey's Festus*

— Error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven.  
They fade, they fly—but truth survives the flight.

*Bryant.—The Ages*

Verily, there is nothing so true, that the damps o'er  
error hath not warp'd it.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy*

### ETIQUETTE.

There's nothing in the world like etiquette  
In kingly chambers or imperial halls.  
As also at the race and county balls.

*Byron*

There was a general whisper, toss, and wriggle,  
But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

*Byron.*

Harshly falls  
The doom upon the ear,—“She’s not genteel!”  
And pitiless is woman who doth keep  
Of “good society” the golden key!  
And gentlemen are bound, as are the stars,  
To stoop not after rising.

*Willis’s Poems.*

### EVENING.

The sun,

Declin’d, was hastening now with prone career  
To th’ ocean isles, and in th’ ascending scale  
Of heaven the stars that usher evening rose.

*Milton’s Paradise Lost.*

The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

See the descending sun,  
Scatt’ring his beams about him as he sinks,  
And gilding heaven above, and seas beneath,  
With paint no mortal pencil can express.

*Hopkins’s Pyrrhus.*

The sun hath lost his rage : his downward orb  
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,  
And vital lustre ; that with various ray  
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of  
heaven,  
Incessant roll’d into romantic shapes,  
The dream of waking fancy.

*Thomson’s Seasons.*

Now the soft hour

Of walking comes ; for him who lonely loves  
To seek the distant hills, and there converse  
With nature ; there to harmonize his heart,  
And in pathetic song to breathe around  
The harmony to others.

*Thomson’s Seasons.*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.  
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.  
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

*Gray’s Church-Yard.*

In the western sky the downward sun  
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.

*Thomson’s Seasons.*

The dews of the evening most carefully shun ;  
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

*Lord Chesterfield.*

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer but not incite, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

*Couper’s Task.*

This as I guess should be th’ appointed time :  
For o’er our heads have pass’d on homeward wing  
Dark flights of rooks, and daws, and flocking birds  
Wheeling aloft with wild dissonant screams ;  
Whilst from each hollow glen and river’s bed  
Rose the white curling mist, and softly stole  
Up the dark wooded banks.

*Joanna Baillie’s Ethwald.*

Now from his crystal urn, with chilling hand,  
Vesper has sprinkled all the earth with dew,  
A misty veil obscured the neighbouring land,  
And shut the fading landscape from their view.

*Mrs. Tighe.*

The sultry summer day is done,  
The western hills have hid the sun,  
But mountain peak and village spire  
Retain reflection of his fire.

*Scott’s Rokeby.*

It was an evening bright and still  
As ever blush’d on wave or bower,  
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill  
Could happen in so sweet an hour.

*Moore’s Loves of the Angels.*

Now the noon,  
Wearied with sultry toil, declines and falls  
Into the mellow eve :—the west puts on  
Her gorgeous beauties—palaces and halls,  
And towers, all carv’d of the unstable cloud,  
Welcome the calmly wan’ning monarch—he  
Sinks gently midst that glorious canopy  
Down on his couch of rest—even like a proud  
King of the earth—the ocean.

*Bowring.*

A paler shadow strews  
Its mantle o’er the mountains ; parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new colour as it gasps away,  
The last still loveriest, ‘tis gone—and all  
is grey.

*Byron’s Childe Harold.*

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,  
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,  
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

Moore.

It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard;  
It is the hour when lovers' vows  
Seem sweet in ev'ry whisper'd word;  
And gentle winds, and waters near,  
Make music to the lonely ear.

Byron's *Parisina*.

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!  
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft  
Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer,  
Soft hour! which makes the wish and melts the  
heart

Of those who sail the seas, on the first day;  
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;  
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,  
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;  
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?  
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

Byron.

Come to the sunset tree!  
The day is past and gone;  
The woodman's axe lies free,  
And the reaper's work is done;  
The twilight star to heaven,  
And the summer dew to flowers,  
And rest to us is given  
By the cool, soft evening hours.

Mrs. Hemans.

Sweet is the hour of rest,  
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,  
And the gleaming of the west,  
And the turf whereon we lie.

Mrs. Hemans.

The summer day has clos'd — the sun is set:  
Well have they done their office, those bright hours,  
The latest of whose train goes softly out  
In the red west.

Bryant's Poems.

When insect wings are glittering in the beam  
Of the low sun, and mountain-tops are bright,  
Oh, let me by the crystal valley-stream  
Wander amid the mild and mellow light;  
And while the red-breast pipes his evening lay,  
Give me one lonely hour to hymn the setting day.

Bryant's Poems.

Fairest of all that earth beholds, the hues  
That live among the clouds, and flush the air,  
Lingering and deepening at the hour of dews.

*Bryant's Poems*

The west with second pomp is bright,  
Though in the east the dusk is thickening,  
Twilight's first star breaks forth in white,  
Into night's gold each moment quickening.

*Street's Poems*

The tender Twilight with a crimson cheek  
Leans on the breast of Eve. The wayward wind  
Hath folded her fleet pinions, and gone down  
To slumber by the darken'd woods.

Isaac M'Lellan, Jr.

## EVIL.

Still we love

The evil we do, until we suffer it

*Jonson's Catiline*

If he arm, arm; if he strew mines of treason,  
Meet him with countermines; it is justice still  
For goodness sake t' encounter ill with ill.

*Beaumont and Fletcher*.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out;  
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers;  
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.  
Besides they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all; admonishing,  
That we should dress us fairly for our end,  
Thus we may gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Timely advised, the coming evil shun!  
*Prior.*

Evil is limited. One cannot form  
A scheme for universal evil.

*Bailey's Festus*.

Evil then results from imperfection.

*Bailey*

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the  
people. *Longfellow's Evangeline*.

## EXAMPLE.

No age hath been, since nature first began  
To work Jove's wonders, but hath left behind  
Some deeds of praise for mirrors unto man,  
Which more than threatening laws have men inclin'd.  
To tread the paths of praise excites the mind:  
Mirrors tie thoughts to virtue's due respects;  
Examples hasten deeds to good effects.

*Mirror for Magistrates*

A fault doth never with remorse  
Our minds so deeply move,  
As when another's guiltless life  
Our error doth reprove.

*Brandon's Antony to Octavia.*

For as the light  
Not only serves to show, but render us  
Mutually profitable; so our lives,  
In acts exemplary, not only win  
Ourselves good names, but do to others give  
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

*Chapman.*

Heaven me such uses send;  
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend!  
*Shaks. Othello.*

If men of good lives,  
Who, by their virtuous actions, stir up others  
To noble and religious imitation,  
Receive the greater glory after death,  
As sin must needs confess; what may they feel  
In height of torments, and in weight of vengeance,  
Not only they themselves not doing well,  
But set a light up to show men to hell?

*Middleton.*

#### EXCELLENCE.—(See MERIT.)

#### EXECUTION.

You few that lov'd me,  
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name!

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow  
Thou must be made immortal.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

See they suffer death;  
But in their deaths remember they are men:  
Strain not the laws, to make their tortures grievous.

*Addison's Cato.*

Slave! do thine office!  
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would  
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!  
Strike—and but once!

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

#### EXERCISE.

He does allot for every exercise  
A sev'ral hour; for sloth, the nurse of vices,  
And rust of action, is a stranger to him.  
*Massinger's Duke of Florence.*

No body's healthful without exercise:  
Just wars are exercises of a state;  
Virtue's in motion, and contends to rise  
With generous ascents above a mate.  
*Aley'n's Poictiers.*

Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.  
*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

#### EXILE.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hop'd to spend,  
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them  
soon;  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:  
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent and care:  
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;  
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;  
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my own.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

Yes, yes! from out the herd, like a mark'd deer,  
They drive the poor distraught. The storms of  
heaven

Beat on him: gaping hinds stare at his woe;  
And no one stops to bid heav'n speed his way.  
*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

And the bark sets sail;  
And he is gone from all he loves for ever!  
His wife, his boys, and his disconsolate parents!  
Gone in the dead of night—unseen of any—  
Without a word, a look of tenderness,  
To be call'd up, when, in his lonely hours,  
He would indulge in weeping.

*Rogers's Italy*

Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,  
Society, cut off, is left alone  
Amid this world of death. Day after day,  
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,  
And views the main that ever toils below ;  
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,  
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,  
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds ;  
At evening, to the setting sun he turns  
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart  
Sinks helpless.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Oh ! when shall I visit the land of my birth,  
The loveliest land on the face of the earth ?  
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,  
Our forests, our fountains,  
Our hamlets, our mountains,  
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I  
adore ?  
Oh ! when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,  
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed ?

*Montgomery.*

Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,  
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,  
I sigh for England — oh ! these weary feet  
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet.

*Moore.*

Ah ! you never yet  
Were far away from Venice, never saw  
Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,  
While every furrow of your vessel's track  
Seem'd ploughing deep into your heart; you never  
Saw day go down upon your native spires  
So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,  
And after dreaming a disturbed vision  
Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not.

*Byron — The Two Foscari.*

The night-breeze freshens — she that day had pass'd  
In watching all that *Hope* proclaim'd a mast;  
Sadly she sate — on high — impatience bore  
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore :  
And here she wander'd, heedless of the spray  
That dash'd her garments oft, and warn'd away;  
She saw not — felt not this, nor dar'd depart;  
Nor deem'd it cold — her chill was at her heart.

*Byron's Corsair.*

But no ! it came not; fast and far away  
The shadow lessen'd as it clear'd the bay.  
She gaz'd, and flung the sea-foam from her eyes,  
To watch as for a rainbow in the skies.  
On the horizon verg'd the distant deck,  
Diminish'd — dwindled to a very speck —  
Then vanish'd.

*Byron's Island.*

Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate ;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,  
My dog howls at the gate.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

I depart,  
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,  
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or  
glad mine eye.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Once more upon the waters ! yet once more !  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome, to their roar !  
Swift be their guidance, whereso'er it lead !  
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,  
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,  
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam, to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's  
breath prevail.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

“ Farewell, my Spain ! a long farewell ! ” he cried .  
“ Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,  
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,  
Of its own thirst to see again thy shore.”

*Byron's Childe Harold*

What exile from himself can flee ?  
To zones, though more and more remote,  
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
The blight of life — the demon thought.

*Byron.*

Home, kindred, friends, and country — these  
Are ties with which we never part;  
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,  
We bear them with us in our heart:  
But, oh ! 'tis hard to feel resign'd,  
When these must all be left behind !

*J. Montgomery.*

But doth the exile's heart serenely there  
In sunshine dwell ? Ah ! when was exile blest ?  
When did bright scenes, clear heavens, or summer  
air  
Chase from his soul the fever of unrest ?

*Mrs. Hemans*

An exile, ill in heart and frame,—  
A wanderer, weary of the way ;—  
A stranger, without love's sweet claim  
On any heart, go where I may !

*Mrs. Osgood*

Beloved country ! banish'd from thy shore,  
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,  
The exil'd spirit weeps and sighs for thee !  
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore direct.

*Longfellow's Poems*

And they who before were strangers,  
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends  
to each other.

*Longfellow's Evangeline.*

### EXPERIENCE.

Experience wounded is the school  
Where man learns piercing wisdom, out of smart.

*Lord Brock's Mustapha.*

I know thy loyal heart, and prudent head ;  
Upon whose hairs, time's child, experience, hangs  
A milk-white badge of wisdom ; and can't wield  
Thy tongue in senate, and thy hands in field.

*True Trojans.*

Experience is by industry achiev'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

To wilful men,  
The injuries that they themselves procure,  
Must be their schoolmasters.

*Shaks. Lear.*

Experience join'd with common sense,  
To mortals is a providence.

*Green's Spleen.*

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours ;  
And ask them what report they bore to heaven ;  
And how they might have borne more welcome  
news.

Their answers form what men experience call ;  
If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Much had he read,  
Much more had seen : he studied from the life,  
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

O teach him, while your lessons last,  
To judge the present by the past ;  
Remind him of each wish pursued,  
How rich it glow'd with promised good ;  
Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,  
How soon his hopes possession cloy'd !

*Scott's Rokeby.*

For most men (till by losing render'd sager)  
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

*Byron's Beppo.*

And these vicissitudes tell best in youth ;  
For when they happen at a riper age,  
People are apt to blame the fates forsooth,  
And wonder Providence is not more sage.  
Adversity is the first path to truth :

He who hati. proved war, storm, or woman's rage,  
Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,  
Hath won the experience which is deem'd so  
weighty.

*Byron.*

Her hopes ne'er drew  
Aught from experience, that chill touchstone whose  
Sad proof reduces all things from their hue.

*Byron's Island.*

Experience teacheth many things, and all men are  
his scholars ;  
Yet is he a strange tutor, unteaching that which  
he hath taught.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

A thousand volumes in a thousand tongues, enshrine  
the lessons of Experience ;  
Yet a man shall read them all, and go forth none  
the wiser ;  
If self-love lendeth him a glass, to colour all he  
conneth,  
Lest in the features of another he find his own com-  
plexion.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

### EXPECTATION

Now sits expectation in the air,  
And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,  
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,  
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

So tedious is this day,  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child that hath new robes,  
And may not wear them.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises : and oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

*Shaks. All's Well*

How slow  
This old moon wanes : she lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Oh ! how impatience gains upon the soul,  
When the long promised hour of joy draws near !  
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll !  
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear !  
To the fond doubting heart its hopes appear  
Too brightly fair, too sweet to realize ;  
All seem but day-dreams of delight too dear !  
Strange hopes and fears in painful contest rise,  
While the scarce-trusted bliss seems but to cheat  
the eyes.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

" Yet doth he live !" exclaims the impatient heir,  
And sighs for sables which he must not wear.

*Byron's Lara.*

Gay was the love of paradise he drew  
And pictured in his fancy; he did dwell  
Upon it till it had a life; he threw  
A tint of heaven athwart it—who can tell  
The yearnings of his heart, the charm, the spell,  
That bound him to that vision

*Percival.*

## EXTRAVAGANCE.

'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port,  
Than my faint means would grant continuance.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay,  
Provides a home from which to run away.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Behold, Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,  
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;  
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,  
And God's good providence a lucky hit.  
Things change their titles as their manners turn:  
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:  
Seldom at church, ('t was such a busy life)  
But duly sent his family and wife.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

For what has Virro painted, built and planted?  
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.  
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?  
Some demon whisper'd, Visto has a taste.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys  
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,  
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,  
And introduces hunger, frost and woe,  
Where peace and hospitality might reign.

*Couper's Task.*

## Mansions once

Knew their own masters, and laborious hinds,  
That had surviv'd the father, serv'd the son.  
Now the legitimate and rightful lord  
Is but a transient guest, newly arrived,  
And soon to be supplanted. He that saw  
His matrimonial timber cast its leaf,  
Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price  
To some shrewd sharper ere it buds again.

Estates are landscapes, gazed upon awhile,  
Then advertised and auctioneer'd away.

*Couper's Task.*

Dreading that climax of all human ills,  
The inflammation of his weekly bills.

*Byron.*

In my young days they lent me cash that way,  
Which I found very troublesome to pay.

*Byron.*

## EXTREMES.

Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects;  
Extreme heat mortifies like extreme cold;  
Extreme love breeds satiety, as well  
As extreme hatred; and too violent rigour  
Tempts chastity as much as too much licence.

*Chapman's All Fools.*

Those edges soonest turn, that are most keen,  
A sober moderation stands sure,  
No violent extremes endure.

*Aleyn's Crescye.*

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much,  
As they that starve with nothing; therefore it  
Is no mean happiness to be seated  
In the mean; superfluity comes sooner  
By white hairs, but competency lives longer.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder.  
Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest  
honey

Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite;  
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

'T is in worldly accidents,  
As in the world itself, where things most distant  
Meet one another: Thus the east and west,  
Upon the globe a mathematical point  
Only divides: Thus happiness and misery,  
And all extremes, are still contiguous.

*Denham's Sophy.*

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,  
And not by any sordid shift;  
'T is haste  
Makes waste;  
Extremes have still their fault.  
Who gripes too hard the dry and slipp'ry sand,  
Holds none at all, or little, in his hand.

*Herrick*

## EYES.

Long while I sought to what I might compare  
Those powerful eyes, which lighten my dark spir'  
Yet found I nought on earth, to which I dare  
Resemble the image of their goodly light.  
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;  
Nor to the moon, for they are changed never;  
Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight:  
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever,  
Nor to the lightning, for they still persever

No to the diamond, for they are more tender;  
Nor unto crystal, for nought may them sever;  
Nor unto glass, such baseness might offend her.  
Then to the Maker's self they likest be;  
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

Spenser.

In her two eyes two living lamps did flame,  
Kindled above, at the heavenly light, \*

And darting fiery beams out of the same,  
So passing pearceant, and so wondrous bright,  
That quite bereaved the rash beholders of their  
sight.

Spenser.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academies,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,  
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

Shaks. *Love's Labour.*

Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:  
'T is pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes—that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies—  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Shaks. *As You Like It.*

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not.

Shaks. *As You Like It.*

Faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

Shakspeare.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's  
black veil,  
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,  
To search the secret treasons of the world.

Shaks. *Henry VI. Part III.*

Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given  
To be ador'd than to adore—  
Such eyes as may have look'd from heaven,  
But ne'er were rais'd to it before!

Moore's *Loves of the Angels.*

And then her look—Oh, where's the heart so wise,  
Could, unbewilder'd, meet those matchless eyes?  
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,  
Like those of angels.

Moore.

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)  
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire  
Until she spoke; then, through its soft disguise,  
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,  
And love than either.

Byron.

Her glance, how wildly beautiful.

Byron

Soul beam'd forth in every spark  
That darted from beneath the lid,  
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.

Byron.

Those eyes,  
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky,  
Whose azure depths their colour emulates,  
Must needs be conversant with upward looks,  
Prayer's voiceless service.

Wordsworth.

Eyes with the same blue witchery as those  
Of Psyche, which caught Love in his own wiles.

*Translated from the Italian.*

Love has a fleeter messenger than speech,  
To tell love's meaning. His expresses post  
Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue  
Can shape them into words.

G. Coleman, Jr.

His dark, pensive eye,  
Speaks the high soul, the thought sublime  
That dwells on immortality.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

Look on his eyes, and thou wilt find

A sadness in their beam,  
Like the pensive shades that willows cast  
On the sky-reflected stream.

Eliza Cook.

— Eyes that droop like summer flowers  
Told they could change with shine and showers.

Miss Landon.

Her deep blue eyes smil'd constantly—as if they  
had by fitness  
Won the secret of a happy dream, she did not care  
to speak.

Miss Barrett.

Thy brown eyes have looks like birds,  
Flying straightway to the light.

Miss Barrett.

Folded eyes see brighter colours than the open  
ever do.

Miss Barrett.

Those eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they are,  
When the calm twilight leaves the heaven most  
holly!

Tell me, sweet eyes, from what divinest star  
Did ye drink in your liquid melancholy?  
Tell me, beloved eyes!

Bulwer.

Some praise the eyes they love to see,  
As rivalling the western star;  
But eyes I know well worth to me  
A thousand firmaments afar.

John Sterling

Those eyes that were so bright, love,  
Have now a dimmer shine;  
But what they've lost in light, love,  
Is what they gave to mine.  
And still those orbs reflect, love,  
The beams of former hours,  
That ripen'd all my joys, love,  
And tinted all my flowers.

Hood.

I never saw an eye so bright,  
And yet so soft, as hers;  
It sometimes swam in liquid light,  
And sometimes swam in tears;  
It seem'd a beauty set apart  
For softness and for sighs.

Mrs. Welby.

Those laughing orbs, that borrow  
From azure skies the light they wear,  
Are like heaven — no sorrow  
Can float o'er hues so fair.

Mrs. Osgood.

The soft blue eye,  
That looks as it had open'd first in heaven,  
And caught its brightness from the seraphs'  
gaze,  
As flowers are fairest where the sunbeams fall.

Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.

A sweet wild girl, with eye of earnest ray,  
And olive cheek, at each emotion glowing.

Mrs. Sigourney.

His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky  
In the serenest noon.

Willis.

I have sat,  
And in the blue depths of her stainless eyes  
Have gazed!.

Willis.

Those eyes, — among thine elder friends  
Perhaps they pass for blue; —  
No matter, — if a man can see,  
What more have eyes to do?

O. W. Holmes.

I look upon the fair blue skies,  
And naught but empty air I see;  
But when I turn me to thine eyes,  
It seemeth unto me  
Ten thousand angels spread their wings  
Within those little azure rings.

O. W. Holmes.

The bright black eye, the melting blue,  
I cannot choose between the two.  
But that is dearest, all the while,  
Which wears for us the sweetest smile.

O. W. Holmes.

## FACTION.

Some of the great ones first came fairly on  
To adore this idol, but the people do  
Run headlong in a wild devotion:  
As in a jack the greater wheels do go  
With soft and sober turnings; but the less  
Are hurried with a whirling giddiness.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

So false is faction, and so smooth a liar,  
As that it never had a side entire.

Daniel.

Seldom is faction's ire in haughty minds  
Extinguish'd but by death: it oft, like fire  
Suppress'd, breaks forth again, and blazes higher.

May's Henry II.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,  
The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave;  
The quaint smooth rogue, that sins against his  
reason,  
Calls saucy loud sedition public zeal:  
And mutiny the dictates of his spirit.

Otway

## FAIRIES.

In silence sad,  
Trip we after the night's shade:  
We the globe can compass soon,  
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricots and dewberries;  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;  
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes;  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,  
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon  
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes,  
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
And sleeps again.

Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice.

Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.

A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory,  
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,  
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

*Milton's Comus.*

I took it for a fairy vision  
Of some gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
And play i' th' plighted clouds.

*Milton's Comus.*

Beautiful spirit! with thy hair of light,  
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form  
The charms of earth's least mortal daughters grow  
To an unearthly stature, in an essence  
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth—  
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,  
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,  
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves  
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,  
The blush of earth, embracing with her heaven—  
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame  
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Oberon, Titania,  
Did your star-light mirth,  
With the song of Avon,  
Quit this work-day earth?  
Yet while green leaves glisten  
And while bright stars burn,  
By that magic memory,  
Oh, return, return!

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

Did you ever hear  
Of the frolic Fairies, dear?  
They're a little blessed race,  
Peeping up in Fancy's face,  
In the valley, on the hill,  
By the fountain and the rill;  
Laughing out between the leaves  
That the loving summer weaves.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Their harps are of the amber shade,  
That hides the blush of waking day,  
And every gleaming string is made  
Of silvery moonshine's lengthen'd ray.

*Drake's Culprit Fay.*

As at the 'glimpse' of morning pale,  
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,  
And gleams with blendings soft and bright,  
I'll lost in shade of fading night;—  
So rose from earth the lovely Fay,—  
So vanish'd far in heaven away!

*Drake's Culprit Fay.*

The tender violets bent in smiles  
To elves that sported nigh,  
Tossing the drops of fragrant dew  
To scent the evening sky;  
They kiss'd the rose in love and mirth,  
And its petals fairer grew;  
A shower of pearly dust they brought,  
And o'er the lily threw.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith's Sinless Child.*

### FAITH.

True faith and reason are the soul's two eyes;  
Faith evermore looks upward, and descries  
Objects remote; but reason can discover  
Things only near,—sees nothing that's above her:  
They are not matches,—often disagree,  
And sometimes both are clos'd and neither see.  
Faith views the sun, and reason but the shade;  
One courts the mistress, th' other wooes the maid,  
That sees the fire, this only but the flint;  
The true-bred Christian always looks askant.

*Quarles*

If forc'd from faith, for ever miserable:  
For what is misery but want of God,  
And God is lost if faith be overthrown.

*Soliman and Perseda.*

Tradition! time's suspected register!  
Too oft religion at her trial fails;  
Instead of knowledge, teacheth her to err,  
And wears out truth's best stories into tales.

*Sir W. Davenant.*

If faith with reason never doth advise,  
Nor yet tradition leads her, she is then  
From heav'n inspir'd; and secretly grows wise  
Above the schools, we know not how, nor when.

*Sir W. Davenant.*

Faith lights us through the dark to deity;  
Whilst, without sight, we witness that she shows  
More God than in his works our eyes can see;  
Though none but by those works the Godhead  
knows.

*Sir W. Davenant.*

When the soul grants what reason makes her see,  
That is true faith, what's more's credulity.

*Sir F. Fane.*

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

*Pope.*

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,  
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,  
And lands thought smoothly on the further shore.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

And melancholy fear subdued by faith.

*Wordsworth.*

Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.

*Wordsworth.*

But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

True faith nor biddeth nor abideth form.  
The bended knee, the eye uplift, is all  
Which man need render; all which God can bear.  
What to the faith are forms? A passing speck,  
A crow upon the sky.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Faith is the subtle chain  
That binds us to the Infinite: the voice  
Of a deep life within, that will remain  
Until we crowd it thence.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

Faith loves to lean on time's destroying arm,  
And age, like distance, lends a double charm.

*O. W. Holmes.*

Great faith it needs, according to my view,  
To trust in that which never could be true.

*Park Benjamin.*

## FALL.

Some falls are means the happier to rise.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:  
And from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening;  
And no man see me more.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

He, that this morn rose proudly as the sun,  
And breaking through a mist of clients' breath,  
Came on as gaz'd at, and admir'd as he,  
When superstitious Moors salute his light!  
That had our servile nobles waiting him  
As common grooms; and hanging on his look,  
No less than human life on destiny!  
That had men's knees as frequent as the gods;  
And sacrifices more than Rome had altars;  
And this man fall! fall! ay, without a look,  
That durst appear his friend, or lend so much  
Of vain relief, to his chang'd state, as pity!

*Jonson's Sejanus.*

Who bravely fall have this one happiness,  
Above the conqueror; they share his fame,  
And have more love, and an unenvy'd name.

*Crown's Darius.*

When once a shaking monarchy declines,  
Each thing grows bold, and to its fall combines.

*Crown's Charles VIII. of France.*

## FALSEHOOD.

What wit so sharp is found in age or youth,  
That can distinguish truth from treachery?  
Falsehood puts on the face of simple truth,  
And masks i' th' habit of plain honesty,  
When she in heart intends most villainy.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

Money and man a mutual falsehood show,  
Men make false money,—money makes men so.

*Alegyn's Henry VII.*

Every man in this age has not a soul  
Of crystal for all men to read their actions  
Through: men's hearts and faces are so far  
asunder,  
That they hold no intelligence.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's False One.*

How false are men, both in their heads and hearts;  
And there is falsehood in all trades and arts.  
Lawyers deceive their clients by false law;  
Priests, by false gods, keep all the world in awe.  
For their false tongues such flatt'ring knaves are  
rais'd,

For their false wit, scribblers by fools are prais'd.

*Crown's Caligula*

Who should be trusted when one's own right hand  
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,  
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
The private wound is deepest.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell!  
Thou pure impurity, and impious purity!  
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,  
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
And never shall it more be gracious.

*Shaks. Much Ado.*

You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;  
Upon my soul a lie; a wicked lie.

*Shaks. Othello*

So the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abus'd.

*Shaks. Hamlet*

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one!

*Shaks.*

Dishonour waits on perfidy. The villain  
Should blush to think a falsehood: 'Tis the crime  
Of cowards.

*C. Johnson's Sultana*

The seal of truth is on thy gallant form,  
For none but cowards lie.

*Murphy's Alonso*

Let falsehood be a stranger to thy lips;  
Shame on the policy that first began  
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts!  
And doubly shame on that inglorious tongue  
That sold its honesty and told a lie.

*Hazard's Regulus.*

The man of pure and simple heart  
Through life disdains a double part,  
He never needs the screen of lies  
His inward bosom to disguise.

*Gay's Fables.*

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes  
Founts that but now in sunshine play'd,  
Is that congealing pang which seizes  
The trusting bosom when betray'd.

*Moore.*

Then fare thee well—I'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake,  
When thawing suns begin to shine,  
Than trust to love so false as thine.

*Moore.*

Out on our beings' falsehood! studied, cold—  
Are we not like that actor of old time,  
Who wore his mask so long his features took  
Its likeness?

*Miss Landon.*

I live among the cold, the false,  
And I must seem like them;  
And such I am, for I am false  
As those I most condemn.

*Miss Landon.*

The sting of falsehood loses half its pain  
If our own soul bear witness—we are true.

*Mrs. Hale.*

O Agony! keen agony,  
For trusting heart to find  
That vows believed, were vows conceived  
As light as summer wind.

*Motherwell.*

I scorn this hated scene  
Of masking and disguise,  
Where men on men still gleam,  
With falseness in their eyes;  
Where all is counterfeit,  
And truth hath never say;  
Where hearts themselves do cheat,  
Concealing hope's decay.

*Motherwell.*

We hear, indeed, but shudder while we hear,  
The insidious falsehood, and the heartless jeer:  
For each dark libel that thou lik'st to shape,  
Thou mayst from law, but not from scorn escape;  
The pointed finger, cold averted eye,  
Insulted virtue's hiss—thou canst not fly.

*Charles Sprague.*

What is man's love! his vows are broke,  
Even while his parting kiss is warm.

*Halleck.*

Ah! doom'd indeed to worse than death,  
To teach those sweet lips hourly guile;  
To breathe through life but falsehood's breath,  
And smile with falsehood's smile!

*Mrs. Osgood*

### FAME.

Then straight thro' all the world 'gan fame to fly,  
A monster swifter none is under sun;  
Increasing as in waters we descry  
The circles small, of nothing that begun;  
Which at the length, unto such breadth do come,  
That of a drop which from the skies do fall,  
The circles spread and hide the waters all:  
So fame in flight increaseth more and more:  
For at the first, she is not scarcely known,  
But by and by she fleets from shore to shore,  
To clouds from the earth her stature straight is  
grown:

There whatsoe'er by her trump is blown,  
The sound that both by sea and land outflies,  
Rebounds again and verberates the skies.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

The voice of fame should be as loud as thunder;  
Her house is all of echo made,  
Where never dies the sound;  
And, as her brows the clouds invade,  
Her feet do strike the ground.  
Sing then good fame, that's out of virtue born;  
For who doth fame neglect, doth virtue scorn.

*Jonson's Masque of Queens.*

The life of fame is action understood;  
That action must be virtuous, great, and good.  
Virtue itself by fame is oft protected,  
And dies despised, where the fame's neglected.

*Jonson's Clorinda.*

Talk not to me of fond renown, the rude,  
Inconstant blast of the base multitude:  
Their breaths, nor souls can satisfaction make,  
For half the joys I part with for their sake.

*Crown.*

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame though not in life.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

The evil that men do, lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Men's evil manners live in brass: their virtues  
We write in water.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heav'n !  
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,  
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death.

*Shaks. Love's Labour.*

After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

O, your desert speaks loud ; and I should wrong it,  
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
When it deserves with characters of brass  
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time  
And razure of oblivion.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

The fame that a man wins himself is best ;  
That he may call his own : honours put on him  
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,  
Which are as soon ta'en off; for in the warmth  
The heat comes from the body not the weeds ;  
So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds.

*Middleton.*

Vain empty words  
Of honour, glory, and immortal fame,  
Can these recall the spirit from its place,  
Or re-inspire the breathless clay with life ?  
What tho' your fame with all its thousand trumpets,  
Sound o'er the sepulchres, will that awake  
The sleeping dead.

*Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.*

I courted fame but as a spur to brave  
And honest deeds ; and who despises fame  
Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it.

*Mallet's Mustapha.*

Some when they die, die all ; their mould'ring clay  
Is but an emblem of their memories ;  
The space quite closes up thro' which they pass'd :  
That I have liv'd, I leave a mark behind,  
Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,  
And give it whole to late posterity.

*Young's Busiris.*

In stress of weather, most ; some sink outright ;  
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close ;  
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.  
Others a short memorial leave behind,  
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd ;  
It floats a moment and is seen no more :  
One Cæsar lives ; a thousand are forgot.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,  
And mix as much detraction as they can ?  
Knows he, that faithless fame her whisper has,  
As well as trumpet ? That his vanity  
Is so much tickled from not hearing all ?

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows ;  
The man that makes a character, makes foes.

*Young's Epistle to Pope*

Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,  
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys.

*Young's Epistle to Pope.*

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,  
A soldier should be modest as a maid :  
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy ;  
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch destroy :  
'T is the world's debt to deeds of high degree ;  
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

*Young's Love of Fame*

What so foolish as the chase of fame ?  
How vain the prize ! how impotent our aim !  
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,  
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,  
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,  
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour.

*Young's Love of Fame*

A prattling gossip, on whose tongue  
Proof of perpetual motion hung,  
Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass,  
Like her own trumpet made of brass ;  
Who with a hundred pair of eyes,  
The vain attacks of sleep defies ;  
Who with a hundred pair of wings  
News from the farthest quarters brings ;  
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,  
All that she knows, — and ten times more.

*Churchill.*

Absurd ! to think to overreach the grave,  
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours :  
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame  
Die fast away : only themselves die faster.  
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,  
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,  
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.

*Blair's Grave*

Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,  
With all-subduing time ; her cankering hand  
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them :  
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumer,  
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,  
Un-ready to the steel, gives up its charge.  
Ambition, half-convicted of her folly,  
Hangs down the head and reddens at the tax.

*Blair's Grave*

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,  
Disowning every crime for which he dies,  
Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,  
Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.  
Nature has wove into the human mind  
This anxious care of names we leave behind,  
To extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,  
And give an earnest of a life to come;  
For if, when dead, we are but dust or clay,  
Why think of what posterity will say?  
Her praise or censure cannot us concern,  
Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

*Same Jernyns.*

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,  
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.  
Just what you hear, you have; and what's  
unknown,  
The same, my lord, if Tully's, or your own.  
All that we feel of it begins and ends  
In the small circle of our foes or friends;  
To all beside as much an empty shade,  
As Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

All fame is foreign, but of true desert;  
Plays round the head, but comes not near the  
heart;  
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;  
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

And what is fame? the meanest have their day;  
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

*Pope.*

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn  
To think how modest worth neglected lies,  
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn  
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise,  
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise.

*Shenstone's Schoolmistress.*

Will fortune, fame, my present ills relieve?  
And what is fame, that flutt'ring noisy sound,  
But the cold lie of universal vogue?  
Thousands of men fall in the field of honour,  
Whose glorious deeds die in inglorious silence,  
Whilst vaunting cowards, favour'd by blind fortune,  
Reap all the fruit of their successful toils,  
And build their fame upon their noble ruins.

*H. Smith's Princess of Parma.*

"Stern sons of war!" sad Wilfred sigh'd,  
"Behold the boast of Roman pride!  
What now of all your toils are known?  
A grassy trench, a broken stone!"

*Scott's Robeky.*

He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Men's actions to futurity appear,  
But as th' events to which they are conjoin'd  
To give them consequence. A fallen state,  
In age and weakness fall'n, no hero hath;  
For none remains behind unto whose pride  
The cherish'd mem'ry of his acts pertains.

*Joanna Baillie's Constantine Paleologus.*

Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,  
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,  
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,  
The past, the future, two eternities!  
Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,  
When he might build him a proud temple there,  
A name, that long shall hallow all its space,  
And be each purer soul's high resting-place!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Fame is the thirst of youth, — but I am not  
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;  
I stood and stand alone, — remember'd or forgot.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

But there are deeds which should not pass away,  
And names that must not wither, though the earth  
Forgets her empires with a just decay,  
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and  
birth;  
The high, the mountain majesty of worth  
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,  
And from its immortality look forth  
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,  
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Thy fanes, thy temples to the surface bow,  
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,  
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:  
So perish monuments of mortal birth,  
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill  
A certain portion of uncertain paper;  
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,  
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;  
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,  
And bards burn what they call their "midnight  
taper,"  
To have, when the original is dust,  
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

*Byron.*

And glory long has made the sages smile;  
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind —  
Depending more upon the historian's style  
Than on the name a person leaves behind.

*Byron.*

'Tis as a snow-ball which derives assistance  
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,  
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow;  
But after all 't is nothing but cold snow.

Byron.

## Gaze

Upon the shade of those distinguish'd men,  
Who were or are the puppet-shows of praise—  
The praise of persecution. Gaze again  
On the most favour'd; and amidst the blaze  
Of sunset halos o'er the laurel-brow'd,  
What can ye recognise? a gilded cloud.

Byron.

What of them is left, to tell  
Where they lie, and how they fell?  
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves;  
But they live in the verse immortality saves.

Byron's Siege of Corinth.

The very generations of the dead  
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,  
Until the memory of an age is fled,  
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom.

Byron.

Yet I love glory;—glory's a great thing;  
Think what it is to be in your old age  
Maintain'd at the expense of your good king:  
A moderate pension shakes full many a sage,  
And heroes are but made for bards to sing,  
Which is still better; thus in verse to wage  
Your wars eternally, besides enjoying  
Half-pay for life, make mankind worth destroying.

Byron.

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust  
Is vile as vulgar day,  
Thy scales, mortality! are just  
To all that pass away.

Byron's Ode to Napoleon.

Yet vanity herself had better taught  
A surer path even to the fame he sought,  
By pointing out on history's fruitless page  
Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage,  
While Franklin's quiet mem'ry climbs to Heaven,  
Calming the lightning which he thence had riven,  
Or drawing from the no less kindled earth  
Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth;  
While Washington's a watchword, such as ne'er  
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air.

Byron.

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earthly frame  
Above mortality.  
Away! to me—a woman—bring  
Sweet waters from affection's spring!

Mrs. Hemans Poems.

Fame! Fame! thou canst not be the stay  
Unto the drooping reed,  
The cool fresh fountain in the day  
Of the soul's feverish need:  
Where must the lone one turn or flee?  
Not unto thee, oh! not to thee!

Mrs. Hemans.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist  
Of Time, though meagre all and ghostly thin,  
Most unsubstantial, unessential shade  
Was earthly Fame.

Pollock's Course of Time.

I am a woman:—tell me not of fame,  
The eagle's wing may sweep the stormy path,  
And fling back arrows where the dove would die.

Miss Landon's Poems.

Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,  
Its life of glorious fame to leave;—  
A life of honour and of worth  
Has no eternity on earth.

Longfellow's Poems

The world may scorn me, if they choose—I care  
But little for their scoffings. I may sink  
For moments; but I rise again, nor shrink  
From doing what the faithful heart inspires.  
I will not flatter, fawn, nor crouch, nor wink,  
At what high-mounted wealth or power desires:  
I have a loftier aim, to which my soul aspires.

Percival.

We tell thy doom without a sigh,  
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—  
One of the few immortal names  
That were not born to die.

Halleck's Bazzaris

## FANCY.

Tell me, where is fancy bred;  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
It is engendered in the eyes,  
With gazing fed: and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.

Shaks. Merchant of Venice

All impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy.

Shaks. All's Well

Ever let the fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home;  
Then let winged Fancy wander  
Through the thoughts still spread beyond her.  
Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose,  
Every thing is spoilt by use.

Kent's Poems

So fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,  
Ye reas'ners broad awake, whose busy search  
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,  
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away.

*Cowper's Yardley Oak.*

Pleasant at noon, beside the vocal brook,  
To lie one down and watch the floating clouds,  
And shape to Fancy's wild imaginings,  
Their ever-varying forms.

*Southey.*

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,  
Winning from reason's hand the reins.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

Fancy is a fairy, that can hear,  
Ever, the melody of nature's voice,  
And see all lovely visions that she will.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

A dream of thee, aroused by fancy's power,  
Shall be the first to wander slowly by;  
And they, who never saw thy lovely face,  
Shall pause to conjure up a vision of thy grace.

*Mrs. Norton.*

### FAREWELL.

So fare thee well,—and may th' indulgent gods  
\* \* \* grant thee every wish  
Thy soul can form! Once more farewell!

*Sophocles.*

And farewell goes out sighing.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Farewell! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Fare thee well! yet think awhile  
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;  
Who now would rather trust thy smile,  
And die with thee, than live without thee.

*Mo re.*

Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh;  
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in the word, farewell—farewell!

*Byron.*

Farewell! there's but one pang in death,  
One only, leaving thee!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Farewell! the early dews that fall  
Upon thy grass-grown-bed,  
Are like the thoughts that now recall  
Thine image of the dead.  
A blessing hallows thy dark cell—  
I will not stay to weep.—Farewell.

*Miss Landon.*

I ever trembled in my bliss;  
Now there are farewells in a kiss.

*Ebenezer Elliott.*

And now farewell! farewell! I dare not lengthen  
These sweet sad moments out; to gaze on thee  
Is bliss indeed, yet it but serves to strengthen  
The love that now amounts to agony;  
This is our last farewell.

*Mrs. Welby.*

I heard thy low-whisper'd farewell, love,  
And silently saw thee depart;—  
Ay, silent;—for how could words tell, love,  
The sorrow that swell'd in my heart?  
They could not—Oh! language is faint,  
When passion's devotion would speak;  
Light pleasure or pain it may paint,  
But with feelings like ours it is weak!  
Yet tearless and mute though I stood, love,  
Thy last words are thrilling me yet,  
And my heart would have breathed, if it could,  
love,  
And murmur'd, "Oh! do not forget!"

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Farewell—thou hast trampled love's faith in the  
dust,  
Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its  
trust;  
Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,  
I would pour out my own in this last fond farewell!

*Hoffman.*

And, like some low and mournful spell,  
To whisper but one word—farewell!

*Park Benjamin.*

### FARMER.—(See LABOUR.)

### FATHER.

To you your father should be as a god;  
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,  
To whom you are but as a form in wax,  
By him imprinted, and within his power  
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

*Leon.*—Are you so fond of your young prince as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

*Dol.* If at home, sir,  
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:  
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy:  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:  
He makes a July's day short as December;  
And, with his varying childness, cures in me  
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale*

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
And mine that I was proud on ; mine so much,  
That I myself was to myself not mine,  
Valuing of her.

*Shaks. Much Ado.*

The child is father of the man.

*Wordsworth.*

— If there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refin'd and clear,  
'T is that by loving father shed  
Upon a dutious daughter's head.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

And we'll do all that father likes;

His wishes are so few,  
Would they were more ! that every hour  
Some wish of his I knew !  
I'm sure it makes a happy day,  
When I can please him any way.

*Mary Howitt.*

My father's praise I did not miss,  
What time he stooped down to kiss  
The poet at his knee.

*Miss Barrett.*

### FASHION.

Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use,  
Their knavery and folly to excuse.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

The town, as usual, met him in full cry ;  
The town, as usual, knew no reason why :  
But fashion so directs, and moderns raise  
On fashion's mould'ring base their transient praise.

*Churchill.*

Fashion, leader of a chatt'ring train,  
Whom man for his own hurt permits to reign,  
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,  
And would degrade her vot'ry to an ape,  
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,  
Holds a usurp'd dominion o'er his tongue,  
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,  
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,  
And when accomplish'd in her wayward school,  
Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool.

*Couper's Conversation.*

In the great world — which being interpreted  
Meaneth the west or worst end of a city,  
And about twice two thousand people bred  
By no means to be very wise or witty,  
But to sit up while others lie in bed,  
And look down on the universe with pity,—  
Juan, as an inveterate patrician,  
Was well received by persons of condition.

*Byron.*

The company is "mixed" (The phrase I quote is  
As much as saying, they're below your notice.

*Byron.*

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,  
Round the wealthy bride ;  
But when compar'd with real passion  
Poor is all that pride,—  
What are their showy treasures ?  
What are their noisy pleasures ?  
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art—  
The polish'd jewels blaze  
May draw the wond'ring gaze,  
But never, never can come near the worthy heart.

*Burns*

Oh ! wreath the ribbon lightly round,  
And tie it 'neath your chin ;  
And do not let its folds be bound  
By needle or by pin !  
It is unworthy, lady dear,  
Your dignity of mind,  
To take such trouble with your gear.

*Mrs. Osgood*

Fashion's smiles, that rich ones claim,  
Are beams of a wintry day ;  
How cold and dim those beams would be  
Should life's poor wanderer come !

*Mrs. Hale*

### FATE.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide ;  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III*

Success, the mark no mortal wit,  
Or surest hand, can always hit ;  
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,  
We do but row ; we're steer'd by fate,  
Which in success oft disinherits,  
For spurious causes, noblest merits.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

On what strange grounds we build our hopes and  
fears !

Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark

Our fortunes meet us.

If fate be not, then what can we foresee ?

And how can we avoid it if it be ?

If by free will in our own paths we move,

How are we bounded by decrees above ?

Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,

If ill, 'tis ours ; if good, the act of heav'n.

*Dryden.*

Alas, what stay is there in human state,

Or who can shun inevitable fate ?

The doom was written, the decree was past,

Ere the foundations of the world were cast.

*Dryden.*

The gods are just;  
But how can finite measure infinite?  
Whatever is, is in its causes just,  
Since all things are by fate, but poor blind man  
Sees but a part o' th' chain, the nearest link,  
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam  
That poises all above.

*Dryden.*

It was my fate,  
That did not fashion me for nobler uses;  
For if those stars, cross to me in my birth,  
Had not denied their prosperous influence to it,  
I might have ceased to be, and not as now  
To curse my being.

*Massinger.*

Man, tho' limited  
By fate, may vainly think his actions free,  
While all he does, was, at his hour of birth,  
Or by his gods, or potent stars, ordain'd.

*Rowe's Royal Convert.*

While warmer souls command, nay, make their  
fate.

Thy fate made thee, and forc'd thee to be great.

*Moore.*

But Fate whirls on the bark,  
And the rough gale sweeps from the rising tide  
The lazy calm of thought.

*Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer.*

## FAVOUR.

O momentary grace of mortal man,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God,  
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

"Tis the curse of service;  
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,  
Not by the old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first.

*Shaks. Othello.*

She may help you to many fair preferments;  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honours on your high descent.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

'T is ever thus when favours are denied;  
All had been granted but the thing we beg,  
And still some great unlikely substitute,  
Your life, your souls, your all of earthly good,  
Is proffer'd in the room of one small boon.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil*

No trifle is so small as what obtains,  
Save that which loses favour; 't is a breath  
Which hangs upon a smile! a look, a word,  
A frown, the air-built tower of fortune shakes,  
And down the unsubstantial fabric falls.

*Hannah More's Daniel*

## FEAR.

Next him was fear, all arm'd from top to toe,  
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,  
But fear'd each shadow moving to or fro,  
And his own arms when glittering he did spy,  
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly;  
As ashes pale of hue, and winged heel'd,  
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,  
'Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,  
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

His hand did quake  
And tremble like a leaf of aspen green,  
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen,  
As it a running messenger had been.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Still as he fled his eye was backward cast,  
As if his fear still follow'd him behind,  
Als flew his steed as he his bands had brast,  
And with his winged heels did tread the wind  
As he had been a foal of Pegasus his kind.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir  
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full of horrors;  
Direnness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

O, these flaws and starts  
(Impostors to true fear) would well become  
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Whence is that knocking?  
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Accurced be the tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

His horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Why what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their  
spheres;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick and capable of fears;  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And though thou now confess, thou did'st but jest,  
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

*Shaks. King John.*

I have seen them,  
Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,  
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

*Beaumont's Bondman.*

Men as resolute appear  
With too much, as too little fear;  
And, when they're out of hopes of flying,  
Will run away from death by dying;  
Or turn again to stand it out,  
And those they fled, like lions, rout.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

I feel my sinews slacken'd with the fright,  
And a cold sweat thrills down all o'er my limbs,  
As if I were dissolving into water.

*Dryden's Tempest.*

My blood ran back,  
My shaking knees against each other knock'd!  
On the cold pavement down I fell entranc'd,  
And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene!

*Dryden's All for Love.*

The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,  
And nature stood recover'd of her fright.  
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,  
And horror heavy sat on every mind.

*Dryden's Theodore and Honoria*

When the sun sets, shadows that show'd at noon  
But small, appear most long and terrible:  
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,  
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds;  
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death:  
Nature's worst vermin scare her godlike sons.  
Echoes, the very leaving of a voice,  
Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.  
Each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus,  
While we, fantastic dreamers, heave and puff,  
And sweat with an imagination's weight.

*Lee's Oedipus*

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,  
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.

*Thomson's Seasons*

The wretch that fears to drown, will break through  
flames;  
Or, in his dread of flames, will plunge in waves  
When eagles are in view, the screaming doves  
Will cower beneath the feet of man for safety.

*Cibber's Caesar in Egypt*

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,  
And more than echoes talk along the walls.

*Pope's Eloisa*

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance,  
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiver-  
ing lance.

*Gray's Bard*

Fear on guilt attends, and deeds of darkness;  
The virtuous breast ne'er knows it.

*Havard's Scanderbeg*

The weakness we lament, ourselves create.  
Instructed from our infant years to court,  
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,  
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,  
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark,  
Till affection, rip'ning to belief  
And folly, frightened at our own chimeras,  
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

*Johnson's Irene.*

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

*Collins's Passion.*

Must I consume my life—this little life—  
In guarding against all may make it less?  
It is not worth so much! It were to die  
Before my hour, to live in dread of death.

*Byron's Sardanapalus*

The dread of evil is the worst of ill;  
A tyrant yet a rebel, dragging down  
The clear-eyed judgment from its spiritual throne,  
And leagu'd with all the base and blacker thoughts,  
To overwhelm the soul.

*Proctor's Mirandola.*

'Tis well—my soul shakes off its load of care;  
'Tis only the obscure is terrible.  
Imagination frames events unknown,  
In wild fantastic shapes of hideous ruin;  
And what it fears creates!

*Hannah More's Belshazzar.*

What are fears but voices airy?  
Whispering harm where harm is not;  
And deluding the unwary  
Till the fatal bolt is shot!

*Wordsworth.*

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turn'd round walks on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

*Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.*

And what art thou? I know, but dare not speak!  
*Shelley.*

Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness.

*Keats.*

The workings of the soul ye fear;  
Ye fear the power that goodness hath;  
Ye fear the unseen One ever near,  
Walking his ocean path.

*Dana's Buccaneer.*

Hast thou learn'd to doubt professions, and distrust  
The word of promise?—if not so, the world has  
been more just  
To thee than me.

*Miss Bogart.*

The night came on alone,  
The little stars sat one by one  
Each on his golden throne;  
The evening air pass'd by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirr'd,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

*R. M. Milnes.*

### FEASTING.

Then all was jollity,  
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,  
Piping and playing, minstrelsies and masking,  
'Till life fled from us like an idle dream;  
A show of mummery without a meaning.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Not all on books their criticism waste:  
The genius of a dish some justly taste,  
And eat their way to fame.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Their various cares in one great point combine  
The business of their lives, that is—to dine.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,  
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:  
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;  
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

—Mingles with the friendly bowl  
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

*Pope.*

Was ever such a happy swain!  
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.  
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude  
"To eat so much—but all's so good!  
"I have a thousand thanks to give—  
"My lord alone knows how to live."

*Pope.*

The banquet waits our presence, festal joy  
Laughs in the mantling goblet, and the night,  
Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,  
Rivals departed day.

*Brown's Barbarossa.*

Wi' sauce ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,  
That's little short o' downright wastrie.

*Burns's Two Dogs.*

The turnpike road to people's hearts I find  
Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Behold! his breakfasts shine with reputation!  
His dinners are the wonder of the nation!  
With these he treats both commoners and quality,  
Who praise, where'er they go, his hospitality.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,  
That merc'less fell like tomahawks to work.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Ven'son's a Cæsar in the fiercest fray;  
Turtle! an Alexander in its way;  
And then in quarrels of a slighter nature,  
Mutton's a most successful mediator!  
So much superior is the stomach's smart  
To all the vaunted horrors of the heart;  
E'en love, who often triumphs in his grief,  
Hath ceas'd to feed on sighs, to pant on beef.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

I own that nothing like good cheer succeeds—  
A man's a god whose hogshead freely bleeds;  
Champagne can consecrate the damnedest evil;  
A hungry parasite adores a devil.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Fill the bright goblet, spread the festive board;  
Summon the gay, the noble and the fair!  
Through the loud hall in joyous concert pour'd,  
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of care!  
But ask thou not if happiness be there,  
If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throes,  
Or if the brow the heart's true living wear;  
Lift not the festal mask! — enough to know,  
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

But 'twas a public feast, and public day—  
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,  
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,  
And every body out of their own sphere.

*Byron.*

When dinner has opprest one,  
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour  
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

*Byron.*

Of all appeals—although  
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,  
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling—no  
Method's more sure at moments to take hold  
Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow  
More tender, as we every day behold,  
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,  
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.

*Byron.*

Fill full; why this is as it should be: here  
Is my true realm, amidst bright eyes and faces  
Happy as fair! here sorrow cannot reach.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Time to dine  
I always give in poetry, well knowing  
That to jump over it in half a line,  
Looks (let us be sincere, dear muse!) like showing  
Contempt we do not feel for meat and wine.  
Dinner! ye gods! What is there more respectable!  
For eating who, save Byron, ever check'd a belle.

*Willis.*

—A good rule at parties, (to keep up a  
Mercurial air,) is to come in at supper.

*Willis.*

FEATURES.—(See EYES.)

FEELING.—(See SENSIBILITY.)

FESTIVITY.—(See INEBRIETY.)

FICKLENESSE.—(See INCONSTANCY.)

### FIDELITY.

He that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Doth conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra*

I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, tho' my reason  
Sits in the wind against me.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra*

Mine honesty and I begin to square.  
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make  
Our faith mere folly.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;  
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands  
Against a falling fabric.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

Thou shalt not see me blush,  
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;  
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.  
The purest spring is not so free from mud,  
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part II.*

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die; yet, heaven bear  
witness,  
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Though all the world should crack their duty to  
you,  
And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and  
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty  
As doth a rock against a chiding flood,  
Should the approach of the wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd  
him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, my lord,  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour—a great patience.

*Shaks. Henry VII.*

And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!  
And as my duty springs, so perish they  
That grudge one thought against your majesty.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I.*

If, in the course,  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, or  
Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience, and his place,  
Defacers of a public peace, than I do;  
Pray heaven the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

My vows and prayers  
Yet are the king's; and till my soul forsake me,  
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
Ever belov'd and loving, may his rule be!  
And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

They for their truth, might better wear their  
heads,  
Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their  
hats.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Heaven witness  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable:  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Here I kneel:—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense  
Delighted them in any other form;  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will — though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement — love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me!

*Shaks. Othello.*

I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,  
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch hath put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse:  
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,  
There's no man happy: the purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.

*Shaks. Othello.*

The credit that thy lady hath of thee  
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness  
Her assur'd confidence.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Unkindness may do much;  
And his unkindnees may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love.

*Shaks. Othello*

A loss of her,  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;  
Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with; even of her  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king.

*Shaks. Henry VII.*

If this austere unsociable life  
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;  
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,  
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,  
But that it bear this trial, and last love;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge me.

*Shaks. Love's Labour.*

Here is my hand for my true constancy;  
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,  
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,  
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance  
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart:  
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven and earth.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

O heaven! were man  
But constant, he were perfect: that one error  
Fills him with faults.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Chain me with roaring bears;  
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that, to hear them told, have made me  
tremble;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet*

False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge  
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed,  
Is it?

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
Unshaken, unscduced, unterrified;  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;  
Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
Though single.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;  
And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Confirm'd then I resolve,  
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
I could endure, without him live no life.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

With thee

Certain my resolution is to die;  
How can I live without thee, how forego  
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel  
The link of nature draw me: flesh of my flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Trust repos'd in noble natures,  
Obliges them the more.

*Dryden's Assignation.*

Oh! the tender ties,  
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!  
Which broken, break them, and drain off the soul  
Of human joy, and make it pain to live.

*Young.*

Is there, kind heaven! no constancy in man?  
No steadfast truth, no generous fix'd affection,  
That can bear up against a selfish world?  
No, there is none.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

M

She is as constant as the stars  
That never vary, and more chaste than they.  
*Proctor's Mirandola.*

In the day of woe, she ever rose  
Upon the mind with added majesty,  
As the dark mountain more sublimely tow'r's  
Mantled in clouds and storms.

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

*Clotilda.*—Hath time no power upon thy hopeless  
love?

*Imagine.*—Yea, time hath power, and what a  
power I'll tell thee,  
A power to change the pulses of the heart  
To one dull throb of ceaseless agony,  
To hush the sigh on the resigned lip  
And lock it in the heart,—freeze the hot tear,  
And bid it on the eye-lid hang for ever—  
Such power hath time o'er me.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

They said her cheek of youth was beautiful  
Till withering sorrow blanch'd the bright rose  
there;

But grief did lay his icy finger on it,  
And chill'd it to a cold and joyless statue  
Methought she caroll'd blithely in her youth,  
As the couch'd nestling trills his vesper lay;  
But song and smile, beauty and melody,  
And youth and happiness are gone from her,  
Perchance—even as she is—he would not scorn  
her,

If he could know her—for, for him she's chang'd,  
She is much alter'd—but her heart—her heart!

*Maturin's Bertram.*

If thou could'st speak,  
Dumb witness of the secret soul of Imagine,  
Thou might'st acquit the faith of woman-kind—  
Since thou wast on my midnight pillow laid,  
Friend hath forsaken friend, the brotherly tie  
Been lightly loos'd—The parted coldly met—  
Yea, mothers have with desperate hands wrought  
harm

To little lives from their own bosoms lent.  
But woman still hath lov'd—if that indeed  
Woman e'er lov'd like me.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Mark me, Clotilda,  
And mark me well; I am no desperate wretch,  
Who borrows an excuse from shameful passion  
To make its shame more vile—  
I am a wretched, but a spotless wife.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Full many a miserable year hath past—  
She knows him as one dead, or worse than dead,  
And many a change her varied life hath known,  
But her heart none.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

His sovereign's frown came next—  
Then bow'd the banners on his crested walls,  
Torn by the enemies' hand from their proud  
height;

Where twice two hundred years they mock'd the  
storm.

The stranger's step profan'd his desolate halls,  
An exil'd, outcast, houseless, nameless object,  
He fled for life, and scarce by flight did save it.  
No hoary beadsman bid his parting step  
God speed—no faithful vassal follow'd him ;  
For fear had wither'd every heart but hers,  
Who amid shame and ruin lov'd him better.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Ah ! then as nature's tenderest impulse wrought,  
With fond solicitude of love she sought  
To soothe his limbs upon their grassy bed,  
And make the pillow easy to his head ;  
She wiped his reeking temples with her hair,  
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air,  
Moisten'd his lips with kisses ; with her breath,  
Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of death,  
That ran and revell'd through his swollen veins  
With quicker pulses, and severer pains.

*Montgomery's World before the Flood.*

Thought ye your iron hands of pride  
Could break the knot that love had tied ?  
No :— let the eagle change his plume,  
The leaf its hue, the flow'r its bloom ;  
But ties around this heart were spun,  
That could not, would not, be undone !

*Campbell.*

Oh ! what was love made for, if 't is not the same  
Thro' joy, and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame?  
*Moore.*

Oh ! if there be an elysium on earth,  
It is this —

When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie,  
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.  
*Moore.*

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow, and melt in my  
arms,

Like fairy-gifts, fading away !

Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou  
art,

" Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
And, around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart  
Would entwine itself verdantly still !  
It is not, while beauty and youth are thine own,  
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,  
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,  
To which time will but make thee more dear !

Oh ! the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sun-flower turns to her god when he sets,  
The same look which she turn'd when he rose. }  
*Moore.*

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer !  
Tho' the herd hath fled from thee, thy home is still  
here ;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,  
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last ?  
*Moore*

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
Though woman, thou didst not forsake me,  
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,  
Though slander'd, thou never could'st shake me,  
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
Though parted, it was not to fly,  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

*Byron.*

Then let the fool, still prone to range  
And sneer on all who cannot change,  
Partake his jest with boasting boys,  
I envy not his varied joys,  
But deem such feeble, heartless man,  
Less than yon solitary swan ;  
Far, far beneath the shallow maid  
He left believing, and betray'd.

*Byron's Giaour*

That's false ! a truer, nobler, trustier heart,  
More loving, or more loyal, never beat  
Within a human breast. I would not change  
My exiled, persecuted, mangled husband,  
Oppress'd but not disgrac'd, crush'd, overwhelm'd,  
Alive, or dead, for prince or paladin  
In story or in fable, with a world  
To back his suit. Dishonour'd!—he dishonour'd!  
I tell thee, doge, 'tis Venice is dishonour'd.

*Byron's Two Foscari.*

Where is honour,  
Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 'tis the rock  
Of faith connubial : where it is not—where  
Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities  
Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,  
Or sensual throbs convulse it, well I know  
'Twere hopeless for humanity to dream  
Of honesty in such infected blood,  
Although 't were wed to him it covets most.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

Vice cannot fix, and virtue cannot change,  
The once fall'n woman must for ever fall ;  
For vice must have variety, while virtue  
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around  
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect  
*Byron's Doge of Venice*

To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,  
Partake, but never waste, thy wealth,  
Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,  
And lighten half thy poverty;  
Do all but close thy dying eye,  
For that I could not live to try.

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,  
Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.  
How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,  
Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still.  
Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;  
To thee be Selim's tender as thy own;  
To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,  
Blend every thought, do all—but disunite.

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

*Adah.*—Alas! thou sinnest now, my Cain; thy words

Sound impious in mine ears.

*Cain.*—Then leave me!

*Adah.*—Never,

Though thy God left thee!

*Byron's Cain.*

Pure as the snow the summer sun  
Never at noon hath look'd upon—  
Deep, as is the diamond wave,  
Hidden in the desert cave—  
Changeless, as the greenest leaves  
Of the wreath the cypress weaves—  
Hopeless, often, when most fond—  
Without hope or fear beyond  
Its own pale fidelity—  
And this woman's love can be.

*Miss Landon.*

For me—I have no lingering wish to rove;  
For though I worship all things fair and free,  
Of outward grace, of soul nobility,  
Happier than thou, I find them all in one,  
And I would worship at thy shrine alone.

*Miss Lynch.*

Yes!—still I love thee:—Time, who sets  
His signet on my brow,

And dims my sunken eye, forgets,

The heart he could not bow;

Where love, that cannot perish, grows

For one, alas! that little knows

How love may sometimes last;

Like sunshine wasting in the skies

When clouds are overcast.

*Rufus Dawes.*

Within her heart was his image,  
Cloth'd in the beauty of love and youth, as last  
she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence  
and absence.

*Longfellow's Evangeline.*

My heart too firmly trusted, fondly gave  
Itself to all its tenderness a slave;  
I had no wish but thee, and only thee;  
I knew no happiness but only while  
Thy love-lit eyes were kindly turn'd on me. ||

*Percival's Poems.*

### FIGHTING.—(See WAR.)

### FIRMNESS.—(See DETERMINATION.)

### FISHING.—(See ANGLING.)

### FLAG.

Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd  
Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

A mighty power, my England,  
Is in that name of thine,  
To strike the fire from every heart  
Along the banner'd line;  
And proudly hath it floated  
Through the battles of the sea,  
When the red-cross flag o'er smoke-wreaths play'd  
Like the lightning in its glee!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.

*Campbell.*

When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurl'd her standard to the air.  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set her stars of glory there.  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldric of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then from his mansion in the sun  
She call'd her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

*Drake.*

Tho' many and bright are the stars that appear  
In the flag by our country unfurl'd;  
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,  
Like rain-bows adorning the world;  
Their light is unsullied, as those in the sky,  
By a deed that our fathers have done,  
And they're leagued in as true and as holy a tie  
In that motto of—"MANY IN ONE."

*G. W. Cutler.*

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,  
Fling out your field of azure blue;  
Let star and stripe be westward cast,  
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!  
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!  
Point home my country's flag of stars!

Willis.

## FLATTERY. FLATTERER.

That subtle serpent, servile flattery,  
Seldom infects the meaneer man, that fears  
No change of state, through fortune's treachery;  
She spits her poison at the, mightiest peers,  
And with her charms enchant's the prince's ears:  
In sweetest wood the worm doth soonest breed,  
The caterpillar on best buds doth feed.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

If sly dissimulation credit win  
With any prince that sits on highest throne,  
With honey'd poison of sour sugar'd sin,  
It causeth him turn tyrant to his own,  
And to his state works swift confusion;  
Above his cedar's top it high doth shoot,  
And canker-like devours it to the root.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant;  
And of all tame — a flatterer.

*Jonson's Sejanus.*

'T is the fate of princes, that no knowledge  
Comes pure to them, but, passing through the eyes  
And ears of other men, it takes a tincture  
From every channel; and still bears a relish  
Of flattery or private ends.

*Denham's Sophy.*

Self-love never yet could look on truth,  
But with blear'd beams; slick flattery and she  
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,  
And if you sever one, the other dies.

*Ben Jonson.*

O thou world, great nurse of flattery,  
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden  
words,  
And poise their deeds with weight of heavy lead,  
That fair performance cannot follow promise?  
O that a man might hold the heart's close book  
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter  
The breath of falsehood, not character'd there.

*Anon. Edward III.*

Why what a deal of candied courtesy,  
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!  
Look — when his infant fortune came to age,  
And — gentle Harry Percy, and, kind cousin,  
The devil take such cozeners! — God forgive me!

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

O, that men's ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!  
*Shakspeare.*

Who dares

In purity of manhood stand upright,  
And say, *this man's a flatterer?* if one be,  
So are they all; for every grize of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;  
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
But direct villainy.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Why these looks of care?

Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.  
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,  
And let his very breath, whom thou'l observe,  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

He loves to hear,

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:  
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,  
He says, he does; being then most flatter'd.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet  
words,  
Low-crook'd curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Nay, do not think I flatter:  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,  
To feed, and clothe thee? why should the poor be  
flatter'd?

No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

You play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win  
me.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

You are far too prodigal in praise,  
And crown me with the garlands of *your* merit;  
As we meet barks on rivers — the strong gale  
Being best friend to us — our swift motion  
Makes us believe that 't other nimble rows;  
Swift virtue thinks small goodness fastest goes

*Davenport's City Night-Cap.*

Give me flatt'ry;  
Flatt'ry, the food of courts ! that I may rock him,  
And lull him in down of his desires.

*Beaumont's Rolla.*

The firmest purpose of a woman's heart  
To well-tim'd, artful flattery may yield.

*Lillo's Elmerick.*

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,  
Pernicious flattery ! thy malignant seeds,  
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,  
Sadly diffus'd o'er virtue's gleby land,  
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,  
And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.

*Prior's Solomon.*

No flattery, boy ! an honest man can't live by t':  
It is a little sneaking art, which knaves  
Use to cajole and soften fools withal.  
If thou hast flatt'ry in thy nature, out with t';  
Or send it to a court, for there 't will thrive.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Let me be grateful; but let far from me  
Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,  
And servile flattery, that harbours oft  
In courts and gilded roofs.

*Philipps's Cider.*

O flatt'ry !

How soon thy smooth insinuating oil  
Supples the toughest fool !

*Fenton's Marianne.*

Beware of flattery, 'tis a weed  
Which oft offends the very idol — vice,  
Whose shrine it would perfume.

*Fenton.*

His fiery temper brooks not opposition,  
And must be met with soft and supple arts,  
With crouching courtesy, and honey'd words,  
Such as assuage the fierce, and bend the strong.

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

Minds,

By nature great, are conscious of their greatness,  
And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery.

*Rowe's Royal Convert.*

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see,  
And (stranger still !) of blockhead's flattery,  
Whose praise defames ; as if a fool should mean,  
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

'T is an old maxim in the schools,  
That flattery 's the food of fools,  
Yet now and then you men of wit  
Will condescend to take a bit.

*Swift's Cadmus and Vanessa.*

Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing —  
Rank poison for a subject, or a king.'

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

There are, who to my person pay their court ;  
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short  
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,  
Such Ovid's nose, and, sir ! you have an eye !  
Go on, obliging creature, make me see,  
All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me ;  
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,  
Just so immortal Maro held his head ;  
And when I die, be sure you let me know,  
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

*Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*

For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,  
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;  
And the weak soul within itself unblest,  
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,  
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;  
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,  
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

*Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard  
of hearing ;

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios and  
stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

*Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

Flatt'ry but ill becomes a soldier's mouth ;  
Leave we the practice of those meaner arts  
To smooth-tongued statesmen, and betraying cour-  
tiers.

*Marsh's Amasis.*

Hold, Pharnaces !

No adulation ; 't is the death of virtue !  
Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,  
Save he who courts the flatterer.

*Hannah More's Daniel.*

I pass through flattery's gilded sieve

Whatev'r I would say.

*Miss Landon.*

Alas ! the praise given to the ear  
Ne'er was nor ne'er can be sincere.

*Miss Landon.*

I would give worlds, could I believe  
One half that is profess'd me ;  
Affection ! could I think it Thee,  
When Flattery has caress'd me.

*Miss Landon.*

Oh ! it is worse than mockery  
To list the flatterer's tone,  
To lend a ready ear to thoughts  
The cheek must blush to own --  
To hear the red lip whisper'd of,  
And the flowing curl and eye

Made constant themes of eulogy,  
Extravagant and high,—  
And the charm of person worshipped,  
In a homage offered not  
To the perfect charm of virtue,  
And the majesty of thought.

Whittier.

## FLOWERS.

O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,  
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Oh! what tender thoughts beneath  
Those silent flowers are lying,  
Hid within the mystic wreath  
My love hath kiss'd in tying.

Moore.

A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half-hidden from the eye,  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky.

Wordsworth.

'T was a lovely thought to mark the hours  
As they floated in light away,  
By the opening and the folding flowers  
That laugh to the summer's day:  
Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,  
Shutting in turn, may leave  
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,  
A charm for the shaded eve.

Mrs. Hemans.

Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute,—  
Bring flowers — the bride is near;  
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell,  
Bring flowers to strew the bier!

Miss Landon.

There is to me  
A daintiness about these early flowers,  
That touches me like poetry. They blow out  
With such a simple loveliness among  
The common herbs of pasture, and they breathe  
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts  
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.

Willis's Poems.

Sweet flower, thou tell'st how hearts  
As pure and tender as thy leaf,—as low  
And humble as thy stem — will surely know  
The joy that peace imparts.

Percival.

'In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,  
On its leaves a mystic language bears;  
Then gather a *wreath* from the garden bowers,  
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.'

Percival.

God might have bade the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,  
Without a flower at all.  
He might have made enough, enough  
For every want of ours:  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have made no flowers.  
Our outward life requires them not —  
Then wherefore have they birth?

To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth;  
To comfort man — to whisper hope,  
Whene'er his faith is dim;  
For whoso car eth for the flowers,  
Will much more care for him!

Mary Howitt.

Flowers are love's truest language.

Park Benjamin

## FLOOD. (See also DELUGE.)

And now the thicken'd sky  
Like a dark coiling stood: down rush'd the rain  
Impetuous, and continued till the earth  
No more was seen.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Sea cover'd sea,  
Sea without shore; and in their palaces  
Where luxury late reign'd, sea monsters whelp'd  
And stabled, of mankind so numerous late,  
All left, in one small bottom swum embark'd.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Then came the thunder peal once more,  
And the shrieking wind and the ocean roar,—  
And the galloping waves on the crumbling shore,  
And the muttering earthquake's groan!  
Then the sea rose up with a sudden swell,  
And the heavy clouds unbroken fell;—  
Till over each valley, and plain, and dell,  
The sea, like a pall, was thrown!

Anon.

## FOOL.

As I do live by food, I met a fool,  
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,  
Who rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms — and yet a motley fool.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

In his brain—

Which is as dry as the remainder-biscuit  
After a voyage—he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

No, sir, quoth he,

Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:  
And then he drew a dial from his poke;  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says, very wisely, it is ten o'clock:  
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:  
'T is but an hour ago since it was nine;  
And after an hour more 't will be eleven;  
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,  
And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,  
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;  
And I did laugh, sans intermission,  
An hour by his dial—O noble fool!  
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:  
And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh: and why, sir, must  
they so?  
The why is plain as way to parish church:  
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;  
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

And such a crafty devil as his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,  
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;  
His passion for absurdity's so strong,  
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.  
Though wrong the mode, comply: more sense is  
shown  
In wearing others' follies than our own.

Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,  
Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase;  
The motley coat gave warning for the jest,  
Excus'd the wound, and sanctified the pest;  
But we from high to low all strive to sneer,  
Will all be wits, and not the livery wear.

*Stillingfleet.*

"Out, thou silly moon-struck elf;  
Back, poor fool, and hide thyself!"  
This is what the wise ones say,  
Should the idiot cross their way:  
But if we would closely mark,  
We should see him not *all* dark;  
We should find we must not scorn  
The teachings of the idiot-born.

*Eliza Cook.*

Art thou great as man can be? —  
The same hand moulded him and thee.  
Hast thou talent? — Taunt and jeer  
Must not fall upon his ear.  
Spurn him not; the blemish'd part  
Had better be the head than heart.  
*Thou* wilt be the fool to scorn  
The teaching of the idiot-born.

*Eliza Cook.*

What matter though the scorn of fools be given,  
If the path follow'd lead us on to heaven!

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

## FORGETFULNESS.

Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

'T is far off;

And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Fill with Forgetfulness, fill high! yet stay—  
—'T is from the past we shadow forth the land  
Where smiles, long lost, again shall light our way,  
—Though the past haunt me as a spirit,—yet I  
ask not to forget!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

When I forget that the stars shine in air—

When I forget that beauty is in stars—

When I forget that love with beauty is—

Will I forget thee: till then all things else.

*Bailey's Festus.*

If e'er I win a parting token,

'T is something that has lost its power—

A chain that has been used and broken,

A ruin'd glove, a faded flower;

Something that makes my pleasure less,

Something that means—forgetfulness.

*W. H.*

*Young.*

Will the soul  
Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness  
To wander like a restless child away?

*Willis's Poems.*

### FORGIVENESS.

Kneel not to me:

The power that I have on you, is to spare you;  
The malice towards you, to forgive you: live  
And deal with others better.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to  
the quick,  
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—  
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

I'll not chide thee:  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:  
Mend when thou cans't; be better at thy leisure.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange pow'r  
After offence returning, to regain  
Love once possess'd; nor can be easily  
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt,  
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

*Milton's Samson Agonistes.*

He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve  
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought  
His peace.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness heaven  
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unwweeting have offended,  
Unhappily deceiv'd! thy suppliant,  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aid:  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive,  
In offices of love, how we may lighten  
Each other's burden, in our share of woe.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Fall at his feet; cling round his reverend knees;  
Speak to him with thy eyes; and with thy tears  
Melt his cold heart, and wake dead nature in him:  
Crush him in thy arms; torture him with thy  
softness:

Nor till thy prayers are granted, set him free.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Thou shalt not force me from thee:  
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave:  
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs  
On my poor head: I'll bear it all with patience,  
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty:  
Lie at thy feet, and kiss them, though they spurn  
me;

Till wounded by my sufferings thou relent,  
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Great souls forgive not injuries till time  
Has put their enemies into their power,  
That they may show forgiveness is their own

*Dryden's Duke of Guise.*

Thy narrow soul  
Knows not the godlike glory of forgiving;  
Nor can thy cold, thy ruthless heart conceive  
How large the pow'r, how fix'd the empire is,  
Which benefits confer on generous minds:  
Goodness prevails upon the stubborn foes,  
And conquers more than ever Caesar's sword did.

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

'Tis easier for the generous to forgive,  
Than for offence to ask it.

*Thomson's Edmund and Eleonora.*

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;  
Old age is slow in both.

*Addison's Cato.*

If there be  
One of you all that ever from my presence  
I have with sudden heart unkindly sent,  
I here, in meek repentance, of him crave  
A brother's hand, in token of forgiveness.

*Joanna Baillie's Constantine Paleologus*

That curse shall be—forgiveness!

*Byron.*

Thou hast the secret of my heart—

Forgive, be generous, and depart.

*Scott.*

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

*Bailey's Festus.*

If I do wrong, forgive me or I die;

And thou wilt then be wretcheder than I;—

The unforgiving than the unforgiven.

*Bailey.*

He deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride  
That led to perpetrate—now serves to hide.  
Still in his stern and self-collected mien  
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,  
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening  
wound,

But few that saw—so calmly gazed around;  
Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,  
Their tremours o'er, rose insolently loud,  
The better warriors who beheld him near,  
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear,  
And the grim guards that to his durance led,  
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

*Byron's Corsair.*

### FORMALITY.

There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be drest in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;  
As who should say, *I am sir Oracle*,  
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Lord Angelo is precise;  
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty  
part,—  
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a  
daughter's heart! *Tennyson.*

My sole resources in the path I trod,  
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—  
my God.

The last I left in youth—he leaves me now—  
And man but works his will to lay me low.  
I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer  
Wrung from the coward crouching of despair;  
It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.

*Byron.*

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide  
With that untaught innate philosophy,  
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,  
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.

When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,  
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast  
smiled

With a sedate and all-enduring eye;  
When fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,  
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Existence may be borne, and the deep root  
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode  
In base and desolated bosoms: mute  
The camel labours with the heaviest load,  
And the wolf dies in silence: not bestow'd  
In vain should such example be; if they,  
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,  
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay  
May temper it to bear—it is but for a day.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

—Gird your hearts with silent fortitude,  
Suffering yet hoping all things.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

### FORTITUDE.

Fortitude is not the appetite  
Of formidable things, nor inconsult  
Rashness; but virtue fighting for a truth;  
Deriv'd from knowledge of distinguishing  
Good or bad causes.

*Nabb's Covent Garden.*

Brave spirits are a balsam to themselves:  
There is a nobleness of mind, that heals  
Wounds beyond salves.

*Cartwright's Lady Errant.*

'T is easiest dealing with the firmest mind—  
More just when it resists, and, when it yields, more  
kind.

*Crabbe.*

'T is he indeed — disarm'd but undeprest,  
His sole regret the life he still posset;  
His wounds too slight, though taken with that  
will,  
Which would have kiss'd the hand that then  
could kill.

Oh! were there none, of all the many given,  
To send his soul—he scarcely ask'd to heaven?

*Byron's Corsair.*

Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!  
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee.

*Shaks. King John.*

When fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.

*Shaks. King John.*

Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food —  
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach — such the rich,  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

This accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me  
To any other trust.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden whe'r I will or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use,  
To let the wretch'd man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Wisdom and fortune combating together:  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

How fortune plies her sports, when she begins  
To practise them! pursues, continues, adds,  
Confounds, with varying her empassion'd moods!

*Jonson's Sejanus.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

*Shakespeare.*

All human business fortune doth command  
Without all order; and with her blind hand,  
She, blind, bestows blind gifts, that still have nurst,  
They see not who, nor how, but still the worst.

*Ben Jonson.*

That fortune still must be with ill maintain'd,  
Which at the first with any ill is gain'd.

*Lord Brook's Alaham.*

Oh fortune! thou art not worth my least exclaim,  
And plague enough thou hast in thy own name:  
Do thy great worst, my friends and I have arms,  
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms.

*Dr. Donne.*

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,  
Hath divers ways to enrich her followers:  
To some she honour gives without deserving;  
To other some, deserving, without honour;  
Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without  
wealth;  
Some wealth without wit; some nor wit nor wealth,  
But good smock faces, or some qualities  
By nature, without judgment; with the which  
They live in sensual acception,  
And make show only without touch of substance.

*Chapman's All Fools.*

Fortune's an under pow'r, that is herself  
Commanded by desert. 'Tis a mere vainness  
Of our crudelty to give her more  
Than her due attribute; which is but servants  
To an heroic spirit.

*Nabb's Hannibal and Scipio.*

Wisdom, whose strong-built plots,  
Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile pow'r;  
Industrious labour drags thee by the locks,  
Bound to his toiling car, and not attending  
Till thou dispense, reaches his own reward:  
Only the lazy sluggard yawning lies  
Before the threshold, gaping for thy dole,  
And licks the easy hand that feeds his sloth;  
The shallow, rash, and unadvised man  
Makes thee his state, disburthenes all the follies  
Of his misguided actions on thy shoulders.

*Carew's Calum Britannicum.*

Let not one look of fortune cast you down;  
She were not fortune, if she still did frown:  
Such as do bravest bear her scorns awhile,  
Are those on whom at last she most will smile.

*Earl of Orrey's Henry V.*

Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,  
And purpled greatness met my ripen'd years.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Be juster, heav'n! Such virtue punish'd thus,  
Will make us think chance rules all above,  
And shuffles with a random hand the lots  
Which man is forc'd to draw.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

What trivial influences hold dominion  
O'er wise men's counsels, and the fate of empire!  
The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,  
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,  
Depend upon our husbanding a moment,  
And the light lasting of a woman's will;  
As if the Lord of nature should delight  
To hang this pond'rous globe upon a hair,  
And bid it dance before a breath of wind.

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

Look into those they call unfortunate,  
And closer view'd you'll find they are unwise:  
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath,  
And 't is the trick of fools to save their credit,  
Which brought another language into use.

*Young's Revenge.*

Oft, what seems  
A trifle, a mere nothing, by itself,  
In some nice situation, turns the scale  
Of fate, and rules the most important actions.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Fortune made up of toys and impudencie,  
That common judge that has not common sense,  
But fond of business, insolently dares  
Pretend to rule, yet spoils the world's affairs;  
She's fluttering up and down, her favour throws  
On the next met, nor minding what she does,  
Nor why, nor whom she helps, nor merit knows;  
Sometimes she smiles, then like a fury raves,  
And seldom truly loves but fools or knaves.  
Let her love whom she will, I scorn to woo her,  
While she stays with me, I'll be civil to her;  
But if she offers once to move her wings,  
I'll fling her back all her vain gew-gaw things.

*Buckingham.*

On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort,  
The hood-wink'd goddess keeps her partial court,  
Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,  
Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits:  
In this still labyrinth around her lie  
Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry;  
A sigil in this hand the gipsy bears,  
In t' other a prophetic sieve, and shears.

*Garth's Dispensary.*

Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,  
Some lucky revolution of their fate:  
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,  
(For human good depends on human will)  
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,  
And from the first impression takes its bent;  
But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,  
And leaves repenting folly far behind;  
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,  
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.

*Dryden.*

All human projects are so faintly fram'd,  
So feebly plann'd, so liable to change,  
So mix'd with error in their very form,  
That mutable and mortal are the same.

*Hannah More's Daniel.*

Alas! the joys that fortune brings  
Are trifling, and decay;  
And those who prize the paltry things,  
More trifling still than they.

*Goldsmith.*

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,  
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.  
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he  
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity?  
Or blest with little, whose preventing care  
In peace provides fit arms against a war.

*Pope.*

In losing fortune, many a lucky elf  
Has found himself.—  
As all our moral bitters are design'd  
To brace the mind,  
And renovate its healthy tone, the wise  
Their sorest trials hail as blessings in disguise.

*Horace Smith.*

To catch dame fortune's golden smile,  
Assiduous wait upon her;  
And gather gear by every wile  
That's justified by honour.  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Nor for a train attendant;  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent.

*Burns.*

Fortunes are made, if I the facts may state,—  
Though poor myself, I know the fortunate:  
First, there's a knowledge of the way from  
whence  
Good fortune comes—and this is sterling sense:  
Then perseverance, never to decline  
The chase of riches till the prey is thine;  
And firmness never to be drawn away  
By any passion from that noble prey—  
By love, ambition, study, travel, fame,  
Or the vain hope that lives upon a name.

*Crabbe.*

O! ye, who bask in Fortune's sun,  
And Hope's bright garlands wear,—  
Your blessings from the God of love  
Let his poor children share!

*Mrs. Hale.*

### FORTUNE-TELLERS.

A hungry, lean-fac'd villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller;  
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man; this pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;  
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 't were, out-facing me,  
Cries out, I was posses'd.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

Pray thee, maiden, hear him not!

Take thou warning by my lot,

Read my scroll, an' mark thou all

I can tell thee of thy thrall.

*Miss Landon.*

Quoth Hudibras, the stars determine  
You are my prisoners, base vermin !  
Could they not tell you so, as well  
As what I came to know foretel ?  
By this what cheats you are we find,  
That in your own concerns are blind.

*Buller's Hudibras.*

Lady, throw back thy raven hair,  
Lay thy white brow in the moonlight bare,  
I will look on the stars and look on thee,  
And read the page of thy destiny.

*Miss Landon.*

### FRANCE.

The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit;  
Kind but extreme dissemblers. You shall have  
A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,  
At the instant mocking ev'n your very shoe-ties.

*Ford.*

Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

Studiois to please, and ready to submit;  
The supple Gaul was born a parasite.

*Dr. Johnson's London.*

The sun rises bright in France,  
And fair sets he.

*Allan Cunningham.*

But let Freedom rejoice,  
With her heart in her voice;  
But, her hand on her sword,  
Doubly shall she be adored;  
France hath twice too well been taught  
The "moral lesson" dearly bought—  
Her safety sits not on a throne,  
With Capet or Napoleon!  
But in equal rights and laws,  
Hearts and hands in one great cause—  
Freedom such as God hath given  
Unto all beneath his Heaven.

*Byron.*

Farewell to thee, France ! when thy diadem crown'd  
    me  
    made thee the gem and the wonder of earth, —  
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found  
    thee,  
Decay'd in thy glory and sunk in thy worth.  
Farewell to thee, France ! but when Liberty rallies  
Once more in thy regions, remember me then —  
The violet still grows in the depths of thy valleys,  
Though wither'd, thy tears will unfold it again.

*Byron.*

Why this is France ?

Nature is here like a living romance,  
Look at its vines, and streamis, and skies,  
Its glowing feet and dreamy eyes!

*Bailey's Festus.*

I heard, as in a glorious dream,  
    A clarion thrill the startled air,  
And saw an answering people stream  
    Through every noisy thoroughfare.  
These were the old, whose hairs were few,  
    Or white with memory of the days  
Of Egypt, Moscow, Waterloo, —  
    And now they sang the "Marseillaise!"  
The Bourbon's throne was trampled down,  
    And France no longer knelt; but now,  
Struck with a patriot's hand the crown  
    From off the Orleans' dotard brow; —  
Releas'd from slavery and tears  
    She rose and sang fair Freedom's praise,  
Till far along the future years  
    I heard the swelling "Marseillaise!"

*T. Buchanan Read.*

A great voice wakes a foreign land,  
    And a mighty murmur sweeps the sea,  
While nations dumb with wonder stand,  
    To note what it may be; —  
The word rolls on like a hurricane's breath —  
    "Down with the tyrant — come life or death —  
    France, France is free!"

*T. Buchanan Read.*

### FREEDOM.

Liberty ! Freedom ! tyranny is dead !  
—Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

And what  
Made thee, all-honour'd, honest Roman Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous Free-  
dom,  
To drench the Capitol; but that they would  
Have one man but a man?

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

Oh give, great God, to Freedom's waves to ride  
Sublime o'er Conquest, Avarice, and Pride,  
To sweep where Pleasure decks her guilty  
    bowers,  
And dark Oppression builds her thick-ribb'd  
    towers.

And grant that every sceptred child of clay,  
Who cries presumptuous, "Here their tides shall  
    stay,"  
Swept in their anger from th' affrighted shore,  
With all his creatures sink — to rise no more !

*Wordsworth — Descriptive Sketches.*

—Slaves who once conceive the glowing thought  
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess  
All that the contest calls for;—spirit, strength,  
The scorn of danger, and united hearts,  
The surest presage of the good they seek.

*Wordsworth.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,

Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an heritage;  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

*Lovelace — To Althea, from prison.*

What art thou, Freedom? Oh! could slaves  
Answer from their living graves  
This demand, tyrants would flee  
Like a dream's dim imagery!  
Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold  
May thy righteous laws be sold,  
As laws are in England: thou  
Shieldest alike high and low.  
Thou art Peace—never by thee  
Would blood and treasure wasted be,  
As tyrants wasted them when all  
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul!  
Thou art Love: the rich have kist  
Thy feet, and like him following Christ,  
Given their substance to be free,  
And through the world have follow'd thee.

*Shelley.*

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?  
He's dead alone who lacks her light!

*Campbell.*

Better to dwell in Freedom's hall,  
With a cold damp floor and mouldering wall,  
Than bow the head and bend the knee  
In the proudest palace of slaverie.

*Moore.*

For Freedom's battle oft begun,  
Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

*Byron's Giaour.*

In the long vista of the years to roll,  
Let me not see my country's honour fade;  
Oh! let me see our land retain its soul!  
Her pride in Freedom, and not Freedom's shade.

*Keats.*

Sun of the moral world! effulgent source  
Of man's best wisdom and his steadiest force,  
Soul-searching Freedom! here assume thy stand,  
And radiate hence to every distant land.

*Joel Barlow.*

Stranger, new flowers in our vales are seen,  
With a dazzling eye, and a lovely green.—  
They scent the breath of the dewy morn:  
They feed no worm, and they hide no thorn,  
But revel and glow in our balmy air;  
They are flowers which *Freedom* hath planted  
there.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Oli! not yet  
May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by  
Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids  
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps.  
And thou must watch and combat, till the day  
Of the new Earth and Heaven.

*Bryant's Poems.*

Freedom's soil hath only place  
For a free and fearless race!

*Whittier's Poems.*

When Freedom, on her natal day,  
Within her war-rock'd cradle lay,  
An iron race around her stood,  
Baptiz'd her infant brow in blood,  
And, through the storm that round her swept,  
Their constant ward and watching kept.

*Whittier's Poems*

Go ring the bells and fire the guns,  
And fling the starry banner out;  
Shout "Freedom" till your lisping ones  
Give back their cradle shout.

*Whittier's Poems.*

Oh, joy to the world! the hour is come,  
When the nations to freedom awake,  
When the royalists stand agape and dumb,  
And monarchs with terror shake!  
Over the walls of majesty  
"UPHARSHIN" is writ in words of fire,  
And the eyes of the bondsman, wherever they be,  
Are lit with wild desire.  
Soon shall the thrones that blot the world,  
Like the Orleans, into the dust be hurl'd,  
And the word roll on like a hurricane's breath,  
Till the farthest slave hears what it saith—  
*Arise, arise, be free!*

*T. Buchanan Read.*

### FREE WILL.

Ingrate, he had of me

All he could have: I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Such I created all th' ethereal powers  
And spirits, both them who stood, and them who  
faid';  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

They therefore as to right belong'd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
As if predestination over-rul'd  
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree  
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their faults,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

God made thee perfect, not immutable,  
And good he made thee, but to persevere  
He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will  
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate  
Inextricable, or strict necessity.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Our voluntary service he requires,  
Not our necessitated; such with him  
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how  
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve  
Willing or no, who will but what they must  
By destiny, and can no other choose?

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Each had his conscience, each his reason, will,  
And understanding for himself to search,  
To choose, reject, believe, consider, act;  
And God proclaim'd from heaven, and by an oath  
Confirm'd, that each should answer for himself;  
And as his own peculiar work should be  
Done by his proper self, should live or die.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

Free-will is but necessity in play,  
The clattering of the golden reins that guide  
The thunder-footed coursers of the sun.

*Bailey's Festus.*

He only hath free-will whose will is fate.

*Bailey.*

### FRIENDSHIP.

A golden treasure is the tried friend;  
But who may gold from counterfeits defend?  
Trust not too soon, nor yet too soon mistrust:  
With th' one thyself, with th' other thy friend thou  
hurt'st,  
Who twines betwixt, and steers the golden mean,  
Nor rashly loveth, nor mistrusts in vain.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

For all things, friendship excepted,  
Are subject to fortune: love is but an  
Eye-worm which only tickleth the head with  
Hopes and wishes: friendship's the image of  
Eternity, in which there is nothing  
Moveable — nothing mischievous; as much

Difference as there is between beauty  
And virtue, bodies and shadows, colours  
And life, so great odds is there between love  
And friendship.

*Lilly's Endymion.*

When adversities flow,  
Then love ebbs: but friendship standeth stilly  
In storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair  
Face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast  
Friend, which neither heat, nor cold, nor mis'ry,  
Nor place, nor destiny, can alter or  
Diminish. O friendship! of all things the  
Most rare, and therefore most rare, because mos'  
Excellent; whose comforts in misery  
Are always sweet, and whose counsels in  
Prosperity are ever fortunate.

Vain love! that only coming near to friendship  
In name, would seem to be the same, or better,  
In nature.

*Lilly's Endymion.*

Friendship is constant in all other things,  
Save in the office and affairs of love:  
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;  
Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

*Shaks. Much Ado.*

I have not from your eycs that gentleness,  
And show of love, as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand,  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cäs-  
sius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Brutus hath riv'd my heart:  
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men my friends, than enemies.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his  
ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Shaks. Othello.*

I count myself in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;  
And, as my fortune ripens with my love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Dost thou hear?  
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
And could of men distinguish her election,  
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

So, gentlemen,  
With all my love I do commend me to you:  
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
May do, to express his love and friending to you,  
God willing, shall not lack.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them by the soul with hooks of steel.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

In companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There needs must be a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appears,  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

That we have been familiar,  
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather  
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

By heav'n I cannot flatter: I defy  
The tongues of soothsers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself;  
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

As we do turn our backs  
From our companion, thrown into his grave:  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away: leave their false vows with him,  
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,  
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty-footed time  
For parting us—O, and is all forgot?

All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence?  
We, Hormia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds  
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

And will you rend our ancient love asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?  
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly:  
Our sex as well as I may chide you for it;  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

We still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

I will take your friendship up at use,  
And fear not that your profit shall be small;  
Your interest shall exceed your principal.

*Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy*

True happiness  
Consists not in the multitude of friends,  
But in the worth and choice: nor would I have  
Virtue a popular regard pursue:  
Let them be good that love me, though but few.

*Jonson's Cynthia's Revels.*

Turn him, and see his threads: look, if he be  
Friend to himself, that would be friend to thee:  
For that is first requir'd, a man be his own;  
But he that's too much that, is friend to none.

*Jonson's Underwood.*

Friendship is the cement of two minds,  
As of one man the soul and body is;  
Of which one cannot sever but the other  
Suffers a needful separation.

*Chapman's Revenge*

Friendship's an abstract of love's noble flame,  
'Tis love refin'd, and purg'd from all its dross,  
The next to angel's love, if not the same,  
As strong in passion is, though not so gross.  
It antedates a glad eternity,  
And is a heaven in epitome.

*Catherine Philips*

Lay this into your breast :  
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best  
*Webster's Duchess of Malfy.*

O summer friendship,  
Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in  
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off  
In th' autumn of adversity !  
*Massinger's Maid of Honour.*

That friendship's rais'd on sand,  
Which every sudden gust of discontent,  
Or flowing of our passions, can change  
As if it ne'er had been.  
*Massinger.*

Essential honour must be in a friend,  
Not such as every breath fans to and fro ;  
But born within, is its own judge and end,  
And dares not sin, though sure that none should  
know.  
*Massinger.*

Where friendship's spoke, honesty's understood ;  
For none can be a friend that is not good.  
*Catherine Philips.*

A friend is gold, if true, he'll never leave thee :  
Yet both, without a touchstone, may deceive thee.  
*Randolph.*

A season'd friend ! not tainted with design ;  
Who made those words grow useless—mine and  
thine.  
*Cartwright.*

I do here entertain a friendship with thee,  
Shall drown the memory of all patterns past ;  
We will oblige by turns and that so thick  
And fast, that curious studiers of it  
Shall not once dare to cast it up, or say,  
By way of guess, whether thou or I  
Remain debtors when we come to die.  
*Suckling's Aglaura.*

Friendship's an empty name, made to deceive  
Those whose good nature tempts them to believe ;  
There's no such thing on earth, the best that we  
Can hope for here is faint neutrality.  
*Tuke's Adventures.*

He ought not to pretend to friendship's name,  
Who reckons not himself and friend the same.  
*Tuke's Adventures.*

Friendship above all ties does bind the heart ;  
And faith in friendship is the noblest part.  
*Earl of Orrery's Henry V.*

Trust is the strongest bond upon the soul ;  
That sacred tie has virtue oft begot ;  
It binds where 'tis, and makes it where 'twas not.  
*Earl of Orrery's Henry V.*

Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.  
*Cowley.*

In their norage, a sympathy  
Unusual join'd their loves :  
They pair'd like turtles ; still together drank,  
Together eat, nor quarrell'd for the choice.  
Like turning streams beth from one fountain  
fell,  
And as they ran still mingled smiles and tears.  
*Lee's Cæsar Borgia.*

I had a friend that lov'd me :  
I was his soul : he liv'd not but in me :  
We were so close within each other's breast,  
The rivets were not found that join'd us first.  
That does not reach us yet : we were so mix'd,  
As meeting streams — both to ourselves were  
lost.  
*Dryden.*

We were one mass, we could not give or take,  
But from the same : for he was I ; I, he :  
Return my better half, and give me all myself,  
For thou art all !  
If I have any joy when thou art absent,  
I grudge it to myself : methinks I rob  
Thee of thy part.  
*Dryden.*

Who knows the joys of friendship ?  
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,  
The double joys, where each is glad for both ?  
Friendship our only wealth, our last retreat and  
strength,  
Secure against ill-fortune and the world.  
*Rowe.*

Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,  
In whom, next heaven, I trust.  
*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

Friendship's the privilege  
Of private men ; for wretched greatness knows  
No blessing so substantial.  
*Tate's Loyal General.*

Friendship, like love, is but a name,  
Unless to one you stint the flame.  
The child, whom many fathers share,  
Hath seldom known a father's care.  
'T is thus in friendships ; who depend  
On many, rarely find a friend.  
*Gay.*

Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene ;  
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Celestial happiness ! Whene'er she stoops  
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,  
And one alone, to make her sweet amends  
For absent heaven — the bosom of a friend,  
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,  
Each other's pillow to repose divine.  
*Young.*

Angels from friendship gather half their joy.

*Young.*

Such is the use and noble end of friendship,  
To bear a part in every storm of fate,  
And, by dividing, make the lighter weight.

*Higgons's Generous Conqueror.*

Friendship is still accompany'd with virtue,  
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rrous minds.

*Trap's Abramule.*

The friendships of the world are oft  
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.

*Addison's Cato.*

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,  
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

*Addison's Campaign.*

Thanks to my stars, I have not rang'd about  
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend :  
Nature first pointed out my brother to me,  
And early taught me, by her sacred force,  
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit,  
Till what was instinct grew up into friendship.  
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,  
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

*Addison.*

You'll find the friendship of the world a show !  
Mere outward show ! 't is like the harlot's tears,  
The statesman's promise, or false patriot's zeal,  
Full of fair seeming, but delusion all.

*Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.*

I have too deeply read mankind  
To be amus'd with friendship ; 't is a name  
Invented merely to betray credulity :  
'T is intercourse of interest—not of souls.

*Haward's Regulus.*

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!  
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society !  
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd of me  
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.  
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love :  
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,  
Anxious to please.

*Blair's Grave.*

And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm, that lulls to sleep ;  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep.

*Goldsmithe's Hermit.*

What spectre can the charnel send,  
So dreadful as an injur'd friend ?

*Scott's Rokeby.*

Friendship is no plant of hasty growth ;  
Tho' planted in esteem's deep fixed soil,  
The gradual culture of kind intercourse  
Must bring it to perfection.

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

N

I take of worthy men whate'er they give :  
Their heart I gladly take, if not, their hand ;  
If that too is withheld, a courteous word,  
Or the civility of placid looks.

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford*

He who will not give  
Some portion of his ease, his blood, his wealth,  
For others' good, is a poor frozen churl.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

Unequal fortune  
Made him my debtor for some courtesies,  
Which bind the good more firmly.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

What is friendship? — do not trust her,  
Nor the vows which she has made ;  
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
From a palsy-shaken head.

*Wordsworth.*

Friendship has a power  
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.

*H. K. White*

Friend after friend departs ; —  
Who hath not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That hath not here its end.

*Montgomery*

Thy voice prevails; dear friend, my gentle friend !  
This long-shut heart for thee shall be unseal'd,  
And though thy soft eye mournfully will bend  
Over the troubled stream, yet once reveal'd  
Shall its freed waters flow.

*Mrs. Hemans*

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Follow thy friend belov'd !  
But in the lonely hour,  
But in the evening walk,  
Think that he accompanies thy solitude !

*Southery*

With a declining taste for making friends,  
One's taste for the fatigue of pleasure's past.

*Willis*

Knit to him  
The hearts he opens like a clasped book.

*Willis*

The friend  
Who smiles when smoothing down the lonely  
couch,  
And does kind deeds, which any one can do  
Who has a feeling spirit,— such a friend  
Heals with a searching balsam.

*Percival.*

Oh ! let my friendship in the wreath,  
Though but a bud among the flowers,  
Its sweetest fragrance round thee breathe—  
'Twill serve to soothe thy weary hours.

*Mrs. Webb*

There are a thousand nameless ties,  
Which only such as feel them know ;  
Of kindred thoughts, deep sympathies,  
And untold fancy spells, which throw  
O'er ardent minds and faithful hearts  
A chain whose charmed links so blend,  
That the light circlet but imparts  
Its force in these fond words,— *my friend.*

*Mrs. Dinnies.*

The blossoms of passion,  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller  
of fragrance ;  
But they beguile us and lead us astray, and their  
odour is deadly.

*Longfellow's Evangeline.*

Let others boast them as they may,  
Of spirits kind and true,  
Whose gentle words and loving smiles  
Have cheer'd them on life through ;  
And though they count of friends a host,  
To bless the paths they've trod,  
These are the ones have lov'd me most,  
My mother, wife, and God !

*Richard Coe, Jr.*

#### FUNERAL.—(See MOURNING.)

#### FURY.

Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious  
Is to be frightened out of fear ; and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart : when valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

#### FUTURITY.

O, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business, ere it come !  
But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

O heaven ! that one might read the book of fate,  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent,  
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
Into the sea.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

O, if this were seen,  
The happiest youth—viewing his progress through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue—  
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Beyond is all abyss,  
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

Eternity, that puzzles all the world  
To name the inhabitants that people it ;  
Eternity, whose undiscover'd country  
We fools divide before we come to see it,  
Making one part contain all happiness,  
The other misery, then unseen fight for it :  
All sects pretending to a right of choice,  
Yet none go willingly to take a part.

*Anon.*

Too curious man, why dost thou seek to know  
Events, which, good or ill, foreknown, are woe ;  
Th' all-seeing power that made thee mortal, gave  
Thee every thing a mortal state should have ;  
Foreknowledge only is enjoy'd by heaven ;  
And, for his peace of mind, to man forbidden :  
Wretched were life, if he foreknew his doom ;  
Even joys foreseen give pleasing hope no room,  
And griefs assur'd are felt before they come.

*Dryden.*

Sure there is none but fears a future state ;  
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,  
Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

Divines but peep on undiscover'd worlds,  
And draw the distant landscape as they please ;  
But who has e'er return'd from those bright regions,  
To tell their manners, and relate their laws ?

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Eternity, thou pleasing — dreadful thought !  
Thro' what variety of untry'd beings,  
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass ?  
The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

*Addison's Cato.*

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
All but the page prescribed, their present state :  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits  
know :

Or who could suffer being here below ?  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason would he skip and play ?  
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.  
Oh blindness to the future ! kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven :  
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

*Pope's Essay on Man*

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;  
His soul proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk or milky way ;  
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven ;  
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,  
Some happier island in the watery waste,  
Where slaves once more their native land behold  
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold ;  
To be, contents his natural desire,  
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;  
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

See dying vegetables life sustain,  
See life dissolving vegetate again ;  
All forms that perish other forms supply,  
By turns we catch the vital breath and die ;  
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.  
Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;  
One all-extending, all-preserving soul  
Connects each being, greatest with the least ;  
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;  
All serv'd, all serving ; nothing stands alone ;  
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Eternity, thou awful gulf of time,  
This wide creation on thy surface floats.  
Of life—of death—what is—or what shall be,  
I nothing know. The world is all a dream,  
The consciousness of something that exists,  
Yet is not what it seems. Then what am I ?  
Death must unfold the mystery !

*Doue's Sethona.*

What avails it that indulgent heaven  
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,  
If we, ingenuous to torment ourselves,  
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own ?  
Enjoy the present ; nor with needless cares  
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,  
Appal the shortest hour that life bestows.  
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare  
For what may come ; and leave the rest to heaven.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Answer me, burning stars of night !  
Where is the spirit gone ?  
That past the reach of human sight,  
As a swift breeze hath flown ?  
And the stars answer'd me—" we roll  
In light and power on high,  
But of the never-dying soul,  
Ask that which cannot die."

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

Darkly we move, we press upon the brink  
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not :  
Yes, it may be, that nearer than we think  
Are those whom death has parted from our lot !

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

Let me, then let me dream

That love goes with us to the shore unknown ;  
So o'er the burning tear a heavenly gleam  
In mercy shall be thrown.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,  
When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?  
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,  
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live ?  
Is it for this fair *virtue* oft must strive  
With disappointment, penury, and pain ?  
No : heaven's immortal springs shall yet arrive,  
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
Bright through th' eternal year of love's triumphant reign.

*Beattie's Minstrel*

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

*Whittier's Poems*

There is no hope—the Future will but turn  
The old sands in the failing glass of Time !

*R. H. Stoddard.*

## GAMBLING.

Hush, pretty boy, thy hopes might have been better.—  
'T is lost at dice, what ancient honour won ;  
Hard when the father plays away the son !

*Shaks. Yorkshire Tragedy.*

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,  
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost ;  
Dost lose ? Rise up ; Dost win ? Rise in that state—  
Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost.

*Herbert.*

Some play for gain ; to pass time, others play  
For nothing ; both to play the fool, I say :  
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend ;  
Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.

*Heath's Clarastella.*

Look round, the wrecks of play behold,  
Estates dismember'd, mortgaged, sold ;—  
Their owners now to jails confin'd,  
Show equal poverty of mind.

*Gay's Fables*

A night of fretful passion may consume  
All that thou hast of beauty's gentle bloom ;  
And one distemper'd hour of sordid fear  
Print on thy brow the wrinkles of a year.

*Sheridan on Female Gamblers*

Oh, the dear pleasures of the velvet plain,  
The painted tablets, dealt and dealt again !

*Couper's Progress of Error.*

Small black-legg'd sheep devour with hunger  
keen,

The meagre herbage, fleshless, lank and lean ;  
Such, o'er thy level turf, Newmarket ! stray,  
And there, with other black-legs, find their prey.

*Crabbe.*

### GENEROSITY.

I will send his ransom.

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :  
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

O, my good lord, the world is but a word ;  
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone !

*Shaks. Timon.*

Whose breast, too narrow for her heart, was still  
Her reason's throne, and prison to her will.

*Sir W. Davenant.*

Thou can't not reach the light that I shall find ;  
A gen'rous soul is sunshine to the mind.

*Sir Robert Howard.*

They that do

An act that does deserve requital,  
Pay first themselves the stock of such content.

*Sir Robert Howard.*

God blesses still the generous thought,  
And still the fitting word He speeds,  
And truth, at His requiring taught,  
He quickens into deeds.

*Whittier's Poems.*

### GENIUS.

Time, place, and action, may with pains be  
wrought,

But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

*Dryden.*

Genius ! thou gift of Heaven ! thou light divine !  
Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine !  
Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,  
Oft damp thy vigour, and impede thy course ;  
And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain  
Thy noble efforts, to contend with pain ;  
Or want (sad guest !) will in thy presence come,  
And breathe around her melancholy gloom ;  
To life's low cares will thy proud thought confine,  
And make her sufferings—her impatience—thine,

*Crabbe.*

O born of heaven, thou child of magic song !  
What pangs, what cutting hardships wait on thee,  
When thou art doom'd to cramping poverty ;  
The poi's'nous shafts from defamation's tongue,—  
The jeers and tauntings of the blockhead throng,  
Who joy to see thy bold exertions fail ;  
While hunger, pinching as December's gale,  
Brings moody dark despondency along.  
And should'st thou strive fame's lofty mount to  
scale,

The steps of its ascent are cut in sand ;  
And half-way up,—a snake-scourge in her hand,  
Lurks pallid envy, ready to assail :  
And last, if thou the top, expiring gain,  
When fame applauds, thou hearest not the strain.

*Robert Millhouse to Genius.*

One science only will one genius fit,  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

*Pope's Essay on Criticism.*

Talents angel-bright,

If wanting worth, are shining instruments,  
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults.  
Illustrious, and give infancy renown.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Genius, the Pythian of the Beautiful,  
Leaves its large truths a riddle to the Dull —  
From eyes profane a veil the Iris screens,  
And fools on fools still ask—what Hamlet means ?

*Bulwer's Poems*

Obey

Thy genius, for a minister it is  
Unto the throne of Fate. Draw to thy soul,  
And centralize the rays which are around  
Of the Divinity.

*Bailey's Festus.*

His was the gifted eye, which grace still touch'd  
As if with second nature ; and his dreams,  
His childish dreams, were lit by hues of heaven—  
Those which make Genius.

*Miss Landon.*

They say that he has genius. I but see  
That he gets wisdom as the flower gets hue,  
While others hive it like the toiling bee ;  
That with him all things beautiful keep new.

*Willis's Poems.*

### GENTLEMAN.

Nor stand so much on your gentility,  
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,  
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of  
yours,  
Except you make, or hold it.

*Ben Jonson.*

For your behaviour, let it be free and  
Negligent; not clogg'd with ceremony  
Or observance; give no man honour but  
Upon equal terms; for look how much thou  
Giv'st any man above that, so much thou  
Tak'st from thyself.

*Chapman's May Day.*

He that bears himself like a gentleman, is  
Worth to have been born a gentleman.

*Chapman's May Day.*

Measure not thy carriage by any man's eye,  
Thy speech by no man's ear; but be resolute  
And confident in doing and saying;  
And this is the grace of a right gentleman.

*Chapman's May Day.*

He is a noble gentleman; withal  
Happy in's endeavours: the gen'ral voice  
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,  
And ev'ry fair demeanour, an example:  
Titles of honour add not to his worth;  
Who is himself an honour to his title.

*John Ford.*

I never crouch'd  
To th' offal of an office-promis'd  
Reward for long attendance, and then mist.  
I read no difference between this huge,  
This monstrous big word, lord, and gentleman,  
More than the title sounds; for aught I learn,  
The latter is as noble as the first;  
I'm sure more ancient.

*John Ford.*

I do pity unlearned gentlemen on a rainy day.

*Lord Falkland.*

Who misses or who wins the prize?

Go, lose or conquer as you can;

But if you fail, or if you rise,

Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

*Anon.*

Whom do we dub as gentlemen? The knave,  
the fool, the brute—  
If they but own full tithe of gold and wear a  
courteous suit!

The parchment scroll of titled line, the riband at  
the knee,  
Can still suffice to ratify and grant a high degree!

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth  
her nobly born,

And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and  
rank to scorn;

She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human,  
half divine,

And cries, exulting, "Who can make a gentle-  
man like mine?"

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

There are some spirits nobly just, unwarp'd by  
pef or pride,  
Great in the calm, but greater still when dash'd  
by adverse tide;—  
They hold the rank no king can give, no station  
can disgrace;  
Nature puts forth her gentleman, and monarchs  
must give place.

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

### GHOST.

But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!  
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!  
If thou hast any sound, or use a voice,  
Speak to me.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

It was about to speak, when the cock crew,  
And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Thrice he walk'd,  
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd  
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb and speak not to him.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!  
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from  
hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

O, answer me:  
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,  
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again?

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,  
So horridly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night  
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burnt and purg'd away.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious  
figure? *Shaks. Hamlet.*

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,  
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That when the brains were out, the man would  
die,

And there an end: but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools: this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide  
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too,—  
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury, back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Show his eyes and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

*Glendower.*—I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hotspur.*—Why, so can I, or so can any man:  
But will they come when you do call for them?

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Spirits when they please  
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their essence pure.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
All intellect, all sense; and as they please  
They limb themselves, and colour, shape or size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease  
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

The marshal and myself had cast  
To stop him as he outward past;  
But lighter than the whirl-wind's blast,  
He vanish'd from our eyes,  
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
That glances but, and dies.

*Scott's Marmion.*

O speak, if voice thou hast!  
Tell me what sacrifice can soothe your spirits;  
Can still the unquiet sleepers of the grave:  
For this most horrid visitation is  
Beyond endurance of the noblest mind,  
In flesh and blood enrob'd.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald. Part II.*

A horrid spectre rises to my sight,  
Close by my side, and plain, and palpable,  
In all good seeming and close circumstance,  
As man meets man.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald. Part II.*

What form is that—  
Why have they laid him there?  
Plain in the gloomy depth he lies before me:  
The cold blue wound whence blood hath ceas'd to  
flow,  
The stormy clenching of the bared teeth—  
The gory socket that the balls have burst from—  
I see them all—  
It moves—it moves—it rises—it comes on me.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers  
When he can't tell what 'tis that doth appal.  
How odd a single hobgoblin's nonentity  
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity!

*Byron.*

Speak to me!  
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,  
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd  
boughs,  
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the  
caves  
Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,  
Which answer'd me—many things answer'd me—  
Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.

*Byron.*

What is here  
Which look like death in life, and speak like things  
Born ere this dying world? They come like clouds.

*Byron's Heaven and Earth.*

Ghostly mother, keep aloof  
One hour longer from my soul—  
For I still am thinking of  
Earth's warm beating joy and dole.

*Miss Barrett.*

Mother, mother, thou art kind,  
Thou art standing in the room,—  
In a molten glory shrin'd,  
That rays off into the gloom !  
But thy smile is bright and bleak,  
Like cold waves—I cannot speak :  
I sob in it, and grow weak.

*Miss Barrett.*

And now the mist seems taking shape,  
Forming a dim, gigantic ghost,—  
Enormous thing !—There's no escape ;  
'T is close upon the coast !

*Dana's Buccaneer.*

To-night the charmed number's told ;  
“ Twice have I come for thee,” it said,  
“ Once more, and none shall thee behold,  
Come ! live one to the dead !”—  
So hears his soul, and fears the coming night ;  
Yet sick and weary of the soft calm light.

*Dana's Buccaneer.*

If the spirit ever gazes,  
From its journeyings back ;  
If the immortal ever traces  
O'er its mortal track ;  
Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us  
Sometimes on our way,  
And in hours of sadness greet us,  
As a spirit may ?

*Whittier's Poems.*

## GIFTS.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words ;  
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More quick than words do move a woman's mind.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune ;  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks  
means.

*Shakespeare.*

She prizes not such trifles as these are :  
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart, which I have given already,  
But not deliver'd.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

*Hamlet.*—I never gave you aught.  
*Ophelia.*—My honour'd lord, you know right well,  
you did ;

And with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd  
As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,  
Take these again ; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

They are the noblest benefits, and sink  
Deepest in man ; of which when he doth think,  
The memory delights him more, from whom,  
Than what he hath receiv'd.

*Jonson's Underwood.*

In alms, regard thy means, and others' merit ;  
Think heaven a better bargain than to give  
Only thy single market-money for it ;  
Join hands with God ; to make a poor man live.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Flowers are all the jewels I can give thee.

*Miss Landon.*

I had a seeming friend ;—I gave him gifts, and  
he was gone ;

I had an open enemy ;—I gave him gifts, and won  
him.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

Policy counselleth a gift, given wisely and in  
season,  
And policy afterwards approveth it, for great is  
the influence of gifts.

*Tupper.*

Why shouldest thou hold thy tenderness aside  
From all thy lavishment of other gifts ?

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

## GLORY.

Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I*

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright ;  
But look'd too near, have neither heat nor light.

*Webster's Duchess of Malfy.*

For this world's glory  
Is figur'd in the moon ; they both wax dull,  
And suffer their eclipses in the full.

*Aley's Crescye.*

Glory, like time, progression does require ;  
When it does cease t' advance, it does expire.

*Earl of Orrery.*

If glory was a bait that angels swallow'd,  
How then should souls allied to sense resist it !

*Dryden's Aurenzebe.*

Real glory  
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves ;  
And without that the conqueror is naught  
But the first slave.

*Thomson's Sophonisba*

What is glory ?—in the socket  
See how dying tapers flare !

*Wordsworth*

What is glory ? What is fame ?  
The echo of a long-lost name ;  
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk ;  
The shadow of an arrant naught ;  
A flower that blossoms for a day,  
Dying next morrow ;  
A stream that hurries on its way,  
Singing of sorrow.

*Motherwell's Poems*

The secret enemy whose sleepless eye  
Stands sentinel, avenger, judge and spy,  
The foe, the fool, the jealous and the vain,  
The envious who but breathe in others' pain,  
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,  
Who track the steps of glory to the grave.

Byron.

Our glories float between the earth and heaven  
Like clouds that seem pavilions of the sun,  
And are the playthings of the casual wind.

Bulwer's *Richelieu*.

Before I knew thee, Mary,  
Ambition was my angel. I did hear  
For ever its witch'd voices in mine ear; / 44  
My days were visionary—  
My nights were like the slumbers of the mad—  
And every dream swept o'er me glory-clad.

Willis's Poems.

Would I were in some lonely desert born,  
And 'neath the sordid roof my being drew;  
Were nurs'd by poverty the most forlorn,  
And ne'er one ray of hope or pleasure knew;  
Then had my soul been never taught to rise,  
Then had I never dream'd of power or fame;  
No pictur'd scene of bliss deceiv'd my eyes,  
Nor glory lighted in my breast its flame.

Percival.

## GLUTTONY.

And by his side rode loathsome gluttony,  
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine;  
His belly was up-blown with luxury,  
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne.

Spenser's *Fairy Queen*.

Whose life's the table and the stage,  
He doth not spend, but lose his age.

Killebrew's *Conspiracy*.

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Shaks. *Love's Labour*.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace:  
Leave gormandizing.

Shaks. *Henry IV. Part II.*

For swinish gluttony

Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast;  
But with besotted, base ingratitude  
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.

Milton's *Comus*.

Sure, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
By fire, flood, famine, by intemp'rance more  
In meats and drinks, which 'on the earth shall  
bring  
Diseases dire.

Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

The tankards foam; and the strong table groans  
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense  
From side to side, in which with desperate knife  
They deep incisions make.

Thomson

Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,  
Each creature knows its proper aliment;  
But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,  
With all the commoners of nature feeds.  
Directed, bounded, by this power within,  
Their cravings are well aim'd: voluptuous man  
Is by superior faculties misled;  
Misled from pleasure even in quest of joy:  
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,  
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,  
And mad variety, to spur beyond  
Its wiser will the jaded appetite!  
Is this for pleasure? learn a juster taste!  
And know that temperance is true luxury.

Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health*

Beyond the sense  
Of light reflection, at the genial board  
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast  
To dull satiety; till soft and slow  
A drowsy death creeps on th' expansive soul,  
Oppress'd and smother'd the celestial fire.

Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health*.

Some men are born to feast, and not to fight;  
Whose sluggish minds, e'en in fair honour's field,  
Still on their dinner turn—

Let such pot-boiling varlets stay at home,  
And wield a flesh-hook rather than a sword.

Joanna Baillie's *Basil*.

## GOD.

God, who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
To mark their doings.

Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

To God more glory, more good will to men  
From God, and over wrath shall grace abound.

Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

When God reveals his march through Nature's  
night,

His steps are beauty, and his presence light.

James Montgomery.

Spirit! whose life-sustaining presence fills  
Air, ocean, central depths, by man untried,  
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified  
All place, all time! The silence of the hills  
Breathes veneration: — founts and choral rills  
Of Thee are murmuring: — to its inmost glade.  
The living forest with Thy whisper thrills,  
And there is holiness in every shade.

Mrs. Hemans's Poems.

God of my fathers! holy, just, and good!  
My God! my Father! my unfailing Hope!  
Jehovah! let the incense of thy praise,  
Accepted, burn before thy mercy-seat;  
And let thy presence burn both day and night.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

Maker! Preserver! my Redeemer! God!  
Whom have I in the heavens but Thee alone?  
On earth but Thee, whom should I praise, whom  
love?

For thou hast brought me hitherto, upheld  
By thy omnipotence; and from thy grace,  
Unbought, unmerited, though not unsought—  
The wells of my salvation, hast refresh'd  
My spirit, watering it at morn and eve.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

Thy great name

In all its awful brevity, hath nought  
Unholy breeding it, but doth bless  
Rather the tongue that uses it; for me,  
I ask no higher office than to fling  
My spirit at thy feet, and cry thy name,  
God! through eternity.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Dear Lord, our God and Saviour! for Thy gifts  
The world were poor in thanks, though every soul  
Were to do nought but breathe them, every blade  
Of grass, and every atomie of earth  
To utter it like dew.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Praise to our Father—God,  
High praise in solemn lay,  
Alike for what his hand hath given,  
And what it takes away.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

One hymn more, O my lyre!  
Praise to the God above,  
Of joy and life and love  
Sweeping its strings of fire.

*Whittier's Poems.*

The hand of God  
Has written legibly that man may know  
The glory of the Maker.

*Henry Ware, Jr.*

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,  
Except the love of God, which shall live and last  
for aye.

*Bryant's Poems.*

The depth

Of glory in the attributes of God,  
Will measure the capacities of mind;  
And as the angels differ, will the ken  
Of gifted spirits glorify Him more.

*Willis's Poems.*

## GOLD.

'T is gold

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the  
thief;  
Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true man:  
what  
Can it not do, and undo?

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce  
Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler  
Of hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer.  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,  
That lies on Dian's lip! thou visible god,  
That solder'st close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kiss! and speak'st with every  
tongue,  
To every purpose!

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Why this

Will buy your priests and servants from your sides;  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:  
This yellow slave  
Will knit and break religious; bless the accus'd;  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench.

*Shaks Timon of Athens.*

For this the foolish, over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brain  
with care,  
Their bones with industry.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,  
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids.

*Shaks. King John.*

There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world  
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not  
sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

How quickly nature

Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object!

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

O, I cry your mercy:

There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;  
The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;  
A mask of gold hides all deformities;  
Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative.

*Deker.*

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine ?  
Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the mine ?  
Wisdom to gold prefer : for 'tis much less  
To make our fortune, than our happiness.

Young.

To purchase heaven has gold the power ?  
Can gold remove the mortal hour ?  
In life can love be bought with gold ?  
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold ?  
No — all that's worth a wish — a thought,  
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.  
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,  
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

Dr. Johnson.

But scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold,  
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;  
Wide wasting pest ! that rages unconfid'n,  
And crowds with crimes the records of man-  
kind :

For gold, his sword the hireling ruffian draws,  
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;  
Wealth, heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety  
buys,

The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Judges and senates have been bought for gold ;  
Esteem and love were never to be sold.

*Popé's Essay on Man.*

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor.

Burns.

Thou more than stone of the philosopher !  
Thou touchstone of philosophy herself !  
Thou bright eye of the mine ! Thou lode-star of  
The soul ! Thou true magnetic pole, to which  
All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles.

Byron.

The plague of gold strikes far and near, —  
And deep and strong it enters ;

Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange,  
We cheer the pale gold-diggers, —

Each soul is worth so much on 'change,  
And mark'd, like sheep, with figures.

Miss Barrett.

— O, knew I the spell of gold,  
I would never poison a fresh young heart  
With the taint of customs old.  
I would bind no wreath to my forehead free,  
In whose shadow a thought might die,  
Nor drink, from the cup of revelry,  
The ruin my gold would buy.

*Willis's Poems.*

Ours is the land and age of gold,  
And ours the hallow'd time.

Grenville Mellen.

Gold ! gold ! in all ages the curse of mankind,  
Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind :  
The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,  
And the mind be the slave of a look and a word.  
To gain thee, men barter eternity's crown,  
Yield honour, affection, and lasting renown.

Park Benjamin.

Searcher of gold, whose days and nights  
All waste away in anxious care,  
Estranged from all of life's delights,  
Unlearn'd in all that is most fair —  
Who sailest not with easy glide,  
But delvest in the depths of tide,  
And struggelest in the foam ;  
O ! come and view this land of graves,  
Death's northern sea of frozen waves,  
And mark thee out thy home.

J. O. Rockwell.

## GOODNESS.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Shaks. *Mea. for Mea.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men, observingly, distil it out.

Shaks. *Henry IV.*

It is a kind of good deed to say well,  
And yet words are not deeds.

Shaks. *Henry VIII.*

Goodness is beauty in its best estate.

Marlowe.

But sacred wisdom doth apply that good,  
Which simple knowledge barely understood.

Quarles.

## The soul

Is strong that trusts in goodness and shows clearly  
It may be trusted.

Massinger.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,  
Is privileged beyond the common walk  
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.

Young.

## Some there are

By their good deeds exalted, lofty minds  
And meditative authors of delight  
And happiness, which to the end of time  
Will live and spread and flourish.

Wordsworth.

The good man may be weak, be indolent,  
Nor is his claim to riches, but content,  
And grant the bad what happiness he would ;  
One he must want, which is,—to pass for good.

Popé's *Essay on Man.*

## Good,

Only, is great, and generous, and fruitful.

Bailey's *Festus.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
 'T is only noble to be good;  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

*Tennyson.*

Angels are round the good man, to catch the incense of his prayers,  
 And they fly to minister kindness to those for whom he pleadeth.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

See the lone wanderer, 'mid the wastes of death, Rejoicing hails the Alpine blossom's breath,— As, shuddering at the glacier's awful power, He seeks the beauty of the meek-ey'd flower, And there reposes in a stedfast trust That on the plant no avalanche storm will burst. What kindles thus his faith, and calms his fears? The seal of love and hope the blossom bears; Though round him heave a dark and frozen flood, One thought is peace, is safety—'God is good!' Nor could the wanderer idly turn away; His lip might move not, but his heart would pray; And he would gather, in that musing hour, Amid those trophies of Jehovah's power, New strength of soul, a grander scope of thought, His mind to nobler purpose would be wrought, And feel and own, in this calm, solemn mood, That 'tis man's highest glory to be good!

*Mrs. Hale's Constantia.*

Man should dare all things that he knows is right, And fear to do no act save what is wrong; But, guided safely by his inward light, And with a permanent belief, and strong, In Him who is our Father and our Friend, He should walk stedfastly unto the end.

*Phæbe Carey.*

The words which thou hast utter'd Are of thy soul a part, And the good seed thou hast scatter'd Is springing from the heart.

*Whittier's Poems.*

And while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried, Who in the poor their Master crucified, His daily prayer, far better understood In acts than words, was simply doing good.

*Whittier's Poems.*

#### GOSSIP.—(See SCANDAL.)

#### GOVERNMENT.

So work the honey-bees, Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach The art of order to a peopled kingdom. They have a king, and officers of sorts,

Where some, like magistrates, correct at home; Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad; Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings. Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds, Which pillage they with merry march bring home To the tent royal of their emperor. Who, busyd' in his tent, surveys The singing mason building roofs of gold; The civil citizens kneading up the honey; The poor mechanic porters crowding in Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate: The sad-ey'd justice with his surly hum, Delivering o'er to executors pale The lazy yawning drone.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Each petty hand Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will Govern and carry her to her ends, must know His tides, his currents, how to shift his sails; What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers; Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop them; What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her; The forces, and the natures of all winds, Gusts, storms, and tempests: when her keel ploughs hell, And deck knocks heaven, then to manage her, Becomes the name and office of a pilot.

*Jonson's Catiline.*

O madam, Your sex is too imperious to rule; You are too busy, and too stirring, to Be put in action; your curiosity Would do as much harm in a kingdom, as A monkey in a glass shop; move, and remove, 'Till you had broken all.

*Cartwright's Royal Slave.*

A kingdom is a nest of families, and a family a small kingdom; And the government of whole or part different in nothing but extent.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

The best of human governments is the patriarchal rule; The authoriz'd supremacy of one, the prescriptive subjection of many; Therefore the children of the East have thriven from age to age, Obeying, even as a god, the royal father of Cathay. Therefore shall Magog among the nations arise from his northern lair, And rend, in the fury of his power, the insurgent world beneath him;

For the thunderbolt of concentrated strength can  
be hurled by the will of one,  
While the dissipated forces of many are harmless  
as summer lightning.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

A government, on freedom's basis built,  
Has, in all ages, been the theme of song,  
And the desire of great and godlike men,  
For this the Grecian patriots fought; — for this  
The noblest Roman died. Shall I go on?  
Name Tell, and Hampden, and our Washington? —  
The perfect hero whose example shows  
How war with righteousness may be allied —  
The conqueror with the Christian; and how man  
In blessing others finds his highest fame!

*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

And then we'll raise, on Liberty's broad base,  
A structure of wise government, and show,  
In our new world, a glorious spectacle  
Of social order. Freemen, equals all,  
By reason sway'd, self-govern'd, self-improv'd,  
And the electric chain of public good  
Twin'd round the private happiness of each;  
And every heart thrill'd by the patriot chord  
That sounds the glory of America!

*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

A free Republic — where, beneath the sway  
Of mild and equal laws, fram'd by themselves,  
One people dwell, and own no lord save God!

*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

### GRACE.

Fairer than the ghost of the hills, when it moves  
in a sunbeam at noon, over the silence of  
Morven. *Ossian.*

See what a grace is seated on that brow.  
*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Impatient nature had taught motion  
To start from time, and, chearfully, to fly,  
Before, and seize upon maturity. *Crashaw.*

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love. *Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Mature she was —

Grace shaped her limbs, and beauty deck'd her  
face. *Prior.*

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,  
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day. *Gay.*

The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face. *Byron.*

A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew;  
For the fond graces form'd her easy mien,  
And heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen.

*Hayley.*

Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,  
To leave her lovelier than before. *Moore.*

Oh! many a soft and quiet grace,  
Hath faded from her form and face! *Mrs. Hemans.*

Why a stranger — when he sees her  
In the street even, smileth stilly,  
Just as you would at a lily. *Miss Barrett.*

Her grace of motion, and of look, the smooth  
And swimming majesty of step and tread,  
The symmetry of form and feature, set  
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs  
Of flute and harp. *Milman.*

The ruffling bird of Juno —  
The wren in the old wall,  
Each knew her sweet persuasiveness,  
And came at her soft call. *Mrs. Hale's Alice Ray.*

'T would take an angel from above  
To paint th' immortal soul —  
To trace the light, the inborn grace  
The spirit sparkling o'er her face. *Mrs. Welby.*

Thou art not here — and yet methinks  
Thy form is floating by,  
With the dark tress shading pleasantly  
The softly brilliant eye :  
A smile is sleeping on thy lip —  
And a faint blush melting through  
The light of thy transparent cheek,  
Like a rose-leaf bathed in dew. *J. G. Whittier.*

### GRATITUDE.

Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood  
As parent distributions to his branches,  
Proud that his pride is seen, when he's unseen;  
And must not gratitude descend again  
To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter  
Imprudent? *Massinger, Middleton and Rowley's Old Law.*

The benefits he sow'd in me, met not  
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own  
With fair increase; and I, still glory in it.  
*Massinger's Duke of Milan.*

A grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharg'd. *Milton's Paradise Lost.*



1860



I find a pious gratitude disperse  
Within my soul; and every thought of him  
Engenders a warm sigh within me, which,  
Like curls of holy incense, overtake  
Each other in my bosom, and enlarge  
With their embrace his sweet remembrance.

*Shirley's Brothers.*

I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
And unregarded age in corners throne;  
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea providently caters for the sparrow  
Be comfort to my age.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

O call not to my mind what you have done!  
It sets a debt of that account before me,  
Which shows me poor and bankrupt ev'n in hopes!

*Congreve's Mourning Bride.*

What can I pay thee for this noble usage,  
But grateful praise! so heaven itself is paid

*Roxe's Tamerlane.*

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,  
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise  
For benefits receiv'd: propitious heaven  
Takes such acknowledgement as fragrant incense,  
And doubles all its blessings.

*Lillo's Elmerick.*

He that hath nature in him, must be grateful;  
'T is the Creator's primary great law  
That links the chain of beings to each other.

*Madden's Themistocles.*

To the generous mind  
The heaviest debt is that of gratitude,  
When 't is not in our power to repay it.

*Franklin's Matilda.*

Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat  
Can move or warp, and gratitude for small  
And trivial favours, lasting as the life  
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.

*Couper's Task.*

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning;  
Alas! the gratitude of men  
Hath oftener left me mourning.

*Wordsworth.*

## GRAVE.

Here may thy storne-bett vessell safely ryde  
This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,  
The worlde's sweet inn from paine and wearisome  
turmoyle.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Even such is time, that takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wander'd all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days!  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me tip, I trust!

*Sir W. Raleigh.*

Fade, flowers! fade: nature will have it so;  
'T is what we must in our autumn do!  
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,  
The loss alone by those that lov'd them found,  
So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,  
Miss'd by some few that lov'd our company;  
But some so like to thorns and nettles live,  
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

*Waller.*

I envy not such graves as take up room,  
Merely with jet and porphyry; since a tomb  
Adds no desert; wisdom, thou thing divine,  
Convert my humble soul into thy shrine;  
And then this body, though it want a stone,  
Shall dignify all places where 't is thrown.

*F. Osborn.*

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,  
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,  
Along the walls where speaking marbles show  
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below;  
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,  
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;  
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;  
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood;  
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;  
And saints who taught, and led the way to heaven.

*Tickell on the Death of Addison.*

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.  
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.  
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy house-wife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

*Gray's Churchyard.*

Here scatter'd oft, the loveliest of the year,  
By hands unseen are showers of violets found.  
The redbreast loves to build and warble here,  
And little footsteps lightly print the ground

*Gray's Churchyard.*

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

*Gray's Churchyard.*

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.  
Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,  
Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd,  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

*Gray's Churchyard.*

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.  
Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd  
muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
To teach the rustic moralist to die.  
For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind  
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

*Gray's Churchyard.*

The grave, dread thing!

Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: nature appall'd  
Shakes off her wonted firmness.

*Blair's Grave.*

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,  
Would cunningly persuade us we are something  
Above the common level of our kind;  
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd  
flatt'ry,  
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

*Blair's Grave.*

Dull grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful  
blood,  
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,  
Anu every smirking feature from the face;  
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.  
Where are the jesters now? the man of health

Complexionally pleasant? where the droll,  
Whose every look and gesture was a joke  
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,  
And made e'en thick-lipp'd musing melancholy  
To gather up her face into a smile  
Before she was aware? ah! sullen now,  
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

*Blair's Grave.*

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,  
Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood,  
The oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,  
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,  
And in a cruel wantonness of power  
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up  
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent  
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.  
Vain thought! to hide them from the general scorn  
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost  
Implacable.

*Blair's Grave.*

Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!  
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!

*Blair's Grave.*

Here too the petty tyrant,  
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,  
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short,  
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,  
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey;  
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,  
And piteous plaintive voice of misery,  
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature  
Of the same common substance with his lord),  
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,  
Shakes hand with dust and calls the worm his  
kinsman;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground  
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,  
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

*Blair's Grave.*

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?  
The Roman Caesars and the Grecian chiefs,  
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,  
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore  
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,  
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,  
And had not room enough to do its work?  
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!  
And cramm'd into a place we blush to name.

*Blair's Grave.*

Here the great masters of the healing art,  
These mighty mock-fraudsters of the tomb,  
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,  
Resign to fate! Proud *Aesculapius*' son,  
Where are thy boasted implements of art,  
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?

*Blair's Grave.*

Here the tongue warrior lies! disabled now,  
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd  
And cannot tell his ail to passers-by.  
Great man of language; whence this mighty  
change?

This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?  
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,  
And sly insinuation's softer arts  
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;  
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence  
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast  
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,  
The strength of action, and the force of words,  
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd verse,  
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?  
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been,  
Raz'd from the book of fame; or, more provoking,  
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler  
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb  
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes,  
With heavy-halting pace that drawl along;  
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,  
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

*Blair's Grave.*

'Tis here all meet!

The shivering Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;  
Men of all climes, that never met before;  
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, and Christian.  
Here the prince, and favourite yet prouder,  
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge.  
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd  
The great negotiators of the earth,  
And celebrated masters of the balance,  
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts;  
Now vain their treaty skill! Death scorns to treat.

*Blair's Grave.*

Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden  
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel  
tyrant,

With all his guards of tools and power about him,  
Is meditating new, unheard-of hardships,  
Mocks his short arm, and, quick as thought, escapes  
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

*Blair's Grave.*

Here the warm lover leaving the cool shade,  
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,  
Time out of mind the favourite seats of love,  
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,  
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes  
Lie close unmindful of their former feuds.  
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,  
Erewhile that stood aloof as shy to meet,  
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams  
That some rude interposing rock had split.

*Blair's Grave.*

Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette;  
The sober widow, and the young green virgin.  
Cropp'd like a rose before 't is fully blown,  
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!  
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;  
And jovial youth, of lightsome, vacant heart,  
Whose every day was made of melody,  
Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill-tongued  
shrew,  
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.  
Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave;  
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,  
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;  
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,  
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;  
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,  
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

*Blair's Grave.*

But know that thou must render up the dead,  
And with high interest too! they are not thine  
But only in thy keeping for a season,  
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;  
When loud diffusive sound of brazen trump  
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,  
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,  
Daylight and liberty.

*Blair's Grave.*

Why should the grave be terrible?  
Why should it be a word of fear,  
Jarring upon the mortal ear?  
There repose and silence dwell:  
The living hear the funeral knell,  
But the dead no funeral knell can hear.  
Does the gay flower scorn the grave? the dew  
Forget to kiss its turf? the stream  
Refuse to bathe it? or the beam  
Of moonlight shun the narrow bed,  
Where the tired pilgrim rests his head?  
No! the moon is there, and smiling too!  
And the sweetest song of the morning bird  
Is oft in that ancient yew-tree heard;  
And there may you see the hare-bell blue  
Bending his light form gently—proudly,  
And listen to the fresh winds, loudly  
Playing around your sod, as gay  
As if it were a holiday,  
And children freed from durance they.

*Bowering.*

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,  
None but the dews by twilight given!  
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,  
None but the whispering winds of heaven.

*Moore.*

—Household gifts that memory saves  
But help to count the household graves.

*T. K. Herne.*

There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep

Low in the ground.

*James Montgomery.*

Blest are they  
That earth to earth entrust; for they may know  
And tend the dwelling whence the slumberer's clay  
Shall rise at last, and bid the young flowers bloom,  
That waft a breath of hope around the tomb,  
And kneel upon the dewy turf and pray!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

In vain I seek from out the past  
Some cherish'd wreck to save;  
Affection, feeling, hope, are dead—  
My heart is its own grave.

*Miss Landon.*

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show  
Many a million for her one;  
Through thy gates, the mortal flow  
Has for countless years roll'd on.

Back from the tomb

No step has come:

There fix'd till the last trumpet's sound,  
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

*G. F. Croly.*

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
To that unfathom'd, boundless sea,

The silent grave!

Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll, to be swallow'd up and lost

In one dark wave.

*Longfellow's Poems.*

I gazed upon the glorious sky

And the green mountains round;  
And thought that when I came to lie  
Within the silent ground,  
'T were pleasant, that in flowery June,  
Where brooks sent up a cheerful tune,  
And groves a joyous sound,  
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,  
The rich green mountain turf should break.

*Bryant's Poems.*

### GREATNESS.

Greatness in sway of state gives wings t' aspire!  
Advancement feeds ambition with desire.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

O place and greatness, millions of false eyes  
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious guests  
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dream,  
And rack thee in their fancies.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

O place! O form!  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

O it is excellent

To have a giant's strength: but it is tyrannous,  
To use it like a giant.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
Than greatness going off.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

O, be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?  
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's  
knee,  
Command the health of it?

*Shaks. Henry V.*

O hard condition! and twin born with greatness,  
Subjected to the breath of ev'ry fool,  
Whose sense no more can feel but his own  
wringing!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,  
That private men enjoy! and what have kings  
That privates have not too, save ceremony?

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world  
Like a colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

This man  
Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Alas! why would you heap those cares on me?  
I am unfit for state and majesty:  
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;  
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Heaven knows I had no such intent;  
But that necessity so bow'd the state,  
That I and greatness are compell'd to kiss.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Greatness hath its cankers, worms, and moths ;  
Bred out of too much humour in the things  
Which after they consume ; transferring quite  
The substance of their makers into themselves.

*Jonson's Sejanus.*

Greatness is like a cloud in th' airy bounds,  
Which some base vapours have congeal'd above ;  
It brawls with Vulcan, thund'ring forth huge  
    sounds,  
Yet melts and fails there whence it first did move.

*Earl of Sterline.*

Since, by your greatness, you  
Are nearer heaven in place ; be nearer it  
In goodness : rich men should transcend the poor,  
As clouds the earth ; rais'd by the comfort of  
The sun, to water dry and barren grounds.

*Tourneur.*

It is the curse of greatness  
To be its own destruction.

*Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.*

I was born with greatness ;  
I've honours, titles, power, here within :  
All vain external greatness I contemn.  
Am I the higher for supporting mountains ?  
The taller for a flatt'r'r's humble bowing ?  
Have I more room for being throng'd with followers ?  
The larger soul for having all my thoughts  
Fill'd with the lumber of the state affairs ?  
Honours and riches are all splendid vanities,  
They are of chiehest use to fools and knaves.

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

Great wits and valours, like great estates,  
Do sometimes sink with their own weights.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

He above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent  
Stood like a tow'r ; his form had not yet lost  
All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than archangel ruin'd.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Forth

In order came the grand infernal peers :  
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd  
Alone th' antagonist of heav'n, nor less  
Than hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,  
And godlike imitated state.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Ah me, they little know  
How dearly I abide the boast so vain,  
Under what tortures inwardly I groan,  
While they adore me on the throne of hell  
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery ; such joy ambition finds.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,  
Concealing often in magnific jail,  
Proud want ; a deep unanimated gloom.  
*Thomson's Liberty.*

As the swoln columns of ascending smoke,  
So solid swells thy grandeur, pigmy man !  
*Young's Busiris.*

High stations tumult, but not bliss create :  
None think the great unhappy but the great.  
*Young's Love of Fame.*

Thrice happy they who sleep in humble life,  
Beneath the storm ambition blows. 'Tis meet  
The great should have the fame of happiness,  
The consolation of a little envy ;  
'Tis all their pay for those superior cares,  
Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.

*Young's Brothers.*

What is station high ?  
'Tis a proud mendicant ; it boasts, and begs ;  
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,  
And oft the throng denies its charity.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The power to give creates us all our foes :  
Where many seek for favour, few can find it :  
Each thinks he merits all that he can ask ;  
And disappointed, wonders at repulse ;  
Wonders awhile, and then sits down in hate.

*Froude's Philotas.*

Birth is a shadow. Courage, self-sustain'd,  
Out-lords succession's phlegm — and needs no  
ancestors.

I am above descent, and prize no blood.

*Hill's Merope.*

Oh ! greatness ! thou art but a flattering dream,  
A wat'ry bubble, lighter than the air.

*Tracy's Periander.*

Authority !

Thy worship'd symbols round a villain's trunk  
Provoke men's mockery, not their reverence.

*Jephson's Braganza.*

What is power ? — 'T is not the state  
Of proud tyrants, whom men's hate,  
To worse than death,  
Can level with a breath —  
Whose term the meanest hand can antedate —  
The peasant with a heart at ease,  
Is a greater man than these.

What is grandeur ? Not the sheen

Of silken robes ; no, nor the mien

And haughty eye

Of old nobility —

The foolish that is not, but has been.

The noblest trophies of mankind

Are the conquests of the mind.

*Sir A. Hume.*

In parts superior what advantage lies ?  
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?  
 'T is but to know how little can be known ;  
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own ;  
 Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,  
 Without a second, or without a judge :  
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?  
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.  
 Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view  
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Bring then these blessings to a strict account,  
 Make fair deduction ; see to what they 'mount ;  
 How much of other each is sure to cost ;  
 How much for other oft is wholly lost ;  
 How inconsistent greater goods with these ;  
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease :  
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call,  
 Say wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall ?  
 To sigh for ribands, if thou art so silly ?  
 Mark how they grace lord Umbra, or sir Billy.  
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?  
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.  
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,  
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Power ! 'tis the fav'rite attribute of gods,  
 Who look with smiles on men, who can aspire  
 To copy them.

*Martyn's Timoleon.*

Ay — when the red swoln stream comes roaring  
 down,  
 Full many a glorious flower, and stately tree,  
 Floats on the ruthless tide, whose unfelt sway  
 Moves not the mire that stagnates at the bottom.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

From my youth upwards  
 My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,  
 Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes ;  
 The thirst of their ambition was not mine,  
 The aim of their existence was not mine ;  
 My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,  
 Made me a stranger.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Where may the wearied eye repose  
 When gazing on the great,  
 Where neither guilty glory glows,  
 Nor despicable state ?  
 Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—  
 The Cincinnatus of the West,  
 Whom envy dared not hate—  
 Lequeath'd the name of Washington,  
 To make men blush there was but one !

*Byron.*

He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find  
 Their loftiest peaks most wrapp'd in clouds and  
 snow ;  
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
 Must look down on the hate of those below,  
 Though far above the sun of glory glow,  
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,  
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow  
 Contending tempests on his naked head.

*Byron's Childe Harold*

God gave him reverence of laws,  
 Yet stirring blood in freedom's cause—  
 A spirit to the rocks akin,  
 The eye of the hawk and the fire therein.

*Coleridge.*

Lives of all great men remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footsteps on the sands of time ;  
 Footsteps, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

*Longfellow's Poems*

## GRIEF.

What equal torment to the grief of mind,  
 And pining anguish hid in gentle heart,  
 That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkind,  
 And nourisheth her own consuming smart ?  
 What medicine can any leech's art  
 Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,  
 And will to none her maladie impart ?

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

That cruel word her tender heart so thrill'd,  
 That sudden cold did run through every vein,  
 And stony horror all her senses fill'd  
 With dying fit, that down she fell for pain.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Which when she heard, as in despightful wise  
 She wilfully her sorrow did augment,  
 And offer'd hope of comfort did despise :  
 Her golden locks most cruelly she rent,  
 And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment ;  
 Ne would she speak, ne see, ne yet be seen,  
 But hid her visage, and her head down bent,  
 Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,  
 As if her heart with sorrow had transfix'd been.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

When I awoke, and found her place devoid  
 And nought but pressed grass where she had lyen,  
 I sorrow'd all so much as erst I joy'd,  
 And washed all her place with wat'ry eyen.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Thus is my summer worn away and wasted,  
Thus is my harvest hasten'd all to rathe ;  
The ear that budded fair is burnt and blasted,  
And all my hoped gain is turn'd to scathe.  
Of all the seed that in my youth was sown,  
Was none but brakes and brambles to be mown.

*Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar.*

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,  
Which show like grief itself, but are not so :  
For sorrow's eye glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

What say you now ? what comfort have we now ?  
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,  
That bids me be of comfort any more.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Of comfort no man speaks :  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs :  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills ;  
And yet not so — for what can we bequeath,  
Save our depos'd bodies in the ground.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

My grief lies all within,  
And these external manners of laments  
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,  
That swells with silence to the tortur'd soul.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !  
Or that the everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world !  
Fie on 't ! O fie ! 't is an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed : things rank and gross in  
nature  
Possess it merely.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

It is not, nor it cannot come to good :  
But break, my heart ; for I must hold my tongue ;

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

There is something in his soul,  
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;  
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,  
Will be some danger.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

'Tis sweet, and commendable in your nature,  
Hamlet,  
To give these mourning duties to your father ;  
But, you must know your father lost a father ;  
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound  
In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow : But to persevere  
In obstinate condolment is a course  
Of impious stubbornness ; 't is unmanly grief.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
And end his being.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Had he the motive and the cue for passion,  
That I have, he would drown the stage with tears,  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;  
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The heart ungalled play :  
For some must watch, while some must sleep ;  
Thus runs the world away.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

There's matter in these sighs ; these profound  
heaves

You must translate : 'tis fit we understand them.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

What is he, whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis ? Whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them  
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noon tide night.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Some grief shows much of love ;  
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel ,  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet, thy love  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doating like me, and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear  
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

O break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!  
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

!

*Shaks. Othello.*

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the  
thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,  
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Shaks. Othello.*

O insupportable! O heavy hour!  
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Grief fills the room up of my absent child;  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

*Shaks. King John.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love naught  
But even the mere necessities upon it.  
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;  
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat  
Thy grave-stone daily.

*Shaks. Timon.*

In sooth I know not why I am so sad;  
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you:  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

I am the most unhappy woman living,  
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,  
Almost no grave allow'd me.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone?  
And leave me here in wretchedness bchind ye?

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

The thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
Of smooth civility.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

A heavier task could not have been impos'd  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;  
And careful hours, with time's deformed hand,  
Have written strange defeatures in my face.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

Why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;  
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have  
died

With them they think on? Things without all  
remedy

Should be without regard: What's done, is done.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Being that

I flow in grief, the smallest twine might lead me.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue!

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

*Malcolm.*—Dispute it like a man.

*Macduff.*—I shall do so,  
But I must also feel it like a man:  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Canst thou not administer to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Come what come may;  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

No, I'll not weep:—  
I have full cause of weeping: but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,  
Or ere I'll weep:—O fool, I shall go mad!

*Shaks. Lear.*

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both.

*Shaks. Lear.*

She shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And then retired, to deal with grief alone.

*Shaks. Lear.*

I am a man,

More sinn'd against than sinning.

*Shaks. Lear.*

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:  
Hated by one he loves: brav'd by his brother;  
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue;  
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks.

*Shaks. Love's Labour.*

I found her straying in the park,  
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,  
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

*Shaks. Titus Andronicus.*

These tidings nip me: and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with  
storms.

*Shaks. Titus Andronicus.*

Like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,  
And water once a day her chamber round  
With eye-offending brine.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

All things, that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral:  
Our instruments, to melancholy bells,  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

O give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

*Shaks. King John.*

Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie: and tears, shed there,  
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature  
Will bear up this existence, so long  
I daily vow to use it.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale*

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title leaf,  
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:  
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part II.*

And but he's something stain'd  
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st  
call him  
A goodly person.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field, that flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head, and perish.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Let us not burthen our remembrances  
With a heaviness that's gone.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds? O flatt'ring glass,  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me!

*Shaks. Richard II.*

I am the centre of all miseries:  
What wander from me, leave their proper places.

*Crown's Darius.*

He that  
Foretells his own calamity and makes  
Events before they come, twice over doth  
Endure the pains of evil destiny.

*Davenant's Distresses.*

I am dumb as solemn sorrow ought to be;  
Could my griefs speak, the tale would have no end.

*Otway's Cato Marius.*

Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm  
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Time past, when once I was, and what am now.

*Milton's Samson Agonistes.*

Be not over exquisite  
To cast the passion of uncertain evils:  
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid?

*Milton's Comus.*

O might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade  
Obscur'd, where highest woods, impenetrable  
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad  
And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines,  
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

On the ground  
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
Curs'd his creation, death as oft accus'd  
Of tardy execution.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Ó woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers,  
With other echo late I taught your shades  
To answer, and resound far other song.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

My soul lies hid in shades of grief,  
Whence, like the bird of night, with half-shut eyes  
She peeps, and sickens at the sight of day.

*Dryden's Rival Ladies.*

My heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,  
As early blossoms are with eastern blasts.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

My heart sinks in me,  
And every slacken'd fibre drops its hold,  
Like nature letting down the springs of life.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

Oh! nothing now can please me:  
Darkness and solitude, and sighs, and tears,  
And all the inseparable train of grief,  
Attend my steps for ever.

*Dryden's Amphitryon.*

Ye cruel powers!

Take me as you have made me miserable:  
You cannot make me guilty! 'twas my fate;  
And you made that, not I.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Mine is a grief of fury, not despair!  
And if a manly drop or two fall down,  
It scalds along my cheeks, like the green wood,  
That sputtering in the flames, works outward into  
tears.

*Dryden's Cleomenes.*

He withers at his heart, and looks as wan  
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;  
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;  
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;  
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

There is a kind of mournful eloquence  
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clam'rous  
sorrow

*Lee's Theodosius.*

| By day she seeks some melancholy shade,  
To hide her sorrow from the prying world;  
At night she watches all the long, long hours,  
And listens to the winds and beating rain,  
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

O, take me in, a fellow-mourner with thee;  
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear,  
And when the fountains of thy eyes are dry,  
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both!

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,  
And bends him, like a drooping flower, to earth.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Her streaming eycs bent ever on the earth,  
Except when in some bitter pang of sorrow,  
To heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise,  
And beg that mercy man deny'd her here.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

She never sees the sun, but thro' her tears;  
And wakes to sigh the live-long nights away.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Give me your drops, ye soft descending rains,  
Give me your streams, ye never-ceasing springs,  
That my sad eyes may still supply my duty,  
And feed an everlasting flood of sorrow.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

That eating canker, grief, with wasteful spite,  
Preys on the rosy bloom of youth and beauty.

*Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.*

Some secret venom preys upon his heart;  
A stubborn and unconquerable flame  
Creeps in his veins, and drinks the streams of life.

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments  
Is fled away and gone; joy has forsaken us;  
Our hearts have now another part to play.

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

O peaceful solitude!

Here all things smile, and in sweet concert join:  
All but my thoughts, that still are out of time,  
And break, like jarring strings, the harmony.

*Tate's Loyal General*

We'll fly to some far distant lonely village,  
Forget our former state, and breed with slaves,  
Sweat in the eye of day, and when night comes  
With bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant souls,  
Sleep like labour'd hinds, and never think;  
For if I think again, I shall go mad.

*Sewell's Sir W. Raleigh.*

Words will have way: or grief, suppress'd in vain,  
Would burst its passage with th' out-rushing soul

*Hill's Alzira.*

Awhile she stood  
Transform'd by grief to marble; and appear'd  
Her own pale monument; but when she breath'd  
'The secret anguish of her wounded soul,  
So moving were the plaints, they would have  
sooth'd

The stooping falcon to suspend his flight,  
And spare his morning prey.  
*Fenton's Mariamne.*

A soul exasperated in ills, falls out  
With every thing — its friend — itself.  
*Addison's Cato.*

Alas ! the muses now no more inspire,  
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;  
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,  
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.  
*Pope's Sappho.*

Oh ! mortals, short of sight, who think the past  
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last:  
Alas ! misfortunes travel in a train,  
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;  
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,  
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.  
*Young's Force of Religion.*

What a damp hangs on me !  
These sprightly tuneful airs but skim along  
The surface of my soul, not enter there :  
She does not dance to this enchanting sound.  
How, like a broken instrument beneath  
The skilful touch, my joyless heart lies dead !  
Nor answers to the master's hand divine !  
*Young's Brothers.*

How vain all outward effort to supply  
The soul with joy ! The noontide sun is dark,  
And music discord, when the heart is low.  
*Young's Brothers.*

Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,  
As conscious all their love is in arrear.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*  
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,  
So high in merit, and to them so dear.  
They dwell on praises, which they think they share;  
And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,  
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest;  
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

But who can paint the lover as he stood,  
Pierc'd by severe amazement, — hating life,  
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !  
So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb,  
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
For ever silent, and for ever sad.  
*Thomson's Seasons.*

Sweet source of virtue,  
O sacred sorrow ! he who knows not thee,  
Knows not the best emotions of the heart,  
Those tender tears that harmonize the soul,  
The sigh that charms, the pang that gives delight.  
*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

So many great  
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,  
Have in her school been taught, as are enough  
To consecrate distress, and make ambition  
Ev'n wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.  
*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

There oft is found an avarice in grief ;  
And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze  
Upon its secret hoard of treasur'd woes  
In pining solitude.  
*Mason's Elfrida.*

Thou look'st a very statue of surprise,  
As if a lightning blast had dried thee up,  
And had not left thee moisture for a tear.  
*Martyn's Timoleon.*

'T is impotent to grieve for what is past,  
And unavailing to exclaim.  
*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

Whole years of joy glide unperceiv'd away,  
While sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.  
*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

Half of the ills we hoard within our hearts,  
Are ills because we hoard them.  
*Proctor's Mirandola.*

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes  
And fondly broods with miser-care ;  
Time but th' impression deeper makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear !  
*Burns.*

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,  
A burden more than I can bear,  
I sit me down and sigh :  
O life ! thou art a galling load,  
Along a rough, a weary road,  
To wretches such as I.  
*Burns.*

He died that death which best becomes a man,  
Who is with keenest sense of conscious ill  
And deep remorse assail'd, a wounded spirit.  
A death that kills the noble and the brave,  
And only them. He had no other wound.  
*Joanna Baillie's De Monford.*

Heaven oft in mercy smites e'en when the blow  
Severest is.  
*Joanna Baillie's Orr.*

I'll do whate'er thou wilt, I will be silent :  
But O ! a reined tongue, and bursting heart,  
Are hard at once to bear.  
*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

I felt a sudden tightness grasp my throat  
As it would strangle me; such as I felt,  
I knew it well, some twenty years ago,  
When my good father shed his blessing on me:  
I hate to weep, and so I came away.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

He did naught but sigh,  
If I might judge by the high-heaving vesture  
Folded so deep on his majestic breast;—  
Of sound I heard not.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

No future hour can rend my heart like this,  
Save that which breaks it.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

A malady  
Preys on my heart, that medicine cannot reach,  
Invisible and cureless.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

They said her cheek of youth was beautiful,  
Till withering sorrow blanch'd the white rose  
there.

*Maturin.*

And all clung round him weeping bitterly;  
Weeping the more because they wept in vain.

*Rogers's Italy.*

The grief that on my quiet preys,  
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,  
I fear will last me all my days,  
But feel it will not last me long.

*Sir John Moore.*

, The heavy sigh,  
The tear in the half-opening eye,  
The pallid cheek and brow, confess'd  
That grief was busy in his breast.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

I alone am left on earth!  
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,  
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.

*Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming.*

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,  
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,  
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny  
smile,

Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the  
while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws  
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,  
To which life nothing darker or brighter can  
bring,

For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting!

*Moore.*

For, ah! my heart, how very soon  
The glittering dreams of youth are past!  
And long before it reach its noon,  
The sun of life is overcast.

*Moore.*

The world had just begun to steal  
Each hope, that led me lightly on,  
I felt not as I us'd to feel,  
And life grew dark and love was gone!  
No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,  
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,  
No tongue to call me kind and dear—  
"Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death!

*Moore.*

"Azim is dead!"

Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate  
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate  
In the wide world, without that only tie  
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die—  
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken  
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never lov'd a tree or flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away.  
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

That minute from my soul the light  
Of heaven and love both pass'd away;  
And I forgot my home, my birth,  
Profan'd my spirit, sunk my brow,  
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,  
Till I became—what I am now.

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

But never a tear his cheek descended,  
And never smile his brow unbended:  
And o'er that fair broad brow were wrought  
The intersected lines of thought;  
Those furrows which the burning share  
Of sorrow ploughs untimely there;  
Scars of the lacerating mind  
Which the soul's war doth leave behind.

*Byron's Parasina.*

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,  
With many a retrospection curst,  
And all my solace is to know,  
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.  
What is that worst? nay, do not ask,  
In pity from the search forbear:  
Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
Man's heart, and view the hell that's there.

*Byron.*

Not oft to smile descendeth he,  
And when he doth 'tis sad to see  
That he but mocks at misery.

*Byron's Giaour.*

What is the worst of woes that wait on age ?  
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow ?  
To view each lov'd one blotted from life's page,  
And be alone on earth, as I am now.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

And she was lost—and yet I breath'd,  
But not the breath of human life ;  
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,  
And stung my every thought to strife.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Alike all time, abhorred all place,  
Shuddering I shrunk from nature's face,  
Where every hue that charmed before  
The blackness of my bosom bore.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Alas ! the breast that only bleeds,  
Hath nought to dread from outward blow :  
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
Cares little into what abyss.

*Byron's Giaour.*

My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,  
But a continuance of enduring thought,  
Which then I can resist not: in my heart  
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close  
To look within; and yet I live, and bear  
The aspect and the form of breathing men.  
But grief should be the instructor of the wise;  
Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most  
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,  
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Look on me ! there is an order  
Of mortals on the earth, who do become  
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,  
Without the violence of warlike death;  
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—  
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—  
Some of disease—and some, insanity—  
And some of wither'd or of broken hearts;  
For this last is a malady which slays  
More than are numbered in the lists of fate,  
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;  
Though pleasure fires the madd'ning soul:  
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

*Byron.*

Despond not: wherefore wilt thou wander thus,  
To add thy silence to the silent night,  
And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars ?  
They cannot aid thee.

*Byron's Heaven and Earth.*

He asked no question—all were answered now  
By the first glance on that still-marble brow.  
It was enough—she died—what recked it how?  
The love of youth, the hope of better years,  
The only living thing he could not hate,  
Was reft at once—and he deserved his fate,  
But did not feel it less;—the good explore,  
For peace, those realms where guilt can never  
soar:

The proud—the wayward—who have fixed below  
Their joy—and find this earth enough for woe,  
Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—  
But who in patience parts with all delight ?  
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern  
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn;  
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,  
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

*Byron's Corsair.*

Sorrow preys upon  
Its solitude, and nothing more divests it  
From its sad visions of the other world  
Than calling it at moments back to this.  
The busy have no time for tears.

*Byron's Two Foscari.*

Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.

*Byron's Dream.*

Of many an ill untold, unsung,  
That will not—may not find a tongue,  
But kept conceal'd without control,  
Spread the fell cankers of the soul.

*Byron to his Daughter.*

She stood a moment as a Pythoness  
Stands upon her tripod, agonized, and full  
Of inspiration gathered from distress,  
When all the heart-strings, like wild horses, pull  
The heart asunder.

*Byron.*

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,  
His home deserted for the lonely wood,  
Tormented with a wound he could not know,  
His, like all deep grief, plunged in solitude.

*Byron.*

Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep  
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.  
Our least of sorrows are such as we weep;  
'T is the vile daily drop on drop that wears  
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

*Byron.*

— Her infant babe  
Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,  
And sighed among its playthings.

*Wordsworth*

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught.

Shelley.

Thy grief unmans me, and I fain would meet  
That which approaches, as a brave man yields  
With proud submission to a mightier foe.

Mrs. Hemans.

I need not say how, one by one,  
Love's flowers have dropp'd from off love's chain,  
Enough to say that they are gone,  
And that they cannot bloom again.

Miss Landon.

Ah, tell me not that memory  
Sheds gladness o'er the past;  
What is recall'd by faded flowers  
Save that they did not last!

Miss Landon.

Thine is a grief that wastes the heart,  
Like mildew on a tulip's dyes—  
When hope, deferr'd but to depart,  
Loses its smiles but keeps its sighs.

Miss Landon.

Weep not for him that dieth,  
For he hath ceased from tears,  
And a voice to his replieth  
Which he hath not heard for years.

Mrs. Norton.

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless—  
That only men incredulous of despair,  
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air,  
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access  
Of shrieking and reproach.

Miss Barrett.

I hush my heart, I hide my tears,  
Lest he my grief should guess  
Who, watch'd thee, darling, day and night,  
With patient tenderness;  
'T would grieve his generous soul to see  
This anguish wild and vain,  
And he would deem it sin in me  
To wish thee back again;  
But oh! when I am all alone,  
I cannot calm my grief.

Mrs. Osgood.

## GUIDE.

For double shame he doth deserve,  
Who being guide, doth soonest swerve.

Brandon's Octavia.

That man

Mus safely venture to go on his way,  
That is so guided, that he cannot stray.

Marmion's Holland's Leaguer.

I stand like one

Has lost his way, and no man near him to inquire  
it of:

Yet there's a providence above, that knows  
The roads which ill men tread, and can direct  
Inquiring justice: The passengers that travel  
In the wide ocean, where no paths are,  
Look up, and leave their conduct to a star.

Sir Robert Howard's Surprisal

## GUILT.

Say first what cause

Mov'd our grand-parents, in that happy state,  
Favour'd of heav'n, so highly to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his will  
For one restraint, lords of the world beside.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat  
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and nature gave a second groan,  
Sky lower'd, and muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal sin.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,  
When consternation turns the good man pale?

Young's Night Thoughts.

Let no man trust the first false step  
Of guilt, it hangs upon a precipice,  
Whose steep descent in last perdition ends.

Young's Busiris.

There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man,  
In some conditions, may be brought to approve;  
Theft, sacrilege, treason and parricide,  
When flattering opportunity enticed,  
And desperation drove, have been committed  
By those who once would start to hear them named.

Lillo's Fatal Curiosity.

How guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious breast,  
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great.

Dr. Johnson's Irene.

'Tis guilt alone  
Like brain-sick phrenzy, in its feverish mood,  
Fills the light air with visionary terrors,  
And shapeless forms of fear.

Francis's Eugenia.

Such is the fate of guilt, to make slaves tools,  
And then to make 'em masters—by our secrets.

Havard's Regulus.

He that acts unjustly,  
Is the worst rebel to himself, and tho' now  
Ambition's trumpet and the drum of pow'r  
May drown the sound, yet conscience will, one day,  
Speak louder to him.

*Havard's King Charles I.*

O what a state is guilt! how wild! how wretched!  
When apprehension can form nought but fears,  
And we distrust security herself.

*Havard's Regulus.*

The guilty mind  
Debases the great image that it wears,  
And levels us with brutes.

*Havard's Standerbeg.*

What a state is guilt,  
When ev'ry thing alarms it! like a centinel,  
Who sleeps upon his watch, it wakes in dread,  
Ev'n at a breath of wind.

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

But many a crime deem'd innocent on earth,  
Is register'd in heav'n, and these, no doubt,  
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.

*Couper's Task.*

To what gulfs  
A single deviation from the track  
Of human duties, leads even those who claim  
The homage of mankind as their born due,  
And find it, till they forfeit it themselves.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

He swears, but he is sick at heart;  
He laughs, but he turns deadly pale;  
His restless eye and sudden start—  
These tell the dreadful tale  
That will be told : it needs no words from thee,  
Thou self-sold slave to guilt and misery.

*Dana's Buccaneer.*

God hath yok'd to guilt  
Her pale tormentor — misery.

*Bryant.*

### HAIR.

Hair ! 't is the robe which curious nature weaves  
To hang upon the head, and does adorn  
Our bodies ; in the first hour we are born,  
God does bestow that garment : when we die,  
That, like a soft and silken canopy,  
Is still spread over us : In spite of death,  
Our hair grows in our grave, and that alone  
Looks fresh, when all our other beauty's gone.

*Decker's Satyromastix.*

Her hair was roll'd in many a curious fret,  
Much like a rich and curious coronet ;  
Upon whose arches twenty Cupids lay,  
And were or ty'd, or loath to fly away.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

Her hair  
In ringlets rather dark than fair,  
Does down her ivory bosom roll,  
And hiding half adorns the whole.

*Prior*

Her hair down-gushing in an armful flows,  
And floods her ivory neck, and glitters as she goes.

*Allan Cunningham.*

Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit  
More tame for his grey hairs.

*Keats's Eve of St. Agnes.*

A silver line, that from the brow to the crown,  
And in the middle, parts the braided hair,  
Just serves to show how delicate a soil  
The golden harvest grows in.

*Wordsworth.*

An angel face ! its sunny "wealth of hair,"  
In radiant ripples, bathed the graceful throat  
And dimpled shoulders.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

She's beautiful ! — Her raven curls  
Have broken hearts in envious girls ; —  
And then they sleep in contrast so,  
Like raven feathers upon snow,  
And bathe her neck — and shade the bright  
Dark eye from which they catch the light,  
As if their graceful loops were made  
To keep that glorious eye in shade,  
And holier make its tranquil spell,  
Like waters in a shaded well.

*Willis.*

See those small youngsters whose expansive ears  
Maternal kindness graz'd with frequent shears ;  
Each bristling crop a dangling mass becomes,  
And all the spoonies turn to Absaloms.

*O. W. Holmes*

### HAND.

Her hand,

In whose comparison, all whites are ink  
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughman !

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

I take thy hand, this hand,  
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ;  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,  
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

He who beholds her hand forgets her face.

*Mrs. Brooks's Zophie!*

I love a hand that meets mine own'  
With grasp that causes some sensation

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems*

The instrument of instruments, the hand;  
Courtesy's index; chamberlain to nature;  
The body's soldier; and mouth's caterer;  
Psyche's great secretary; the dumb's eloquence;  
The blind man's candle, and his forehead's buckler;  
The minister of wrath; and friendship's sign.

*Lingua.*

The Hand,—what wondrous Wisdom plann'd  
This instrument so near divine!  
How impotent, without the Hand,  
Proud Reason's light would shine!  
Invention might her power apply,  
And Genius see the forms of heaven,—  
And firm Resolve his strength might try;—  
But vain the Will, the Soul, the Eye,  
Unquarried would the marble lie,  
The oak and cedar flout the sky  
Had not the Hand been given!

*Mrs. Hale—The Hand and its Work.*

The Frost's ice-breath the seas may block,  
An Earthquake's arm the mountains shake,  
The lightning's eye dissolve the rock,  
The heaving breast of Waters break  
A pathway through the solid land;  
No form that Nature's force can take  
Such changes in the World would make  
As doth the Human Hand.

*Mrs. Hale—The Hand and its Work.*

All wants that from our nature rise,  
Life's common cares the Hand supplies;  
It tends and clothes our myriad race,  
And forms for each a resting-place;  
And ceaseless ministry doth keep  
From cradle dream to coffin sleep.

*Mrs. Hale—The Hand and its Work.*

Art's glorious things that give the Mind  
Dominion over Time and Space,—  
The silken Car, that rides the wind;  
The Steel, that trackless seas can trace;  
The Engine, breathing fire and smoke  
That Neptune's potent sway hath broke,  
And sails its ships 'gainst wind and tide;  
The Telescope, that sweeps the sky,  
And brings the pilgrim planet nigh,  
Familiar as the Sun's pale Bride;—  
The microscopic Lens, which finds  
On every leaf a peopled land,—  
All these, that aid the mightiest Minds,  
Were wrought and fashion'd by the Hand!

*Mrs. Hale—The Hand and its Work.*

Though Mind Aladdin's lamp might be,  
His Genie was the Hand.

*Mrs. Hale—The Hand and its Work.*

### HANGING.

Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck  
Which cannot perish, having thee on board,  
Being destined to a drier death on shore.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

While those who turn and wind their oaths  
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths;  
Prevail'd awhile, but 't was not long  
Before from world to world they swung,  
As they had turn'd from side to side;  
And as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

When the times begin to alter,  
None rise so high as from the halter.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

For matrimony and hanging here  
Both go by destiny so clear,  
That you as sure may pick and choose,  
As Cross, I win; and Pile, you lose.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

### HAPPINESS.

O, how bitter a thing it is to look  
Into happiness through another man's eyes!

*Shaks. As you like it.*

If it were now to die,  
'T were now to be most happy; for I fear  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Shaks. Othello.*

What! we have many goodly days to see:  
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,  
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;  
Advantaging their loan, with interest  
Oftentimes double gain of happiness.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

All the good we have rests in the mind;  
By whose proportions only we redeem  
Our thoughts from out confusion, and do find  
The measure of ourselves, and of our powers:  
And that all happiness remains confin'd  
Within the kingdom of this breast of ours.

*Daniel to the Countess of Bedford.*

What thing so good which not some harm may  
bring?

E'en to be happy is a dangerous thing.

*Earl of Sterline's Darius.*

Happy are those,  
That knowing in their births they are subject to  
Uncertain change, are still prepar'd and arm'd  
For either fortune: a rare principle,  
And with much labour learn'd in wisdom's school.

*Massinger's Bondman.*

That happiness does the longest thrive,  
Where joys and griefs have turns alternative.

*Herrick.*

'T is with our souls  
As with our eyes, that after a long darkness  
Are dazzled at th' approach of sudden light;  
When i' th' midst of fears we are surpris'd  
With unexpected happiness; the first  
Degrees of joy are mere astonishment.

*Denham's Sophy.*

Over all men hangs a doubtful fate :  
One gains by what another is bereft;  
The frugal deities have only left  
A common bank of happiness below,  
Maintain'd, like nature, by an ebb and flow.

*Sir Robert Howard's Indian Queen.*

Happiness is a stranger to mankind,  
And, like to a forc'd motion, it is ever  
Strongest at the beginning; then languishing  
With time, grows weary of our company.

*Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours.*

I see there is no man but may make his paradise,  
And it is nothing but his love and dotage  
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't;  
For he that lives retir'd in mind and spirit,  
Is still in paradise.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Nice Valour.*

On earth he first beheld  
Our two first parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind in the happy garden plac'd,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy—unrivalld love.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

They live too long, who happiness outlive :  
For life and death are things indifferent;  
Each to be chose, as either brings content.

*Dryden's Indian Emperor.*

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies,  
And they are fools who roam :  
The world has nothing to bestow ;  
From our own selves our joys must flow,  
And that dear hut — our home.

*Cotton's Fireside.*

Bliss ! sublunary bliss ! — proud words and vain !  
Implicit treason to divine decree !  
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven !  
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.  
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace !  
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart !

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

How sad a sight is human happiness,  
To those whose thoughts can pierce beyond an  
hour !

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Thou happy wretch ; by blindness art thou blest.  
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Know, smiler ! at thy peril art thou pleas'd ;  
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.  
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,  
But rises in demand for her delay ;  
She makes a scourge of past posterity,  
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The spider's most attenuated thread  
Is cord — is cable — to man's tender tie  
On earthly bliss ; it breaks at every breeze.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Nature, in zeal for human amity,  
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.  
Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange,  
Joy flies monopolists ; it calls for two ;  
Rich fruit ! Heav'n planted ! never pluck'd by one.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

O how portentous is prosperity !  
How comet-like ; it threatens, while it shines !

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

What makes man wretched ? Happiness deny'd ?  
Lorenzo ! no, 't is happiness disdain'd.  
She comes too meanly drest to win our smile ;  
And calls herself *content*, a homely name !  
Our flame is transport, and content our scorn.  
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,  
And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Beware what earth calls happiness ; beware  
All joys, but joys that never can expire ;  
Who builds on less than an immortal base,  
Fond as he seems, condemns his joy to death.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Know thou this truth, (enough for man to know),  
"Virtue alone is happiness below,"  
The only point where human bliss stands still,  
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;  
Where only merit constant pay receives,  
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;  
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,  
And if it lose, attended with no pain :  
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest,  
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :  
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,  
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears :  
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,  
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;  
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd,  
Never dejected, while another's blest,  
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,  
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

*Pope's Essay on Man*

Oh, happiness! our being's end and aim,  
Good, pleasure, ease, content—whate'er thy name:  
That something still which prompts th' eternal  
    sigh,

For which we bear to live, or dare to die,  
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,  
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:  
Plant of celestial seed! if drop'd below,  
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are  
    blind;

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;  
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,  
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:  
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;  
Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;  
Or, indolent to each extreme they fall,  
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Know, all the good that individuals find,  
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,  
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.  
But health consists with temperance alone;  
And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own.  
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;  
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,  
'T is no where to be found, or every where.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Order is heav'n's first law; and this confess,  
Some are and must be greater than the rest,  
More rich, more wise, but who infers from hence  
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.  
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,  
If all are equal in their happiness:  
But mutual wants this happiness increase;  
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.  
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;  
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,  
In who obtain defence, or who defend,  
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:  
Heaven breathes through every member of the  
    whole,

One common blessing, as one common soul.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

True happiness (if understood)  
    consists alone in doing good.

*Somerville.*

Oft when blind mortals think themselves secure,  
In height of bliss, they touch the brink of ruin.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combin'd,  
Can make the happy man, without the mind,  
Where judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys  
The chain of reason with unerring gaze;  
Where fancy livcs, and to the brightening eyes,  
His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise;  
Where social love exerts her soft command,  
And plays the passions with a tender hand,  
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,  
And all the moral harmony of life.

*Thomson.*

Oh, then the longest summer's day  
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart  
Had not imparted half: 't was happiness  
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,  
Not to return, how painful the remembrance

*Blair's Grave.*

Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah! how short!  
Bless'd as the pleasing charms of holy men,  
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.  
O slippery state of things! What sudden turns,  
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf  
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy;  
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!  
How scant the space betwenn these vast extremes!

*Blair's Grave*

Our aim is happiness; 't is yours, 't is mine,  
He said, 't is the pursuit of all that live:  
Yet few attain it, if 't was e'er attain'd.  
But they the widest wander from the mark,  
Who through the flowery path of sauntering joy  
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage  
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Its no' in books, its no' in lear,  
To make us truly blest:  
If happiness has not her seat  
And centre in the breast;  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest.

*Burns's Epistle to Davie.*

Think ye, that sic as you and I,  
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,  
Wi' never-ceasing toil;  
Think ye, are we less blest than they,  
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,  
As hardly worth their while?

*Burns's Epistle to Davie.*

Though duller thoughts succeed,  
The bliss e'en of a moment, still is bliss.  
Thou wouldst not of her dew-drops spoil the thorn,  
Because her glory will not last till noon;  
Nor still the lightsome gambols of the colt,  
Whose neck to-morrow's yoke will gall. Fye on't!  
If this be wise, 't is cruel.

*Joanna Baillie's Beacon.*

It is ever thus with happiness :

It is the gay to-morrow of the mind  
That never comes.

*Proctor's Mirandola.*

This was his brightest hour, too bright  
For human weal ; — a glaring light,  
Like sun-beam thro' the rent cloud pouring  
On the broad lake, when storms are roaring ;  
Bright centre of a wild and sombre scene ;  
More keenly bright than summer's settled sheen.

*Joanna Baillie.*

An hour like this is worth a thousand pass'd  
In pomp or ease — 'tis present to the last !  
Years glide away untold — 'tis still the same ;  
As fresh, as fair as on the day it came !

*Rogers's Human Life.*

True happiness is not the growth of earth,  
The soil is fruitless if you seek it there :  
'T is an exotic of celestial birth,  
And never blooms but in celestial air.  
Sweet plant of paradise ! its seeds are sown  
In here and there a breast of heavenly mould,  
It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er was known  
To blossom here — the climate is too cold.

*R. B. Sheridan.*

Vain schemer ! think not to prolong thy joy !  
But cherish while it lasts the heavenly boon !  
Expand thy sails ! thy little bark shall fly  
With the full tide of pleasure ! though it soon  
May feel the influence of the changeful moon,  
It yet is thine ! then let not doubts obscure,  
With cloudy vapours veil thy brilliant noon,  
Nor let suspicion's tainted breath impure,  
Poison the favouring gale which speeds thy course  
secure !

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

Oh, happy you ! who, blest with present bliss,  
See not with fatal prescience future tears,  
Nor the dear moment of enjoyment miss  
Through gloomy discontent, or sullen fears  
Foreboding many a storm for coming years ;  
Change is the lot of all. Ourselves with scorn  
Perhaps shall view what now so fair appears ;  
And wonder whence the fancied charm was born  
Which now with vain despair from our fond grasp  
is torn.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

What deem'd they of the future or the past ?  
The present, like a tyrant, held them fast.

*Byron's Island.*

Sweet, as the desert-fountain's wave  
To lips just cool'd in time to save.

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

All who joy would win  
Must share it — happiness was born a twin.

*Byron.*

There comes

For ever something between us and what  
We deem our happiness.

*Byron's Sardanapalus*

A month ago I was happy ! no,  
Not happy, yet encircled by deep joy,  
Which though 't was all around, I could not touch.  
But it was ever thus with happiness :  
It is the gay to-morrow of the mind  
That never comes.

*Bryan W. Proctor.*

There is a gentle element, and man  
May breathe it with a calm unruffled soul,  
And drink its living waters, till his heart  
Is pure, and this is human happiness.

*Willis.*

How cheap

Is genuine happiness, and yet how dearly  
Do we all pay for its base counterfeit !  
We fancy wants, which to supply, we dare  
Danger and death, enduring the privation  
Of all free nature offers in her bounty,  
To attain that, which, in its full fruition,  
Brings but satiety. The poorest man  
May taste of nature in her element,  
Pure, wholesome, never cloying ; while the richest,  
From the same stores, does but elaborate  
A pungent dish of well-concocted poison.

*J. N. Barker*

Rapture is not the aim of man ; in flowers  
The serpent hides his venom, and the sting  
Of the dread insect lurks in fairest bowers.  
We were not made to wander on the wing ;  
But if we would be happy, we must bring  
Our buoyed hearts to a plain and simple school.

*Percival.*

## HARVEST.

The harvest treasures all

Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,  
Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut up ;  
And instant winter's utmost rage defy'd.  
While loose to festive joy, the country round  
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,  
Shook to the wind their cares.

*Thomson's Seasons*

Her every charm abroad, the village toast,  
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,  
Darts not unmeaning looks.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts  
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think  
That with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil  
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Glowing scene !  
Nature's long holiday ! luxuriant — rich,  
In her proud progeny, she smiling marks  
Their graces, now mature, and wonder-fraught !  
Hail ! season exquisite ! — and hail, ye sons  
Of rural toil ! — ye blooming daughters ! ye  
Who, in the lap of hardy labour rear'd,  
Enjoy the mind unsotted !

*Mary Robinson.*

Now the air

Is rich in fragrance ! fragrance exquisite !  
Of new-mown hay, of wild thyme dewy wash'd,  
And gales ambrosial, which with cooling breath  
Ruffle the lake's grey surface.

*Mary Robinson.*

Hail ! harvest-home !

To thee the muse of nature pours the song,  
By instinct taught to warble ! Instinct pure,  
Sacred, and grateful, to that pow'r ador'd,  
Which warms the sensate being, and reveals  
The soul self-evident, beyond the dreams  
Of visionary sceptics ! Scene sublime !  
Where the rich earth presents her golden treasures ;  
Where balmy breathings whisper to the heart  
Delights unspeakable ! where seas and skies,  
And hills and valleys, colours, odours, dews,  
Diversify the work of nature's God !

*Mary Robinson.*

The feast is such as earth, the general mother,  
Pours from her fairest bosom, when she smiles  
In the embrace of autumn. To each other,  
As some fond parent fondly reconciles  
Her warring children, she their wrath beguiles  
With their own sustenance ; they, relenting, weep.

*Shelley.*

Around him ply the reaper band,  
With lightsome heart and eager hand,  
And mirth and music cheer the toil,—  
While sheaves that stud the russet soil,  
And sickles gleaming in the sun,  
Tell jocund harvest is begun.

*Pringle.*

My glowing heart beats high  
At the sight of burnish'd gold ;  
But 't is not that which the miser's eye  
Delighteth to behold ;  
A brighter wealth by far  
Than the deep mine's yellow vein,  
Is seen around, in the far hills crown'd  
With sheaves of burnish'd grain.

*Eliza Cook.*

Then glory to the steel  
That shines in the reaper's hand ;  
And thanks to God, who has bless'd the sod,  
And crowns the harvest land !

*Eliza Cook.*

There's merry laughter in the field,  
And harmless jest and frolic rout.  
And the last harvest wain goes by,  
With its rustling load so pleasantly,  
To the glad and clamorous harvest shout.—  
There are busy gleaners in the field,—  
The old, whose work is never done,  
And eager, laughing, childish bands,  
Rubbing the ears in their little hands,  
And singing 'neath the harvest sun.

*Mary Howitt.*

The glorious landscape smiles and melts ;  
Green wave-like meadows here are spread,  
There woodland shades are sweetly shed,  
In deepening gold there glows the wheat,  
And there the rye-field's ying sheet.

*Street's Poems.*

### HATRED.

Why should'st thou hate men ?  
They never flatter'd thee : what hast thou given ?

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Hate all, curse all : show charity to none ;  
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,  
Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs  
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow  
them,  
Debts wither them to nothing : be men like blasted  
woods,  
And may diseases lick up their false bloods.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Be abhor'd

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !  
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon despairs :  
Destruction fang mankind !

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind,  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
But nakedness, thou detestable town !  
Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find  
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,  
Being naked, sick ; nor fane, nor capitol,  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,  
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up  
Their rotten privilege and custom against  
My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it  
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,  
Against the hospitable canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in's heart.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

By all the operations of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, for ever.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he  
Upon my party, I'd revolt to make  
Only my wars with him : he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

If I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

But gentle heaven,  
Cut short all intermission ; front to front  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;  
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too !

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Had not God, for strong purpose, steeled  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

I do love thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
If heaven will take the present at our hands.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say — the dog is dead.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

What ! were you snarling all, before I came,  
Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Sit, cousin Percy ; sit, good cousin Hotspur ;  
For by that name, as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale ; and with  
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,  
To cross me from the golden time I look for !

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,  
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.  
I have no brother, I am like no brother :  
And this word — love, which grey-beards call  
divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me ; I am myself alone.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly,  
I should lament thy miserable state.  
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York ;  
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part III.*

Had the passions of thy heart burst out,  
I fear we shoul' have seen decyph'r'd there,  
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,  
Than yet can be imagin'd, or suppos'd.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I.*

How like a fawning publican he looks !  
I hate him, for he is a Christian :  
But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

I'll have my bond ; speak not against my bond :  
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond :  
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause ;  
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
Three thousand ducats : I 'll not answer that :  
But, say, it is my humour : Is it answer'd ?

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

I 'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To Christian intercessors.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

And therefore — since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days —  
I am determined to prove a villain,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost  
hold.

*Shaks. King John.*

It is the wit, the policy of sin,  
To hate those men we have abused.

*Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.*

I see thou art implacable, more deaf  
To prayers than winds and seas ; yet winds and  
seas

Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore :  
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,  
Eternal tempest never to be calm.

*Milton's Samson Agonistes.*

I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

To thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
O sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
What bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Ejected out of church and state,  
And all things but the people's hate

*Butler's Hudibras.*

I had much rather see  
A crested dragon, or a basilisk;  
Both are less poison to my eyes and nature.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

No voice of friendly salutation cheer'd him,  
None wish'd his arms might thrive, or bade God  
speed him:

But through a staring, ghastly-looking crowd,  
Unhail'd, unblest, with heavy heart he went

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,  
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

*Pope's Temple of Fame.*

I'll keep my way alone, and burn away—  
Evil or good I care not, so I spread  
Tremendous desolation on my road:  
I'll be remember'd as huge meteors are;  
From the dismay they scatter.

*Proctor's Mirandola.*

Disgust conceal'd  
Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault  
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

*Couper's Task.*

Oh, that I could but mate him in his might,  
Oh, that we were on the dark wave together,  
With but one plank between us and destruction,  
That I might grasp him in these desperate arms,  
And plunge with him amid the weltering billows,  
And view him grasp for life.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

By heaven and all its host he shall not perish!  
*Bertram.*—By hell and all its host he shall not live!  
This is no transient flash of fugitive passion—  
His death hath been my life for years of misery—  
Which else I had not liv'd—  
Upon that thought, and not on food, I fed,  
Upon that thought, and not on sleep, I rested—  
I came to do the deed that must be done—  
Nor thou, nor sheltering angels, could prevent me.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

The hand of Douglas is his own;  
And never shall in friendship's grasp  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Warp'd by the world in disappointment's school,  
In words too wise, in conduct there a fool;  
Too firm to yield, and far too proud to stoop,  
Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,  
He curs'd those virtues as the cause of ill,  
And not the traitors who betray'd him still;  
Nor deem'd that gifts bestow'd on better men,  
Had left him joy, and means to give again.  
Feared, shunned, belied, ere youth had lost her  
force,

He hated men too much to feel remorse,  
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,  
To pay the injuries of some on all.

*Byron's Corsair.*

If you come for our thanks, take them, and hence!  
The dungeon gloom is deep enough without you,  
And full of reptiles, not less loathsome, though  
Their sting is honester.

*Byron's Two Foscari.*

From thy false tears I did distil  
An essence which hath strength to kill;  
From thy own heart I then did wring  
The black blood in its blackest spring;  
From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake,  
For there it coil'd as in a brake;  
From thy own lip I drew the charm  
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;  
In proving every poison known,  
I found the strongest was thine ovn.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Down to the dust! and as thou rot'st away,  
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.

*Byron's Sketch from Private Life.*

Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,  
To seize and share the dear caress;  
But love itself could never pant  
For all that beauty sighs to grant,  
With half the fervour hate bestows  
Upon the last embrace of foes.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;  
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

*Byron.*

I hate it, as I hate an argument,  
A laureate's ode, or servile peer's "content."

*Byron.*

They did not know how hate can burn  
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;  
Nor all the false and fatal zeal  
The convert of revenge can feel.

*Byron's Siege of Corinth.*

There are some things I cannot bear,  
Some looks which rouse my angry hate,  
Some hearts whose love I would not share,  
Till earth and heaven were desolate.

*Willis.*

## HEALTH.

The common ingredients of health and long life  
are  
Great temp'rance, open air,  
Easy labour, little care.

*Sir P. Sidney.*

The surest road to health, say what they will,  
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.  
Most of those evils we poor mortals know  
From doctors and imagination flow.

*Churchill.*

## HEARING.

These wicketts of the soul are plac'd so high,  
Because all sounds do highly move aloft;  
And that they may not pierce too violently,  
They are delay'd with turns and twinnings oft.  
For should the voice directly strike the brain,  
It would astonish and confuse it much;  
Therefore these plaited and folds the sound restrain,  
That it the organ may more gently touch.

*Sir John Davies.*

This is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense;  
For ev'n the ears of such as have no skill,  
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence;  
And knowing not what's good, yet find the ill.

*Sir John Davies.*

These conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,  
But th' other three attend the body still;  
For by their services the soul doth find,  
What things are to the body good or ill.

*Sir John Davies.*

## HEART.

Heaven's Sovereign spares all beings but himself,  
That hideous sight—a naked, human heart!

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The heart is like the sky a part of heaven,  
But changes, night and day, too, like the sky;  
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,  
And darkness and destruction, as on high;  
But when it hath been scorch'd and pierc'd and riven,

Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye  
Pours forth, at last, the heart's blood turn'd to tears.

*Byron.*

To me she gave her heart—the all  
Which tyranny cannot enthrall.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Father of spirits, hear!  
Look on the inmost heart to thee reveal'd,  
Look on the fountain of the burning tear.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

In thy heart there is a holy spot,  
As 'mid the waste an isle of fount and palm,  
For ever green!—the world's breath enters not,  
The passion-tempest may not break its calm  
'T is thine, all thine.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

— I have ease, and I have health,  
And I have spirits light as air;  
And more than wisdom, more than wealth—  
A merry heart that laughs at care.

*H. H. Milman.*

The heart hath its mystery, and who may reveal it,  
Or who ever read in the depth of their own,  
How much we never may speak of, yet feel it,  
But even in feeling it, know it unknown?

*Miss Landon.*

The heart builds up its hopes, though not address'd  
To meet the sunset glories of the west,  
But garnier'd in some still, sweet-singing nest.

*Miss Landon.*

Oh, no! my heart can never be  
Again in lightest hopes the same;  
The love that lingers there for thee  
Hath more of ashes than of flame.

*Miss Landon.*

— Seek for a bosom all honest and true,  
Where love once awaken'd will never depart;  
Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,  
And you'll find there's no home like the home  
in the heart.

*Eliza Cook.*

— We, in the dark chamber of the heart,  
Sitting alone, see the world tailed to us;  
And the world wonders how recluses know  
So much, and most of all, how we know them.  
It is they who paint themselves upon our hearts  
In their own lights and darknesses, not we.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Honour to him, who, self-complete and brave,  
In scorn can carve his pathway to the grave,  
And heeding nought of what men think or say,  
Make his own heart his world upon the way

*The New Timon.*

Mine be the heart that can itself defend—  
Hate to the foe, devotion to the friend!

*The New Timon.*

The flush of youth soon passes from the face,  
The spells of fancy from the mind depart;  
The form may lose its symmetry, its grace,  
But time can claim no victory o'er the heart.

*Mrs. Dixie.*

How idly of the human heart we speak,  
Giving it gods of clay!

*Wilkes.*

A young maiden's heart  
Is a rich soil, wherein lie many germs  
Hid by the cunning hand of nature there  
To put forth blossoms in their fittest season ;  
And though the love of home first breaks the  
soil,  
With its embracing tendrils clasping it,  
Other affections, strong and warm will grow,  
While that one fades, as summer's flush of bloom  
Succeeds the gentle budding of the spring.

*Mrs. Frances K. Butler.*

My heart is like the sleeping lake,  
Which takes the hue of cloud and sky,  
And only feels its surface break  
When birds of passage wander by,  
Who dip their wings, and upward soar,  
And leave it quiet as before.

*Willis's Poems.*

My heart is like a lonely bird,  
That sadly sings,  
Brooding upon its nest unheard,  
With folded wings.

*Mrs. Welby.*

I am not old—though time has set  
His signet on my brow,  
And some faint furrows there have met,  
Which care may deepen now ;—  
For in my heart a fountain flows,  
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,  
And sympathies and feelings high  
Spring like the stars on evening sky

*Park Benjamin.*

A pure heart  
That burns to ashes, yet conceals its pain,  
For fear it mar its hopeless source of love,  
Is not to be despised, or lightly held.

*Boker's Calaynos.*

The heart, methinks,  
Were of strange mould, which kept no cherish'd  
print  
Of earlier, happier times, when life was fresh,  
And love and innocence made holiday.

*Hillhouse.*

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us,  
He knows each chord—its various tone,  
Each spring its various bias :  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it ;  
What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted.

*Burns's Poems.*

## HEAVENS.

There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth,  
No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,  
Famine nor age have any being there.

*Massinger and Decker's Virgin Martyr*

What a poor value do men set of heaven !  
Heaven, the perfection of all that can  
Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony.  
Health, beauty ; and all these not subject to  
The waste of time ; but in their height eternal ;  
Lost for a pension, or poor spot of earth,  
Favour of greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure !  
As men in scorn of a true flame that's near,  
Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm.

*Shirley's St. Patrick for Ireland.*

Blest heaven, how are thy ways just like thy orbs,  
Involv'd within each other ? Yet still we find  
Thy judgments are like comets, that do blaze,  
Affright, but die withal ; whilst that thy mercies  
Are like the stars, who oft-times are obscur'd,  
But still remain the same behind the clouds.

*Fountain's Rewards of Virtue*

There is a heaven :  
This shred of life cannot be all the web  
Nature hath wrought to govern divine spirits ;  
There is a heaven, because there's misery.  
The divine power ever blest and good,  
Made not the world for an ill-natur'd jest,  
To sport himself in pains of those he made.

*Crown's Regulus*

Shall we serve heaven  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves ?

*Shaks. Measure for Measure*

Heaven  
Is as the book of God before thee set,  
Wherin to read his wond'rous works.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night ;  
God said, Let Newton be ; and all was light.

*Pope.*

Devotion ! daughter of astronomy !  
An undevout astronomer is mad.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

What involution ! what extent ! what swarms  
Of worlds, that laugh at earth ! immensely great.  
Immensely distant from each other's spheres ;  
What, then, the wondrous space through which  
they roll ?

At once it quite ingulphs all human thought ;  
'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

This prospect vast, what is it? — weigh'd aright,  
 'T is nature's system of divinity,  
 And every student of the night inspires.  
 'T is elder scripture, writ by God's own hand:  
 Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine;  
 And light us deep into the deity;  
 How boundless in magnificence and might!  
 O what a confluence of ethereal fires,  
 From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heaven,  
 Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!  
 Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart:  
 My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;  
 Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Thrice happy world, where gilded toys  
 No more disturb our thoughts, no more pollute  
 our joys!

There light or shade succeed no more by turns,  
 There reigns th' eternal sun with an unclouded ray,  
 There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,  
 And truth for ever shines, and love for ever burns.

Watts.

But the day is spent;  
 And stars are kindling in the firmament,  
 To us how silent — though like ours, perchance,  
 Busy and full of life and circumstance.

*Rogers's Human Life.*

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven;  
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
 Of men and empires — 't is to be forgiven,  
 That in our aspirations to be great,  
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are  
 A beauty and a mystery, and create  
 In us such love and reverence from afar,  
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have nam'd them.

selves a star. *Byron's Childe Harold.*

Heaven darkly works; — yet, where the seed hath  
 been,

There shall the fruitage, glowing, yet be seen.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

The blue, deep, glorious heavens! — I lift mine eye,  
 And bless thee, O my God! that I have met  
 And own'd thine image in the majesty  
 Of their calm temple still! that never yet  
 There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight  
 By noon tide blaze, or sweeping storm of night!  
 I bless thee, O my God!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,  
 And all is holy where devotion kneels.

O. W. Holmes.

Oh, thou beautiful  
 And unimaginable ether! and  
 Ye multiplying masses of increas'd  
 And still increasing lights! what are ye? what  
 Is this blue wilderness of interminable air,  
 Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen  
 The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?  
 Is your course measur'd for ye? or do ye  
 Sweep on in your unbounded revelry  
 Through an aerial universe of endless  
 Expansion, at which my soul aches to think,  
 Intoxicated with eternity?  
 Oh God! oh Gods! or whatsoe'er ye are!  
 How beautiful ye are! how beautiful  
 Your works, or accident, or whatsoe'er  
 They may be! let me die, as atoms die,  
 (If that they die) or know ye in your might  
 And knowledge! My thoughts are not in this hour  
 Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;  
 Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer!

*Byron's Cain.*

I cannot be content with less than Heaven:  
 O Heaven, I love thee ever! sole and whole,  
 Living, and comprehensive of all life;  
 Thee, agy world, thee, universal Heaven,  
 And heavenly universe!

*Bailey's Festus.*

Oh! why do heavenly visions from the mind  
 Pass, like the rainbow mists that wreath around,  
 And tinge with beauty the unsightly rock?

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

Heaven would be hell if lov'd ones were not there,  
 And any spot a heaven, if we could save  
 From every stain of earth, and thither bear  
 The hearts that are to us our hope and care,  
 The soil whereon our purest pleasures grow  
 Around the quiet hearth we often share,  
 From the quick change of thought, the tender flow  
 Of fondness wak'd by smiles, the world we love  
 below.

Percival.

## HELL.

Divines and dying men may talk of hell,  
 But in my heart her several torments dwell.

*Shaks. Yorkshire Tragedy.*

Yet from these flames  
 No night, but rather darkness visible  
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope comes  
 That comes to all, but torture without end.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

There is a place in a black and hollow vault,  
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,  
But flaming horror of consuming fires;  
A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoky fogs  
Of an infected darkness; in this place  
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts  
Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls  
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed  
With toads and adders; there is burning oil  
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer  
Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold;  
There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,  
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton  
On racks of burning steel, while in his soul  
He feels the torment of his raging lust.  
There stand those wretched things,  
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless  
sheets,  
And secret incests, cursing one another.

*John Ford.*

Hell at last

Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;  
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Fast we found, fast shut,  
The dismal gates, barricadoed strong;  
But, long ere our approaching, heard within  
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song;  
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Hail, horrors! hail,

Infernall world! and thou profoundest hell,  
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings  
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Here we may reign secure; and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:  
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

*Lucifer.* — Behold my world! Man's science  
counts it not

Upon the brightest sky. He never knows  
How near it comes to him; but swath'd in clouds,  
As though in plum'd and palled state, it steals  
Hearse-like and thief-like round the universe,  
For ever rolling and returning not—  
Robbing all worlds of many an angel-soul—  
With its light hidden in its breast, which burns  
With all concentrate and superfluent woe.  
Be sure that this is Hell!

*Bailey's Festus.*

In utter darkness far  
Remote, I beings saw forlorn in woe,  
Burning continually, yet unconsum'd.  
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs  
That always sigh'd, and tears that ever wept  
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.  
And still I heard these wretched beings curse  
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse  
The earth, the resurrection morn, and seek,  
And ever vainly seek, for utter death.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

The place thou saw'st was hell; the groans thou  
heard'st  
The wailings of the damn'd, of those who would  
Not be redeem'd.

*Pollock's Course of Time*

HERMIT.—(See SOLITUDE.)

HEROES.

To overcome in battle, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human glory, and for glory done  
Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerors,  
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,  
Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Conquerors, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin, whereso'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,  
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
Worshipp'd with temple, priest and sacrifice;  
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;  
Till conq'r'or death discover them scarce men,  
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
Violent or shameful death their due reward.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

For great commanders only own  
What's prosperous by the soldier done.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

For he was of that noble trade  
That demi-gods and heroes made.  
Slaughter and knocking on the head,  
The trade to which they all were bred;  
And is, like others, glorious when  
'T is great and large, but base if mean.  
The former rides in triumph for it,  
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,  
For daring to profane a thing  
So sacred with vile bungling.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,  
And look'd through nature at a single view;  
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,  
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;  
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,  
And, passing nature's bounds, was something  
more.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

Yet reason frowns in war's unequal game,  
Where wasted nations raise a single name;  
And mortgag'd states their grandsire's wreaths  
regret,  
From age to age in everlasting debt;  
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey  
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

At every step

Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,  
Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.  
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,  
Disfigures earth, and plotting in the dark,  
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,  
That may record the mischief he has done.

*Couper's Task.*

Let laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,  
Reward his memory, dear to every muse,  
Who with a courage of unshaken root,  
In honour's field advancing his firm foot,  
Plants it upon the line that justice draws,  
And will prevail or perish in the cause.

*Couper.*

But let eternal infamy pursue  
The wretch to nought but his ambition true,  
Who for the sake of filling with one blast  
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.

*Couper.*

Each with a gigantic stride,  
Trampling on all the flourishing works of peace  
To make his greatness greater, and inscribe  
His name in blood.

*Rogers's Italy.*

And though in peaceful garb arrayed,  
And weaponless except his blade,  
His stately mien as well implied  
A high-born heart and martial pride,  
As if a baron's crest he wore,  
And sheathed in armour trod the shore.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

On his bold visage middle age  
Had slightly pressed his signet sage,  
Yet had not quenched the open truth,  
And fiery vehemence of youth;  
Forward and frolic glee was there,  
The will to do, the soul to dare,  
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,  
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

Proud was his tone, but calm; his eye  
Had that compelling dignity,  
His mien that bearing haught and high,  
Which common spirits fear.

*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

I want a hero: an uncommon want,  
When every year and month sends forth a new  
one,  
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,  
The age discovers he is not the true one.

*Byron.*

Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,  
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel,  
Howe,

Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,  
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now.

*Byron.*

'Tis thus the spirit of a single mind  
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,  
As roll the waters to the breathing wind,  
Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection,  
Or as a little dog will lead the blind,  
Or a boll-wether from the flock's connection,  
By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual,  
Such is the sway of your great men o'er little.

*Byron.*

I know thee for a man of many thoughts,  
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,  
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.

*Byron's Manfred*

All these he wielded to command assent;  
But where he wished to win, so well unbent,  
That kindness cancelled fear in those who heard  
And other's gifts showed mean beside his word,  
When echoed to the heart as from his own,  
His deep yet tender melody of tone:  
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,  
He cared not what he softened, but subdued;  
The evil passion of his youth had made  
Him value less who loved — than what obeyed.

*Byron's Corsair*

They crouched to him, for he had skill,  
To warp and wield the vulgar will.

*Byron's Siege of Corinth*

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,  
Demons in act, but gods at least in face,  
In Conrad's form seems little to admire,  
Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire,  
Robust but not Herculean — to the sight  
No giant frame sets forth his common height;  
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,  
Saw more than makes the crowd of vulgar men,  
They gaze and marvel how — and still confess  
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.

*Byron's Corsair*

Yes! rear thy guardian Hero's form  
On thy proud soil, thou Western World!  
A watcher through each sign of storm,  
O'er Freedom's flag unfurl'd.  
There, as before a shrine ye bow,  
Bid thy true sons their children lead;  
The language of that noble brow  
For all things good shall plead.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

Whoever, with an earnest soul,  
Strives for some end from this low world afar,  
Still upward travels though he miss the goal,  
And strays—but towards a star!

*Bulwer.*

Better than Fame, is still the wish for Fame,  
The constant training for a glorious strife;  
The Athlete, nurtur'd for the Olympian game,  
Gains strength, at least for Life.

*Bulwer.*

To the Hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word;  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be!

*Halleck's Bozzaris.*

His was Octavian's prosperous star,  
The rush of Caesar's conquering car  
At battle's call;  
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill,  
And the indomitable will  
Of Hannibal.

*Longfellow's Translations.*

All may be heroes:—  
“The man who rules his spirit,” saith the Voice  
Which cannot err,—“is greater than the man  
Who takes a city.” Hence it surely follows,  
If each might have dominion of himself,  
And each would govern wisely, and thus show  
Truth, courage, knowledge, power, benevolence,  
And all the princely soul in private virtues,—  
Then each would be a prince, a Hero—greater—  
He will be man in likeness of his Maker!

*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

#### HISTORY. HISTORIAN.

But seeing causes are the chiefest things  
That should be noted of the story writers;  
That men may learn what end all causes brings,  
They be unworthy name of chroniclers,  
That leave them clean out of their registers;  
Or doubtfully report them: for the fruit  
Of reading stories, standeth in the suit.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

But story-writers ought for neither glory,  
Fear, nor favour, truth of things to spare:  
But still it fares, as always it did fare;  
Affections, fear, or doubts that daily brew,  
Do cause that stories never can be true.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

There is a history in all men's lives,  
Fig'ring the nature of the times deceas'd;  
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds  
And weak beginnings lie entreasured.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Would God our times had had some sacred wight,  
Whose words as happy as our swords had been;  
To have prepar'd for us trophies aright  
Of undecaying frames t' have rested in;  
Triumphant arks of perdurable might:  
O holy lines! that such advantage win  
Upon the scythe of time, in spite of years:  
How blessed they, who gain what never wears!

*Daniel's Civil War.*

I remember in the age of Assaracus  
And Ninus, and about the wars of Thebes,  
And the siege of Troy, there were few things  
committed

To my charge, but those that were well worthy  
The preserving; but now ev'ry trifle  
Must be wrapped up in the volume of eternity:  
A rich pudding wife, or a cobbler cannot die,  
But I must immortalize his name with  
An epitaph: a dog cannot tread on  
A nobleman's shoe, but it must be sprinkled  
Into the chronicles; so that I never  
Could remember my treasury more full, and  
Never emptier of honourable  
And true heroical actions.

*Lingua.*

This is a great fault in a chronologer  
To turn parasite; an absolute historian  
Should be in fear of none; neither should he  
Write any thing more than truth for friendship,  
Or else for hate; but keep himself equal  
And constant in all his discourses.

*Lingua.*

Chronologers, many of them, are so fantastic,  
As when they bring a captain to the combat  
Lifting up his revengeful arm to dispart  
The head of his enemy, they'll hold up  
His arms so long, till they have bestow'd three  
Or four pages in describing the gold  
Hilts of his threat'ning falchion; so that  
In my fancy the reader may well wonder  
His adversary stabs him not, before  
He strikes.

*Lingua.*

The style is full, and princely,  
Stately and absolute beyond whate'er  
These eyes have seen ; and Rome, whose majesty  
Is there describ'd, in after times shall owe  
For her memorial to your learned pen,  
More than to all those fading monuments  
Built with the riches of the spoiled world.  
When rust shall eat her brass, when time's strong  
hand

Shall bruise to dust her marble palaces,  
Triumphant arches, pillars, obelisks ;  
When Julius' temple, Claudius' aqueducts,  
Agrippa's baths, and Pompey's theatre ;  
Nay, Rome itself shall not be found at all,  
Historians' books shall live ;—those strong records,  
Those deathless monuments alone shall show  
What, and how great, the Roman empire was.

*May's Agrippina.*

The noblest spur unto the sons of fame,  
Is thirst of honour, and to have their name  
Enroll'd in faithful history : Thus worth  
Was by a wise ambition first brought forth.  
Truth is the historian's crown, and art  
Squares it to stricter comeliness.

*John Hall on Charles Aleyne.*

Historians, only things of weight,  
Results of persons, or affairs of state,  
Briefly, with truth and clearness should relate :  
Laconic shortness memory feeds.

*Heath.*

Some write a narrative of wars and feats  
Of heroes little known, and call the rant  
A history ; describe the man of whom  
His own coevals took but little note,  
And paint his person, character, and views,  
As they had known him from his mother's womb.

*Couper's Task.*

Sit at the feet of history — through night  
Of years the steps of virtue she shall trace  
And show the earlier ages, where her sight  
Can pierce the eternal shadows o'er her face ;—  
When from the genial cradle of our race,  
Went forth the tribes of men.

*Bryant—The Ages.*

The classic days, those mothers of romance,  
That roused a nation for a woman's glance,  
The age of mystery with its hoarded power,  
That girt the tyrant in his storied tower,  
Have past and faded like a dream of youth,  
And riper eras ask for history's truth.

*O. W. Holmes.*

## HOME.

The first sure symptoms of a mind in health.  
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Home is the resort  
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,  
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends  
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;  
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
Ecstatic shine : the little strong embrace  
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,  
And emulous to please him, calling forth  
The fond paternal soul. Nor purpose gay,  
Amusement, dance or song, he sternly scorns ;  
For happiness and true philosophy  
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.  
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
And guilty cities, never know ; the life,  
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man !

*Thomson's Seasons.*

My country, sir, is not a single spot .  
Of such a mould, or fix'd to such a clime ;  
No, 't is the social circle of my friends,  
The lov'd community in which I'm link'd,  
And in whose welfare all my wishes centre.

*Miller's Mahomet.*

Let me live amongst high thoughts, and smiles  
As beautiful as love ; with grasping hands,  
And a heart that flutters with diviner life  
Whene'er my step is heard.

*Proctor's Mirandola.*

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring  
swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd :  
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please ;  
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose :  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,  
Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt and all I saw ;  
And, as a hare, whom hound and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return — and die at home at last.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

Thus every good his native wilds impart  
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;  
And even those hills, that round his mansion rise,  
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,  
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;  
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,  
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,  
But bind him to his native mountain more.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!  
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find:  
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,  
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin stacher through  
To meet their dad, wi' flittering noise and glee;  
His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonilie,  
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's smile,  
The lisping infant Prattling on his knce,  
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,  
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

*Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night.*

His warm but simple home where he enjoys  
With her who shares his pleasure and his heart,  
Sweet converse.

*Couper's Task.*

Give me my home, to quiet dear,  
Where hours untold and peaceful move;  
So fate ordain I sometimes there  
May hear the voice of him I love.

*Mrs. Opie.*

The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thoughts;  
Subduing and subdu'd, the petty strife,  
Which clouds the colour of domestic life,  
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs  
From the large aggregate of little things;  
On these small cares of—daughter—wife—  
friend,

The almost sacred joys of home depend.

*Hannah More.*

The land was beautiful—  
Fair rose the spires, and gay the buildings were,  
And rich the plains, like dreams of blessed isles;  
But when I heard my country's music breathe,  
I sigh'd to be among her wilds again!

*Maturin's Fredolfo.*

On thy calm joys with what delight I dream,  
Thou dear green valley of my native stream!  
Fancy o'er thee still waves th' enchanting wand,  
And every nook of time in fairy land.

*Bloomfield's Broken Crutch.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
From wandering on a foreign strand?

*Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

There blend the ties that strengthen  
Our hearts in hours of grief,  
The silver links that lengthen  
Joy's visits when most brief!  
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?  
O! do not widely roam!  
But seek that hidden treasure  
At home, dear home!

*Bernard Barton.*

I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was  
young,  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers  
sung.  
Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never to  
part;  
My little one kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

*Campbell.*

Leans o'er its humble gate and thinks the while—  
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,  
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,  
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm.

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle,  
To them the very rocks appear to smile;  
The haven hums with many a cheering sound,  
The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,  
The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,  
And sportive dolphins bend them through the  
spray;

Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill discordant shriek,  
Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!

Beneath each lamp that through its lattice  
gleams,  
Their fancy paints the friends that trim the  
beams.

Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,  
Like hope's gay glance from ocean's troubled foam.

*Byron's Corsair.*

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,  
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Byron.

He enter'd in his house — his home no more,  
For without hearts there is no home ; — and felt  
The solitude of passing his own door  
Without a welcome.

Byron.

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
Oh ! what were man ? — a world without a sun.

Byron.

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a  
feast,  
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the  
rest;  
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,  
We may order our wings and be off to the west ;  
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,  
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,  
We never need leave our own green isle,  
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.

Moore.

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,  
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye ;  
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,  
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh !  
O nature ! though blessed and bright are thy rays,  
Over the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,  
Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays  
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own !

Moore.

Scenes of my birth, and careless childhood hours !  
Ye smiling hills, and spacious fertile vales !  
Where oft I wander'd plucking vernal flowers,  
And revell'd in the odour-breathing gales ;  
Should fickle fate, with talismanic wand,  
Bear me afar where either India glows,  
Or fix my dwelling on the polar land,  
Where nature wears her ever-during snows ;  
Still shall your charms my fondest themes adorn ;  
When placid evening paints the western sky,  
And when Hyperion wakes the blushing morn,  
To rear his gorgeous sapphire throne on high.  
For to the guiltless heart, where'er we roam,  
No scenes delight us like our much-lov'd home.

Robert Hillhouse.

O, it was pitiful !  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Thomas Hood.

When thy heart, in its pride, would stray  
From the pure first loves of its youth away —  
When the sullying breath of the world would come  
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's  
home,

Think of the tree at thy father's door,  
And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

I love that dear old home ! my mother liv'd there  
Her first sweet marriage years, and last sad  
widow'd ones.

The sunlight there seems to me brighter far  
Than wheresoever else. I know the forms  
Of every tree and mountain, hill and dell ;  
Its waters gurgle like a tongue I know ; —  
It is my home.

*Mrs. Frances K. Butler.*

We leave

Our home in youth — no matter to what end —  
Study — or strife — or pleasure, or what not ;  
And coming back in few short years, we find  
All as we left it outside ; the old elms,  
The house, the grass, gates, and latchet's self-same  
click :

But lift that latchet, — all is chang'd as doom.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Between broad fields of wheat and corn  
Is the lowly home where I was born ;  
The peach-tree leans against the wall,  
And the woodbine wanders over all.  
There is the barn, — and as of yore,  
I can smell the hay from the open door,  
And see the busy swallows throng,  
And hear the peewee's mournful song.  
Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,  
Step lightly, for I love it still ;  
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,  
Then think what countless harvest sheaves  
Have passed within that scented door  
To gladden eyes that are no more.

*T. Buchanan Read.*

Bright is the beautiful land of our birth,  
The home of the homeless all over the earth !

*Street's Poems.*

Home is the sphere of harmony and peace,  
The spot where angels find a resting-place,  
When, bearing blessings, they descend to earth.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems*

Nor need we power or splendour, —  
Wide hall or lordly dome ;  
The good, the true, the tender —  
These form the wealth of home.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems*

My son—thou wilt dream the world is fair,  
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,  
And thou must go;—but never, when there,  
Forget the light of home.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

### HONESTY.

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
You perpetual sober gods! I do proclaim  
One honest man—mistake me not—but one;  
No more, I pray—and he is a steward.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;  
For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:  
For many so arrive at second masters,  
Upon their first lord's neck.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

O wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice;—  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!  
To be direct and honest is not safe.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Ay, sir; to be honest as this world goes,  
Is to be one pick'd out of ten thousand.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats!  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Lands mortgag'd may return, and more esteem'd;  
But honesty once pawn'd, is ne'er redeem'd.

*Middleton's Trick to catch the old One.*

An honest soul is like a ship at sea,  
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;  
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,  
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

An honest man is still an unmov'd rock,  
Wash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock:  
Whose heart conceives no sinister device;  
Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

*Davenport's City Night-Cap.*

Take heed what you say, sir!  
An hundred honest men! why if there were  
So many i' th' city, 'twere enough to forfeit  
Their charter.

*Shirley's Gamester.*

Heav'n, that made me honest, made me more  
Than ever king did, when he made a lord.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

The man who pauses on his honesty  
Wants little of the villain.

*Martyr's Timoleon.*

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod:  
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

### Honesty,

A name scarce echo to a sound—honesty!  
Attend the stately chambers of the great—  
It dwells not there, nor in the trading world:  
Speaks it in councils? No: the sophist knows  
To laugh it thence.

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

All is vanity which is not honesty—thus is it  
graven on the tomb;—  
I speak of honest purpose, character, speech and  
action. *Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*  
Honesty, even by itself, though making many  
adversaries  
Whom prudence might have set aside, or charity  
have soften'd,  
Evermore will prosper at the last, and gain a man  
great honour.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

### HONOUR.

Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Debauch'd on—  
A lying trophy; an—  
Where dust and damn'd oblivion—  
Of honour'd bones indeed.

*Shaks. All's Well that Ends Well.*

That is honour'd scorn,  
Which challenges itself as honour's born,  
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive,  
Than our fore-goers.

*Shaks. All's Well.*

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:  
When great additions swell, and virtue none,  
It is a dropsied honour.

*Shaks. All's Well.*

Honour but of danger wins a scar,  
As oft it loses all.

*Shaks. All's Well.*

For life, I prize it,  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

Rightly to be great,  
Is, not to stir without great argument;  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honour's at the stake.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:  
So he, that doth redeem her thence might wear,  
Without co-rival, all her dignities.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,  
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

What is that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,  
And I will look on both indifferently:  
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

The king has cur'd me,  
I humbly thank his grace: and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy—too much honour:  
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Let none presume  
To gain an undeserved dignity.  
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not so dearly bought! and that dear honour  
Were purchased by the sweat of the wearer!  
How many then should cover, that stand bare?  
How many be commanded that command?  
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
From the true seed of honour? and how much  
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
To be new varnish'd?

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright. To have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

For Brutus is an honourable man,  
So are they all—all honourable men.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar*

Thou idol, honour, which we fools adore!  
How many plagues do rest in thee to grieve us?  
Which, when we have, we find there is much more,  
Than that, which only is a name, can give us:  
Of real comforts thou dost leave us poor,  
And of those joys thou often dost deprive us,  
That with ourselves doth set us at debate,  
And makes us beggars in our greatest state.

*Drayton's Baron's Wars.*

You still insist upon that idol, honour;  
Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth?  
That, take off wrinkles? can it draw men's eyes  
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour,  
That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,  
And look'd into, bears no reward but danger,  
Leave you the most respected person living?

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentine.*

Honour is  
Virtue's allowed ascent: honour that clasps  
All perfect justice in her arms; that craves  
No more respect than what she gives; that does  
Nothing but what she'll suffer.

*Massinger's Very Woman*

1. Speak the height of honour.  
2. No man to offend,  
Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend;  
Rather to suffer than to do a wrong;  
To make the heart no stranger to the tongue,  
Provok'd, not to betray an enemy,  
Nor eat his meat, I choke with flattery;  
Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my scars,  
Or for my conscience, or my country's wars;  
To aim at just things; if we have wildly run  
Into offences—wish them all undone.  
'T is poor in grief, for a wrong done to die,  
Honour to dare to live, and satisfy.

*Massinger's Very Woman.*

The noblest spur unto the sons of fame,  
Is thirst of honour.

*John Hall*

Honour, thou spongy idol of man's mind,  
Thou soak'st content away, thou hast confin'd  
Ambitious man, and not his destiny,  
Within the bounds of form and ceremony.

*Sir P. Sidney's Arcadia*

Vain honour! thou art but disguise,  
A cheating voice, a juggling art;  
No judge of virtue, whose pure eyes  
Court her own image in the heart;  
More pleased with her true figure there,  
Than her false echo in the ear.

*Carew*

His honour's link'd  
Unto his life; he that will seek the one  
Must venture for the other or lose both.

*Tatham's Distracted State.*

He taught them honour, virtue's bashfulness;  
A fort so yieldless, that it scorns to treat;  
Like pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing to less:  
Honour, the moral conscience of the great!

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Poor frightened men at sea,  
To save their lives, cast all their goods away.  
In storms of fortune, where there is a strife  
Which shall be sav'd, man's honour or his life;  
Who would preserve this tatter'd bark from fate,  
But sink the vessel to preserve the freight?

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

In other worlds devotion may have bliss,  
I'm sure 't is honour that must save in this.

*Crown's Justinian.*

Love's common unto all the mass of creatures,  
As life and breath; honour to man alone:  
Honour being then above life, dishonour must  
Be worse than death; for fate can strike but one;  
Reproach doth reach whole families.

*Cartwright's Siege.*

Honour is like that glassy bubble,  
That finds philosophers such trouble,  
Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,  
And wits are crack'd to find out why.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Quoth Ralph, honour's but a word  
To swear by only in a lord:  
In other men 't is but a huff,  
To vapour with, instead of proof.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

If he that in the field is slain,  
Be in the bed of honour lain,  
He that is beaten, may be said  
To lie in honour's truckle bed.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Quoth he, that man is sure to lose  
That foul his hands with dirty foes:  
For where no honour's to be gain'd,  
Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

My loss of honour's great enough,  
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Honour in vain would draw the sword,  
If reason doth not give the word;  
And though the vict'ry we may win,  
Yet conscience witnesses 't is sin;  
These monitors should guide your life,  
When passions fierce engender strife.

*Anon.*

Wood with honour being engag'd,  
Is so implacably enrag'd,  
Though iron hew and mangle sore,  
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

He that is valiant and dares fight,  
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by 't,  
Honour's a lease for lives to come,  
And cannot be extended from  
The legal tenant; 't is a chattel  
Not to be forfeited in battle.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Honour hurt is wont to rage  
With pain no med'cine can assuage.  
Quoth he, that honour's very squeamish  
That takes a basting for a blemish;  
For what's more honourable than scars,  
Or skin to tatters rent in wars?  
Some have been beaten till they know  
What wood a cudgel's of, by th' blow,  
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether  
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Honour's a sacred tie — the law of kings,  
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,  
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets  
her,  
And imitates her actions where she is not:  
It is not to be sported with.

*Addison's Cato.*

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,  
That draws in raw and inexperienced men  
To real mischief, while they hunt a shadow.

*Addison's Cato.*

Better to die ten thousand deaths  
Than wound my honour.

*Addison's Cato.*

Woman's honour  
Is nice as ermine — will not bear a soil.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.  
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made;  
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,  
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.  
"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and  
cowl?"  
I'll tell you, friend — a wise man and a fool;  
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk:  
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,  
The rest is all but leather and prunella.

*Pope.*

Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch  
At every tender twig of nice distinctions.  
These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well:  
But those, whose souls are by the nicer rule,  
Of virtuous delicacy nobly sway'd,  
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

How vain are all hereditary honours,  
Those poor possessions from another's deeds,  
Unless our own just virtues form our title,  
And give a sanction to our fond assumptions.

*Shirley's Parricide.*

The honours of a name 't is just to guard;  
They are a trust but lent us, which we take,  
And should, in reverence to the donor's fame,  
With care transmit them down to other hands.

*Shirley's Parricide.*

What is honour? a silly vain opinion,  
That hangs but on the rabble's idle breath;  
For them we court it, yet by them 't is scorn'd.

*Martyn's Timoleon.*

I've scann'd the actions of his daily life  
With all th' industrious malice of a foe;  
And nothing meets mine eye but deeds of honour.

*Hannah More's Daniel.*

A life of honour and of worth  
Has no eternity on earth,—  
'T is but a name—  
And yet its glory far exceeds  
That base and sensual life which leads  
To want and shame.

*Longfellow.*

Where the meekness of self-knowledge veileth  
the front of self-respect,  
There look thou for the man whose name none  
can know but they will honour.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

### HOPE.

With him went hope in rank, a handsome maid,  
Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold;  
In silken samite she was light array'd,  
And her fair locks were woven up in gold.  
She always smil'd, and in her hand did hold  
An holy water-sprinkle, dipp'd in dew,  
With which she sprinkled favours manifold,  
On whom she list, and did great liking shew,  
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,  
Kings it makes gods, and meanner creatures kings.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

The miserable hath no other medicine  
But only hope.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

The ample proposition, that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in the promis'd largeness.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

There is a credence in my heart,  
An esperance so obstinately strong,  
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;  
As if those organs had deceptious functions,  
Created only to calumniate.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

A cause on foot  
Lives so on hope, as in an early spring  
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair,  
That frosts will bite them.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II*

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer.

*Shaks. Tempest*

I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

*Shaks. Richard II*

Our hopes, I see, resemble much the sun,  
That rising and declining casts large shadows;  
But when his beams are dress'd in mid-day  
brightness,

Yields none at all: when they are farthest from  
Success, their gilt reflection does display  
The largest shows of events fair and prosp'r'ous.

*Chapman's Revenge for Honour.*

What can we not endure,  
When pains are lessen'd by the hope of cure?

*Nabb's Microcosmus*

When once the main spring, hope, is fall'n into  
Disorder, no wonder if the lesser wheels—  
Desire and joy—stand still.

*Suckling's Aglaura*

Hope  
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.

*Jonson's Volpone*

And now her hope a weak physician seems,  
For hope, the common comforter, prevails,  
Like med'cines, slowly in extremes.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert*

Where an equal poise of hope and fear  
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is  
That I incline to hope rather than fear.

Milton.

What are our hopes?  
Like garlands, on affliction's forehead worn,  
Kiss'd in the morning, and at evening torn.  
*Davenport's King John and Matilda.*

Hope! of all ills that men endure,  
The only cheap and universal cure!  
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!  
Thou lover's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!

Cowley.

Hope! fortune's cheating lottery!  
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;  
Fond archer, hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,  
That still or short or wide thine arrows are!

Cowley.

Brother of fear, more gaily clad!  
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:  
Sire of repentance! child of fond desire!  
That blow'st the chymics' and the lovers' fire:  
Leading them still insensibly on  
By the strange witchcraft of "anon!"  
By thee the one does changing nature, through  
Her endless labyrinths, pursue;  
And th' other chases woman, while she goes  
More ways and turns than hunted nature knows.

Cowley.

Thus, through what path soe'er of life we rove,  
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love.  
Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,  
Why seek we brightness from the years to come?  
Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,  
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,  
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake,  
For hope is but the dream of those that wake.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Hope with a goodly prospect feeds the eye,  
Shows from a rising ground possession nigh;  
Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite:  
So easy 't is to travel with the sight.

Dryden.

A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds,  
Gilds the black horror, and directs my way.

*Dryden's Lote Triumphant.*

Multiplying wishes is a curse,  
That keeps the mind perpetually awake.

*Dryden's Secret Love.*

Hope is the fawning traitor of the mind,  
Which, while it cozens with a colour'd friendship,  
Kobs us of our last virtue — resolution.

*Lee's Constantine.*

Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from eternal good,  
That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,  
With views of fortune.

*Thomson's Liberty.*

Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;  
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.  
Joy has her tears; and transport has her death:  
Hope, like a cordial, innocent tho' strong,  
Man's heart at once inspirits, and serenes;  
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;  
'T is all our present state can safely bear,  
Health to the frame, and vigour to the mind!  
A joy attempter'd! a chastis'd delight!  
Like the fair summer ev'ning, mild and sweet!  
'T is man's full cup; his paradise below!

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,  
All present blessings treading under foot,  
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;  
Wait the great teacher, death; and God adore;  
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:  
Man never is, but always to be, blest:  
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

*Pope's Essay on Man*

'T is the cruel artifice of fate,  
Thus to refine and vary on our woes,  
To raise us from despair, and give us hopes,  
Only to plunge us in the gulph again,  
And make us doubly wretched.

*Trap's Abramule.*

O hope! sweet flatterer! thy delusive touch  
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort—  
Relieves the load of poverty — sustains  
The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,—  
And smooths the pillow of disease and pain!

*Glover's Boadicea.*

But thou, O hope, with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure?  
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!  
Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
And from the rocks — the woods — the vale,  
She call'd on echo still through all her song  
And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
And hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden  
hair.

*Collins's Passions.*

With what a leaden and retarding weight  
Does expectation load the wing of time!

*Mason's Alyrda*

To-day, in snow array'd, stern winter rules  
The enravag'd plain — anon the teeming earth  
Unlocks her stores, and spring adorns the year :  
And shall not we, while fate, like winter, frowns,  
Expect revolving bliss ?

*Smollett's Regicide.*

Know then whatever cheerful and serene  
Supports the mind, supports the body too.  
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel  
Is hope : the balm and life-blood of the soul ;  
It pleases and it lasts. Indulgent heaven  
Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths  
Of rugged life to lead us patient on ;  
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.  
Our greatest good, and what we can least spare,  
Is hope : the last of all our evils, fear.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,  
Still, still on hope relies ;  
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
Bids expectation rise.  
Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,  
Adorns and cheers the way ;  
And still, as darker grows the night,  
Emits a brighter ray.

*Goldsmith.*

Hope ! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,  
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,  
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,  
What treasures centre, what delights in thee.  
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land,  
That boasts the treasure, all at his command ;  
The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,  
Were light, when weigh'd against one smile of  
thine.

*Couper's Hope.*

When the heart is light  
With hope, all pleases, nothing comes amiss.

*Rogers's Italy.*

Hope oft, my son, unbrates the girt mind,  
And to the conflict turns it loosely forth,  
Weak and divided.

*Joanna Baillie's Rayner.*

Auspicious hope ! in thy sweet garden grow  
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe :  
Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour,  
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;  
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,  
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring !  
What viewless forms th' Aeolian organ play,  
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought  
away !

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Congenial hope ! thy passion-kindling power,  
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled  
hour !

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Propitious power ! when rankling cares annoy  
The sacred home of hymenean joy ;  
When doom'd to poverty's sequester'd dell,  
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,  
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,  
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the  
same :

Oh, then, prophetic hope ! thy smile bestow,  
And chase the pangs that worth should never  
know.

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Eternal hope ! when yonder spheres sublime  
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time.  
Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade, —  
When all the sister planets have decay'd ;  
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And heav'n's last thunder shakes the world below ;  
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
And light thy torch at nature's funeral pile !

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Unfading hope ! when life's last embers burn,  
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !  
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !  
Oh ! then thy kingdom comes ! immortal power !  
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !  
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day —  
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin !  
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,  
Unmelted at the bottom lay,  
To shine again, when, all drunk up,  
The bitterness should pass away.

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

And then, that hope, that fairy hope,  
Oh ! she awak'd such happy dreams,  
And gave my soul such tempting scope,  
For all its dearest, fondest schemes !

*Moore.*

White as a white sail on a dusky sea,  
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,  
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,  
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity

*Byron's Islana.*

Hope's at best  
A star that leads the weary on,  
Still pointing to the unpossess'd,  
And palling that it beams upon.

*Anon.*

Fountain of song, it prayer begins and ends  
Hope is the wing by which the soul ascends.  
Some may allege I wander from the path  
And give to hope the proper rights of faith.

Like love and friendship, these, a comely pair,  
What's done by one, the other has a share :  
When heat is felt, we judge that fire is near,  
Hope's twilight comes — faith's day will soon  
appear.

Thus when the Christian's contest doth begin,  
Hope fights with doubts, till faith's reserves come in.  
Hope comes desiring and expects relief;  
Faith follows, and peace springs from firm belief.  
Hope balances occurrences of time;  
Faith will not stop till it has reach'd the prime.  
Just like co-partners in joint stock of trade,  
What one contracts is by the other paid.  
Make use of hope thy labouring soul to cheer,  
Faith shall be giv'n, if thou wilt persevere.  
We see all things alike with either eye,  
So faith and hope the self-same object spy.  
But what is hope? or where or how begun?  
It comes from God, as light comes from the sun.

*Thomas Hogg.*

Hopes, what are they? — Beads of morning,  
Strung on slender blades of grass;  
Or a spider's web adorning  
In a strait and treacherous pass.

*Wordsworth.*

Hope rules a land for ever green;  
All powers that serve the bright-eyed queen  
Are confident and gay;  
Clouds at her bidding disappear;  
Points she to aught? — the bliss draws near,  
And fancy smooths the way.

*Wordsworth.*

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,  
And hope without an object cannot live.

*Coleridge.*

Hope on — hope ever! — by the sudden springing  
Of green leaves which the winter hid so long;  
And by the burst of free, triumphant singing,  
After cold silent months the woods among;  
And by the rending of the frozen chains,  
Which bound the glorious river of the plains,  
Hope on — hope ever. .

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Though at times my spirit fails me,  
And the bitter tear-drops fall,  
Though my lot is hard and lonely,  
Yet I hope — I hope through all.

*Mrs. Norton.*

How disappointment tracks  
The steps of hope!

*Miss Landon.*

Come then, oh care! oh grief! oh woe!  
Oh troubles! mighty in your kind,  
I have a balm ye ne'er can know,  
A hopeful mind.

*F. Vane.*

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to  
follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of the  
Saviour.

*Longfellow.*

God wills, man hopes; in common souls  
Hope is but vague and undefin'd,  
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls  
A blessing to his kind.

*James R. Lowell.*

— Hopes, that beckon with delusive gleams,  
Till the eye dances in the void of dreams.

*O. W. Holmes.*

That brow was fair to see, love,  
That looks so shaded now;  
But for me it bore the care, love,  
That spoilt a bonny brow.  
And though no longer there, love,  
The gloss it had of yore;  
Still memory looks and dotes, love,  
Where hope admired before.

*Hood.*

There are hopes  
Promising well, and love-touch'd dreams for some,  
And passions, many a wild one, and fair schemes  
For gold and pleasure.—

Oh, if there were not better hopes than these —  
Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame —  
If truth, and fervour, and devotedness,  
Finding no worthy altar, must return  
And die with their own fulness — if beyond  
The grave there is no *heaven*, in whose wide air  
The spirit may find room, and in the love  
Of whose bright habitants this lavish heart  
May spend itself — *what thrice-mock'd fools are we!*

*Willis.*

### HORSEMANSHIP.

I saw young Harry with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

As seamen ride with all their force,  
And tug as if they row'd the horse,  
And when the hackney sails most swift,  
Believe they lag, or run adrift.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall,  
I would say eye, for h' had but one,  
As most agree; tho' some say none.

*Butler's Hudibras*

After many strains and heaves,  
He got up to the saddle-eaves,  
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,  
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,  
That he had almost tumbled over  
With his own weight, but did recover,  
By laying hold of tail and mane,  
Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,  
And snorting foam'd and champ'd the golden bit.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel,  
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell.

*Pope.*

With flowing tail and flying mane,  
With nostrils never streak'd by pain,  
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,  
And feet that iron never shod,  
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,  
A thousand horse—the wild—the free—  
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,  
Came thundering on.

*Byron's Mazeppa.*

My beautiful! my beautiful!  
That standest meekly by  
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck,  
And dark and fiery eye;—  
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—  
Thy master hath his gold—  
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful, farewell!  
Thou 'rt sold, my steed—thou 'rt sold!

*Mrs. Norton.*

When troubled in spirit, when weary of life,  
When I faint 'neath its burdens, and shrink from  
its strife—  
When its fruits, turn'd to ashes, are mocking my  
taste,  
And its fairest scene seems but a desolate waste;  
Then come ye not near me, my sad soul to cheer  
With friendship's soft accents or sympathy's tear;  
No counsel I ask, and no pity I need,  
But bring me, oh, bring me my gallant young  
steed!

*Sara J. Clarke.*

Oh! not all the pleasure that poets may praise,—  
Not the wildering waltz in the ball-room's blaze,  
Nor the chivalrous joust, nor the daring race,  
Nor the swift regatta, nor merry chase,  
Nor the sail high heaving waters o'er,  
Nor the rural dance on the moonlight shore,—  
Can the wild and fearless joy exceed  
Of a fearless leap on a fiery steed.

*Sara J. Clarke.*

Ay! gather your reins, and crack your thong,  
And bid your steed go faster;  
He does not know, as he scrambles along,  
That he has a fool for his master.

*O. W. Holmes*

### HOSPITAL.

Immediately a place

Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark—  
A lazar-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies  
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
Demonic phrenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness, piercing atrophy,  
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

### HOSPITALITY

Therein he them full fair did entertain,  
Not with such forged shows as fitter been  
For courting fools, that courtesies would faine,  
But with entire affection and appearance plain.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,  
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,  
'T is given with welcome: to feed, were best at  
home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

I charge thee, inv'—e them all: let in the tide  
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

The broken soldie, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were  
won,

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to  
glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wand'ring, but reliev'd their pain.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

Blest be the spot, where cheerful guests retire,  
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire.  
Blest that abode, where want and pain despair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair:  
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,  
Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks, that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed  
and feasted;  
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers  
together,  
All things were held in common, and what one had  
was another's:  
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seem'd more  
abundant.      *Longfellow's Evangeline.*

View them near  
At home, where all their worth and pride is plac'd;  
And there their hospitable fires burn clear.

*Halleck.*

### HUMILITY.

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty, and so many my defects,  
That I would rather hide me from my greatness—  
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea—  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

I will not do't:

Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender, and when he's old,  
cashier'd;  
Whip me such honest knaves.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Signor Antonio, many a time, and oft  
In the Rialto, you have rated me  
About my moneys, and my usances:  
Still have I borne it with a patient saug:  
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Often to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low;—an excellent thing in woman.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Be wise,  
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.

*Massinger's Duke of Milan.*

The noble find their  
Lives and deaths still troublesome;  
But humility doth sleep, whilst the storm  
Grows hoarse with scolding.

*Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

First praise  
Her mighty spirit; then, when she weeps,  
Gather up her tears for scatter'd pearl.  
This disguis'd humility is  
Both the swift and safest way to pride.

*Sir W. Davenant's Alborine.*

There are some that use  
Humility to serve their pride, and seem  
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder  
At their wish'd journey's end.

*Denham's Sophy.*

He that will once give the  
Wall, shall be quickly thrust into the kennel.

*Chapman's May-Day.*

Humility is eldest-born of virtue,  
And claims the birth-right at the throne of heav'n.

*Murphy's Zobeide.*

Humility, that low, sweet root,  
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

The meek mountain daisy, with delicate crest,  
And the violet whose eye told the heaven of her  
breast.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Lowliness is the base of every virtue:  
And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest.  
My God keeps all his pity for the proud.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Humility mainly becometh the converse of man  
with his Maker,

But oftentimes it seemeth out of place of man  
with man;  
Render unto all men their due, but remember  
thou also art a man,  
And cheat not thyself of the reverence which is  
owing to thy reasonable being.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

## HUNTING.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose,  
In piteous chase.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

But, up to the mountains ;  
This is not hunter's language : he that strikes  
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast ;  
To him the other two shall minister ;  
And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater state.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Wilt thou hunt ?

Thy hounds will make the welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem all one mutual cry : I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Hunting is the noblest exercise,  
Makes men laborious, active, wise,  
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight,  
It helps the hearing, and the sight :  
It teacheth arts that never slip  
The memory, good horsemanship,  
Search, sharpness, courage and defence,  
And chaseth all ill habits thence.

*Jonson's Masques.*

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !  
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lorn seat  
Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,  
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;  
The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ;  
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;  
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,  
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook ;  
Vain is her best precaution.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

He stands at bay ;

And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
The big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,  
Blood-happy, hang at his fair-jutting chest,  
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The forest music is to hear the hounds  
Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry  
Awake the drowsy echo, and confound  
Their perfect language in a mingled sound.

*Day's Isle of Gulls.*

The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn,  
Summons the dogs and greets the dappled morn.  
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,  
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for  
sounds ;

Wild through the furzy field their route they take,  
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake ;  
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,  
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace ;  
The distant mountains echo from afar,  
And hanging woods resound the flying war :  
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,  
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears ;  
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,  
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed ;  
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,  
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd  
train.

*Gay's Rural Sport.*

My hoarse-sounding horn  
Invites thee to the chase, the sport of kings ;  
Image of war without its guilt.

*Somerville's Chase.*

The morning sun, that gilds with trembling rays  
Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train  
Mount for the chase, nor views in all his course  
A scene so gay.

*Somerville's Chase.*

Fields, woods, and streams,  
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,  
Shall hear my cheering voice ; my hounds shall  
wake

The lazy morn and glad th' horizon round.

*Somerville's Chase.*

Hark ! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,  
The gallant chiding loads the trembling air.

*Somerville's Chase.*

Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,  
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along  
In pleasing hurry and confusion toss'd ;  
Oblivion to be wish'd.

*Somerville's Chase.*

In vain malignant streams and winter fogs  
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts;  
The huntsman, ever gay, robust, and bold,  
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides  
In this delightful exercise to raise  
His drooping head and cheer his heart with joy.

*Somerville's Chase.*

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your  
blood,  
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,  
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,  
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.  
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,  
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,  
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,  
Panting with hope he tries the furrow'd grounds;  
But when the tainted gales the game betray,  
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;  
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,  
Till ho'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.

*Pope's Windsor Forest.*

The cheerful morn  
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed.  
Already see the deep-mouth'd bugles catch  
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport  
Intent, with emulous impatience try  
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey  
Delights you more, go chase the desperate deer;  
And through its deepest solitudes awake  
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Liv'd in his saddle, lov'd the chase, the course,  
And always, e'er he mounted, kiss'd his horse,

*Couper's Retirement.*

Again impetuous to the field he flies,  
Leaps ev'ry fence but one—there falls and dies;  
Like a slain deer, the tumbril brings him home,  
Unmiss'd but by his dogs and by his groom.

*Couper's Progress of Error.*

Contusion hazarding of neck or spine,  
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.

*Couper's Needless Alarm.*

Now therefore issued forth the spotted pack,  
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and  
throats

With a whole gamut fill'd of heav'nly notes,  
For which, alas! my destiny severe,  
Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.

*Couper's Needless Alarm.*

Bu, at . those dreadful yells what soul can hear,  
What owns a carcase, and not quake for fear?  
Demons produce them doubtless, brazen-claw'd  
And fang'd with brass the demons are abroad.

*Couper's Needless Alarm.*

When huntsmen wind the merry horn,  
And from its covert starts the fearful prey;  
Who, warm'd with youth's blood in his swelling  
veins,  
Would, like a lifeless clod outstretched lie,  
Shut up from all the fair creation offers?

*Jeanne Baillie's Ethwald.*

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall.  
I wish I were as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forests green,  
With bended bow, and bloodhound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me!

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

As chief who hears his warder call,  
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"  
The antler'd monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
But ere his fleet career he took,  
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;  
Like crested leader proud and high,  
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky;  
A moment gaz'd adown the dale,  
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,  
A moment listen'd to the cry,  
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;  
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,  
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,  
And stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

An hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,  
Clatter'd an hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry hours rung out,  
An hundred voices join'd the shout;  
With hark and whoop, and wild halloo,  
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew:  
Far from the tumult fled the roe,  
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,  
The falcon from her cairn on high,  
Cast on the rout a wandering eye,  
Till far beyond her piercing ken,  
The hurricane had swept the glen;  
Faint and more faint, its failing din  
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn,  
And silence settled, wide and still,  
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake*

He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws  
Of hunting — for the sagest youth is frail;  
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,  
And once o'er several country gentlemen.

*Byron.*

He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,  
Who after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,  
And what not, though he rode beyond all price,  
Ask'd next day, "If men ever hunted twice?"

Byron.

His gaunt hound yell'd, his rifle flash'd,  
The grim bear hush'd its savage growl;  
In blood and foam the panther gnash'd  
Its fangs with dying howl;  
The fleet deer ceas'd its flying bound,  
Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,  
And with its moaning cry,  
The beaver sank beneath the wound,  
Its pond built Venice by.

Street's Poems.

A band of hunters were we. All day long  
Our feet had trail'd the woods. The panther fierce,  
The snorting bear, the cowering wolf, the deer  
Swift as our balls, had fallen, as crack'd the shots  
Of our slim, deadly rifles.

Street's Poems.

### HUSBANDS.

Look here upon this picture, and on this:  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers:  
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye, like Mars, to threaten or command;  
A station, like the herald Mercury,  
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination, and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man!  
This was your husband.—Look you now what  
follows;  
There is your husband—like a mildew'd ear  
Blasting his wholesome brother.

Shaks. Hamlet.

Marry! no, faith; husbands are like lots in  
The lottery, you may draw forty blanks  
Before you find one that has any prize  
In him; a husband generally is a  
Careless domineering thing, that grows like  
Coral; which as long as it is under water  
Is soft and tender; but as soon  
As it has got its branch above the waves  
Is presently hard, stiff, not to be bow'd.

Marston.

What are husbands? read the new world's won-  
ders,  
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,  
And you will scarce find such deformities.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Rule a Wife.

Know then,  
As women owe a duty—so do men.  
Men must be like the branch and bark to trees,  
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage;—  
Clothe them in winter, tender them in age,  
Or as ewes love unto their ewlings lives;  
Such should be husbands' custom to their wives.  
If it appears to them they've stray'd amiss,  
They only must rebuke them with a kiss;  
Or cluck them as hens' chickens, with kind call,  
Cover them under their wing, and pardon all.

*Wilkins's Miseries of Enforced Marriage.*

To all married men be this caution,  
Which they should duly tender as their life,  
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife.

*Massinger's Picture.*

A narrow-minded husband is a thief  
To his own fame, and his preferment too;  
He shuts his parts and fortunes from the world;  
While from the popular vote and knowledge,  
Men rise to employment in the state.

*Shirley's Lady of Pleasure.*

### HYPOCRISY. (See also DECEIT.)

Thereto when needed, she could weep and pray  
And when she listed she could fawn and flatter  
Now smiling smoothly, like to summer's day,  
Now glooming sadly, so to cloak her matter;  
Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears  
but water.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

No man's condition is so base as his;  
None more accus'd than he: for man esteems  
Him hateful, 'cause he seems not what he is:  
God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seems;  
What grief is absent, or what mischief can  
Be added to the hate of God and man?

*Quarles.*

There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand, wear upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely  
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes;  
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen;  
Use all the observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent  
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose,  
An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek:  
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart:  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

O, what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

*Shaks. Much ado about Nothing.*

This outward sainted deputy—  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew  
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest at first with heavenly show.

*Shaks. Othello.*

When my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native art and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 't is not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For doves to peck at—I am not what I am.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
Yet for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign.

*Shaks. Othello.*

If that the earth could turn with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.

*Shaks. Othello.*

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,  
That—his apparent open guilt omitted—  
He liv'd from all attainer of suspect.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ:  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;  
Look, when he fawns he bites; and when he bites,  
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:  
Have not to do with him, beware of him;  
Sin, death, and hell, have set their mark on him;  
And all their ministers attend on him.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;  
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:  
And be not easily won to our requests;  
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Gloster's show

Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile  
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;  
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,  
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,  
That for the beauty, thinks it excellent.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part II.*

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile:  
And cry content, to that which grieves my heart  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III*

I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;  
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe.

*Shaks. Titus Andronicus*

Show men deceitful?

Why, so didst thou: or seem they grave and learned?

Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?  
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?  
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,  
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;  
Constant in spirit, nor swerving with the blood;  
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment;  
Not working with the eye, without the ear,  
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?  
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

How smooth and even do they bear themselves!  
As if allegiance in their bosom sat,  
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eyes,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,  
But be the serpent under it.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not,  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth ape  
Of devils' habits, is angel yet in this;  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,  
That aptly is put on.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

We are oft to blame in this—  
 'T is too much prov'd—that with devotion's visage  
 And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
 The devil himself.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Away, and mock the time with fairest show :  
 False face must hide what the false heart doth  
 know.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

You are meek, and humble mouth'd ;  
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
 With meekness and humility : but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

We are at the stake,  
 And bay'd about with many enemies ;  
 And some that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
 Millions of mischief.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

You vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,  
 When I am sure, you hate me in your hearts.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
 For villany is not without such rheum ;  
 And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
 Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

*Shaks. King John.*

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks ,  
 Invisible, except to God alone,  
 By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth,  
 And oft though wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps  
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill,  
 Where no ill seems.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

They

Can pray upon occasion, talk of heaven,  
 Turn up their goggling eye-balls, rail at vice,  
 Dissemble, lie, and preach, like any priest.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Seeming devotion doth but gild the knave,  
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave ;  
 But when religion doth with virtue join,  
 It makes a hero like an angel shine.

*Waller.*

Why did'st thou choose that cursed sin,  
 Hypocrisy — to set up in ?  
 Because it is the thriving'st calling,  
 The only saint's bell that rings all in,  
 In which all churches are concern'd,  
 And is the easiest to be learn'd.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
 Of being cheated, as to cheat;  
 As lookers-on feel most delight,  
 That least perceive the juggler's sleight ;  
 And still the less they understand,

The more th' admire his sleight of hand.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Kings and priests are in a manner bound,  
 For reverence sake, to be close hypocrites.  
 Yet to be secret, makes not sin the less ;  
 'T is only hidden from the vulgar view ;  
 Maintains indeed the reverence due to princes,  
 But not absolves the conscience from the crime.

*Dryden's Amphytrion.*

Next stood hypocrisy, with holy leer,  
 Soft smiling and demurely looking down,  
 But hid the dagger underneath the gown ;  
 Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend,  
 And — far the blackest there — the traitor fiend.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite*

Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,  
 He cast himself into the saint-like mould ;  
 Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was  
 gain,

The loudest bag-pipe of the squeaking train.

*Dryden*

They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd advice,  
 That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,  
 Dissemble and command, be false and wise ;  
 By ignominious arts, for servile ends,  
 Should compliment their foes, and shun their  
 friends.

*Prior's Solomon.*

The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,  
 But takes in texts of scripture at piquet ;  
 In those licentious meetings acts the prude,  
 And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Foul hypocrisy's so much the mode,  
 There is no knowing hearts from words and looks  
 Ev'n ruffians cant, and undermining knaves  
 Display a mimic openness of soul.

*W. Shirley's Parricide.*

Catus is ever moral, ever grave,  
 Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,  
 Save just at dinner — then prefers, no doubt,  
 A rogue with venison to a saint without.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,  
 The God of goodness, was an undertaker,  
 Well pleas'd to wrap the soul's unlucky mien  
 In sorrow's dismal crape or bombasin.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

How little do they see what is, who frame  
 Their hasty judgment upon that which *seems* !

*Souther*

Think'st thou there are no serpents in the world  
But those who slide along the grassy sod,  
And sting the luckless foot that presses them ?  
There are who in the path of social life  
Do bask their spotted skins in fortune's sun,  
And sting the soul.— Ay, till its healthful frame  
Is chang'd to secret, fest'ring, sore disease,  
So deadly is the wound.

*J Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or  
best;

Dissimulation always sets apart  
A corner for herself; and therefore Fiction  
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

*Byron.*

"Life's a poor play'r, then "play out the play,  
Ye villains!" and above all keep a sharp eye  
Much less on what you do than what you say:  
Be hypocritical, be cautious, be  
Not what you *seem*, but always what you *see*.

*Byron.*

The hypocrite had left his mask, and stood  
In naked ugliness. He was a man  
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven  
To serve the devil in.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

In sermon style he bought,  
And sold, and lied; and salutations made  
In scripture terms. He pray'd by quantity,  
And with his repetitions long and loud,  
All knees were weary.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

On charitable lists,—those trumps which told  
The public ear, who had in secret done  
The poor a benefit, and half the alms  
They told of, took themselves to keep them sounding.  
He blazed his name.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

Their friendship is a lurking snare,  
Their honour but an idle breath,  
Their smile, the smile that traitors wear,  
Their love is hate, their life is death.

*W. G. Simms.*

### IDLENESS.

From worldly cares himself he did esloin,  
And greatly shunned manly exercise;  
From every work he challenged essoin,  
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,  
His life he led in lawless riotise  
By which he grew to grievous malady  
For in his lustless limbs through evil guise,  
A shaking fever reign'd continually;  
Such one was *Idleness*.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

The first that all the rest did guide,  
Was sluggish *idleness*, the nurse of sin;  
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,  
Array'd in habit black, and amis thin,  
Like to an holy monk, the service to begin.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Who doth to sloth his younger days engage,  
For fond delight, he clips the wings of fame;  
For sleth, the canker worm of honour's badge,  
Fame's feather'd wings doth fret; burying the  
name

Of virtue's worth in dust of dunghill shame,  
Whom action out of dust to light doth bring,  
And makes her mount to heav'n with golden wing.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and god-like reason  
To rust in us unus'd.

*Shaks Hamlet*

See the issue of your sloth;  
Of sloth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot,  
Of riot comes disease, of disease comes spending  
Of spending comes want, of want comes theft,  
And of theft comes hanging.

*Chapman, Jonson and Marston's Eastward Hoe*

The grey-ey'd morning braves me to my face,  
And calls me sluggard.

*Middleton's Family Love*

Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?  
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
The fleeting moments of too short a life;  
Fatal extinction of the enlighten'd soul!  
Or else to fevering vanity alive,  
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?  
Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
Longer than nature craves; when every muse  
And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?

*Thomson's Seasons*

An empty form  
Is the weak virtue, that amid the shade  
Lamenting lies, with future schemes aimis'd;  
While wickedness and folly, kindred powers,  
Confound the world.

*Thomson*

A lazy lolling sort,  
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,  
Of ever listless loit'lers, that attend  
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.

*Pope*

Their only labour was to kill the time,  
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.  
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;  
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,  
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow.  
This soon too rude an exercise they find;  
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,  
Where hours and hours they sighing lie reclin'd,  
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

*Thomson's Castle of Indolence.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,  
And by her wary ways reform thine own.

*Smart.*

Life's cares are comforts; such by heav'n design'd;  
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.  
Cares are employments; and without employ  
The soul is on the rack; the rack of rest,  
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;  
How heavily we drag the load of life!  
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,  
It makes us wander; wander earth around  
To fly that tyrant thought. As Atlas groan'd  
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

From other care absolv'd, the busy mind  
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon:  
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.  
For while yourself you anxiously explore,  
Timorous self-love, with sick'ning fancy's aid,  
Presents the danger that you dread the most,  
And ever galls you in your tender part.  
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,  
For grim religion some, and some for pride,  
Have lost their reason: some for fear of want,  
Want all their lives; and others every day  
For fear of dying suffer worse than death.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

The sedentary stretch their lazy length  
When custom bids, but no refreshment find,  
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek  
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,  
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,  
Reproach their owner with that love of rest  
To which he forfeits e'en the rest he loves.

*Couper's Task.*

Come hither, ye that press your beds of down  
And sleep not: see him sweating o'er his bread  
Before he eats it: — 'Tis the primal curse,  
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge  
Of cheerful davs, and nights without a groan.

*Couper's Task.*

Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most,  
Farthest retires — an idol at whose shrine  
Who oft'nest sacrifice are favour'd least.

*Couper's Task.*

How various his enjoyments, whom the world  
Calls idle; and who justly in return  
Esteems that busy world an idler too!

Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,  
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,  
And nature in her cultivated trim  
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad —  
Can he want occupation, who has those?  
Will he be idle, who has much to enjoy?

*Couper's Task.*

Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.

*Couper's Retirement.*

No more the irksome restlessness of rest,  
Disturb'd him like the eagle in her nest,  
Whose whetted beak and far pervading eye,  
Darts for a victim over all the sky.

*Byron's Island*

The keenest pangs the wretched find  
Are rapture to the dreary void —  
The leafless desert of the mind —  
The waste of feelings unemploy'd —  
Who would be doom'd to gaze upon  
A sky without a cloud or sun?  
Less hideous far the tempest's roar,  
Than ne'er to brave the billows more --  
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,  
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,  
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,  
Unseen to drop by dull decay;  
Better to sink beneath the shock,  
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.

*Byron's Giaou.*

When you have found a day to be idle, be idle for  
a day.

When you have met with three cups to drink,  
drink your three cups.

*Chinese Poet.*

Idleness is sweet and sacred.

*Walter Savage Landor.*

I would not waste my spring of youth  
In idle dalliance: I would plant rich seeds,  
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit  
When I am old.

*Hillhouse*

By nature's laws, immutable and just,  
Enjoyment stops where indolence begins;  
And purposeless, to-morrow, borrowing sloth,  
Itself heaps on its shoulders loads of woe,  
Too heavy to be borne.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

Sloth lay till mid-day, turning on his couch,  
Like ponderous door upon its weary hinge.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

Fax not my sloth that I  
Fold my arms beside the brook;  
Each cloud that floateth in the sky  
Writes a letter in my book.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Here have I sat since morn, reading sometimes,  
And sometimes listening to the faster fall  
Of the large drops, or rising with the stir  
Of an unbidden thought, have walk'd awhile,  
With the slow step of indolence, my room,  
And then sat down composedly again  
To my quaint book of olden poetry.  
It is a kind of idleness, I know;  
And I am said to be an idle man—  
And it is very true.

*Willis's Poems.*

There is no type of indolence like this:—

A ship in harbour, not a signal flying,  
The waves unstirr'd, about her huge sides lying,  
No breeze her drooping pennant-flag to kiss,  
Or move the smallest rope that hangs aloft.

*Park Benjamin.*

Long has it been my fate to hear  
The slave of mammon, with a sneer,  
My indolence reprove;  
Ah, little knows he of the care,  
The toil, the hardship that I bear,  
While lolling in my elbow-chair,  
And seeming scarce to move.

*Washington Allston.*

Methinks how dainty sweet it were, reclin'd  
Beneath the vast out-stretching branches high  
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,  
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind  
Aught envying.

*Charles Lamb.*

### IGNORANCE.

With creeping, crooked pace forth came  
An old, old man, with beard as white as snow,  
That on a staff his feeble steps did frame,  
And guide his weary gait both to and fro;  
For his eyesight him failed long ago:  
And on his arm a bunch of keys of ev'ry inner  
door,  
But he could not them use, but kept them still in  
store.

But very uncouth sight was to behol'd:  
How he did fashion his untoward pace:  
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,  
So backwar'd still was turn'd his wrinkled face:  
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,

Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.  
This was the ancient keeper of that place,  
And foster-father of the giant dead;  
His name *Ignara*, did his nature right aread.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen*

'Tis naught but shows that ignorance esteems:  
The thing possess'd, is not the thing it seems.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

Ignorance, that sometimes makes the hypocrite,  
Wants never mischief; though it oft want fear:  
For whilst we think faith made to answer wit,  
Observe the justice that doth follow it.

*Lord Brooke's Alaham.*

Oh, to confess we know not what we should,  
Is half excuse; we know not what we would.

*Dr. Donne.*

Heaven pities ignorance;  
She's still the first that has her pardon sign'd;  
All sins else see their faults, she's only blind.

*Middleton's No Help like a Woman's.*

Let ignorance with envy chat,  
In spite of both, thou fame shalt win;  
Whose map of learning seems like that  
Which Joseph gave to Benjamin.

*Herrick — to Ben Jonson*

The truest characters of ignorance  
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;  
As blind men use to bear their noses higher  
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire

*Butler*

Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honour,  
It cannot wield it.

*Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.*

But 'tis some justice to ascribe to chance  
The wrongs you must expect from ignorance:  
None can the moulds of their creation choose,  
We therefore should men's ignorance excuse,  
'Tis rather their misfortune than their crime:

*Sir W. Davenant on the Earl of Orrery.*

I, alas, was ignorant of thee,  
As men have ever been of things most excellent;  
Making such judgment of thy beauty, as  
Astronomers on stars;  
Who, when their better use they could not know,  
Believ'd that they were only made for show.

*Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

*Gray*

By ignorance is pride increas'd;  
They most assume who know the least.

*Gay's Fables.*

With just enough of learning to misquote.  
*Byron's English Bards, &c.*

Who laughs to scorn the wisdom of the schools,  
 And thinks the first of poets first of fools.  
*Charles Sprague.*

## ILLNESS.

He had a fever when we were in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose its lustre.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

May be he is not well,  
 Infirmity doth still neglect all office,  
 Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourselves,  
 When nature, being oppress'd, commands the  
 mind  
 To suffer with the body.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Thou art like night, O sickness! deeply stilling  
 Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,  
 And the dim quiet of my chamber filling  
 With low, sweet voices by life's tumult drown'd;  
 Thou art like awful night!—thou gatherest  
 round

The things that are unseen, though close they lie,—  
 And with a truth, clear, startling and profound,  
 Givest their dread presence to our mental eye.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

I lay ill;  
 And the dark hot flood, throbbing through and  
 through me;  
 They bled me, and I swoon'd; and as I died,  
 Or seem'd to die, a soft sweet sadness fell  
 With a voluptuous weakness on my soul,  
 That made me feel all happy.

*Bailey's Festus.*

I feel  
 Of this dull sickness at my heart afraid!  
 And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade;  
 And something seems to steal  
 Over my bosom like a frozen hand.

*Willis's Poems.*

## IMAGINATION.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
 That if he would but apprehend some joy,  
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
 Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
 Are of imagination all compact.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,  
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
 By bare imagination of a feast?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow,  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
 Oh no, the apprehension of the good,  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,  
 Wherein m' imaginations run like sands,  
 Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:  
 So that I know not what to stay upon,  
 And less to put in art.

*Jonson's Every Man in his Humour*

Subtle opinion,  
 Working in man's decayed faculties,  
 Cuts out and shapes illusive fantasies;  
 And our weak apprehensions, like wax,  
 Receive the form, and presently convey  
 Unto our dull imagination:  
 And hereupon we ground a thousand lies,  
 As—that we see devils rattling in their chains;  
 Ghosts of dead men, variety of spirits;  
 When our own guilty conscience is the hell,  
 And our black thoughts, the caverns where they  
 dwell.

*Day's Law Tricks.*

Imagination works; how she can frame  
 Things which are not; methinks she stands  
 before me,  
 And by the quick idea of my mind,  
 Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture

*Webster*

Fancy can save or kill; it hath clos'd up  
 Wounds when the balsam could not, and without  
 The aid of salves:—to think hath been a cure.  
 For witchcraft then, that's all done by the force  
 Of mere imagination.

*Cartwright's Ordinary.*

Do what he will, he cannot realize  
 Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;  
 Go where he may, he cannot hope to find  
 The truth, the beauty pictur'd in his mind.

*Rogers's Human Life.*

My eyes make pictures when they're shut:—  
 I see a fountain large and fair,  
 A willow and a ruin'd hut,  
 And thee and me and Mary there.  
 O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow;  
 Bend o'er us like a bower my beautiful green  
 willow.

*Greville*

Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,  
Winning from reason's hand the reins,  
Pity and woe! for such a mind  
Is soft, contemplative, and kind.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

Of its own beauty is the mind diseas'd,  
And fevers into false creation:—where,  
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?  
In him alone. Can nature show so fair?  
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare  
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men?  
The unreach'd paradise of our despair,  
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,  
And overpowers the page where it would bloom  
again?

Who loves, raves—'t is youth's phrenzy—but the  
cure

Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwinds  
Which rob'd our idols, and we see too sure,  
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's  
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds  
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,  
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;  
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,  
Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most  
undone.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Why have ye linger'd on your way so long,  
Bright visions who were wont to hear my call,  
And with the harmony of dance and song,  
Keep round my dreaming couch a festival?

*Percival.*

I have fed

Perhaps too much upon the lotos fruits  
Imagination yields,—fruits that unfit  
The palate for the more substantial food  
Of our own land—reality.

*Miss Landon.*

Alas! we make

A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,  
But sleep ourselves at the foot.

*Miss Landon.*

'Mid earthly scenes forgotten or unknown,  
Lives in ideal worlds, and wanders there alone.

*Carlos Wilcox.*

He is a God who wills it,—with a power  
To work his purpose out in earth and air,  
Though neither speak him fair!—  
So may he pluck from earth its precious flower,  
And in the ether choose a spirit rare,  
To serve him deftly in some other sphere.

*W. G. Simms.*

Upon the poet's soul they flash for ever,  
In evening shades these glimpses strange and  
sweet.

I see fill his heart betimes,—they leave him never,  
And lament his steps with sounds of falling feet.

*W. G. Simms.*

### IMMORTALITY.

It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well:  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'T is the divinity that stirs within us;  
'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

*Addison's Cato.*

The soul, secure in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

*Addison's Cato.*

Look nature through: 't is revolution all;  
All change; no death. Day follows night, and night  
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;  
Earth takes th' example. See the summer gay,  
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,  
Droops into pallid autumn: winter grey,  
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,  
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away,  
Then melts into the spring: soft spring, with breath  
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,  
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades;  
As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend,  
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Can it be?

Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?  
Above the nobler, shall less nobler rise?  
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,  
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,  
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,  
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for  
ever?  
Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?  
This is a miracle; and that no more.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit?  
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?  
That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss?  
Because in the great future buried deep,  
Beyond our plans of empire and renown,  
Lies all that man with ardour should pursue;  
And He who made him, bent him to the right.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Immortality o'ersweeps  
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears—and peals  
Like the eternal thunders of the deep  
Into my ears this truth—Thou liv'st for ever.

*Anon.*

Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,  
But that which warm'd it once shall never die.

*Campbell.*

The splendours of the firmament of time  
May be eclips'd, but are extinguish'd not:  
Like stars to their appointed heights they climb,  
And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought  
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,  
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy  
air.

*Shelley.*

Attempt how monstrous and how surely vain,  
With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,  
With aught but moral excellence, truth and love,  
To satisfy and fill the immortal soul!

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

Our proper good we rarely seek or make;  
Mindless of our immortal powers, and their  
Immortal end, as is the pearl its worth,  
The rose its scent, the wave its purity.

*Boiley's Festus.*

And with our frames do perish all our loves ?  
Do those who took their root and put forth buds,  
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth  
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,  
Then fade and fall like fair unconscious flowers ?

*Dana's Poems.*

O, listen man !

A voice within us speaks that startling word,  
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices  
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,  
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars  
Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
The song of our great immortality.

*Dana's Poems.*

— It is wonderful,  
That man should hold himself so haughtily,  
And talk of an immortal name, and feed  
His proud ambition with such daring hopes  
As creatures of a more eternal nature  
Alone should form.

*Percival.*

Press onward through each varying hour;  
Let no weak fears thy course delay;  
Immortal being! feel thy power,  
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

*Andrews Norton.*

There are distinctions that will live in heaven,  
When time is a forgotten circumstance!  
The elevated brow of kings will lose  
The impress of regalia, and the slave  
Will wear his immortality as free  
Beside the crystal waters; but the depth  
Of glory in the attributes of God,  
Will measure the capacities of mind;  
And as the angels differ, will the ken  
Of gifted spirits glorify Him more.

*Willis's Poems.*

Love, which proclaims the human, bids thee know  
A truth more lofty in thy lowliest hour  
Than shallow glory taught to human power—  
"WHAT'S HUMAN IS IMMORTAL!"

*Bulwer's Poems.*

### IMPATIENCE.

What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?  
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,  
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

*Prince.*—I never thought to hear you speak again  
*King.*—Thy wish was father, Harry, to that  
thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours  
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm  
thee.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Oh ! how impatience gains upon the soul,  
When the long promised hour of joy draws near !  
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll !

*Mrs. Tighe.*

### IMPRISONMENT.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:  
Yet, I remember when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be merry as the day is long.

*Shaks. King John.*

Seldom when  
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

*Shaks. Mea. for Men.*

What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
Th' immediate heir of England! was this easy?  
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

So we'll live,  
And gray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court-news, and we'll talk with them too;  
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones,  
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

*Shaks. Lear.*

Captivity,  
That comes with honour, is true liberty.

*Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.*

Your narrow souls,  
If you have any, cannot comprehend  
How insupportable the torments are,  
Which a free and noble soul made captive, suffers.

*Massinger's Maid of Honour.*

Why should we murmur to be circumscrib'd,  
As if it were a new thing to wear fetters?  
When the whole world was meant but to confine us;  
Wherein, who walks from one clime to another,  
Hath but a greater freedom of the prison:  
Our soul was the first captive, born to inherit  
But her own chains; nor can it be discharg'd,  
Till nature tire with its own weight, and then  
We are but more undone, to be at liberty.

*Shirley's Court Secret.*

Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear;  
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart.

*John Ford's Lady's Trial.*

Death is the pledge of rest, and with one bair,  
Two prisons quits; the body and the jail.

*Bishop King.*

Nature, in spite of fortune, gave no minds,  
That cannot like our bodies be enthralld.

*Sir Ralph Freeman's Imperiale.*

Dost thou use me as fond children do  
Their birds, show me my freedom in a string,  
And when thou'st play'd with me a while, then  
pull

Me back again, to languish in my cage?

*Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.*

Her sweetness is imprison'd now,  
Like weeping roses in a still, and is,  
Like them, ordain'd to last by dissolution.

*Sir W. Davenant's Love and Honour.*

Captivity

Is the inheritance of all things finite;  
Nor can we boast our liberty, though we  
Are not restrained by strong-holds; when as  
The neighb'ring air confines us, and each man  
Is thraldom's perfect emblem: for in all,  
The soul is captive, and the body's thrall.

*Marriage Broker.*

A single jail in Alfred's golden reign,  
Could half the nation's criminals contain;  
Fair justice then, without constraint ador'd,  
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;  
No spies were paid, no special juries known;  
Blest age! but ah! how different from our own!

*Dr. Johnson's London.*

I only heard the reckless waters roar,  
Those waves that would not bear me from the  
shore;

I only mark'd the glorious sun and sky,  
Too bright — too blue — for my captivity;  
And felt that all which freedom's bosom cheers  
Must break my chain before it dried my tears.

*Byron's Corsair.*

Within its cage the imprison'd matin bird  
Swells the full chorus with a generous song;

He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,  
No consort's bliss, no father's joy he shares;  
Yet still the rising radiance glads his sight,  
His fellows' freedom soothes the captive's cares.

*Coleridge's Sonnet to Lafayette.*

What has the grey-hair'd prisoner done?

Has murder stain'd his hands with gore?

Not so; his crime's a fouler one;

*GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!*

*Whittier's Poems.*

Look on him! — through his dungeon grate,  
Feebly and cold, the morning light  
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,  
As if it loath'd the sight.

*Whittier's Poems.*

Down with the LAW that binds him thus!

Unworthy freemen, let it find

No refuge from the withering curse

Of God and human kind!

Open the prison's living tomb,

And usher from its brooding gloom

The victims of your savage code,

To the free sun and air of God;

No longer dare as crime to brand

The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

*Whittier's Poems.*

## IMPUDENCE.

He that has but impudence,  
To all things has a fair pretence;  
And put among his wants but shame,  
To all the world may lay his claim.

*Butler's Hudibras*

Immodest words admit of no defence,  
For want of decency is want of sense.

*Roscommon*

To glory some advance a lying claim,  
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame:  
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;  
They know a thousand lords, behind their backs.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,  
Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,  
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,  
He blunder'd on some virtue unawares.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,  
For matchless intrepidity of face.  
From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,  
And bade defiance to all sense of shame.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

### INCONSTANCY.

Trust not the treason of those smiling looks,  
Until ye have their guileful trains well tried;  
For they are like but unto golden hooks,  
That from the foolish fish their baits do hide:  
So she with flattering smiles weak hearts doth

guide

Unto her love, and tempt to their decay;  
Whom, being caught, she kills with cruel pride,  
And feeds at pleasure on the wretched prey.

*Spenser.*

O heaven! Were man  
But constant, he were perfect: that one error  
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all  
sins:

Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;  
So the remembrance of my former love,  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

There is no music in a voice,  
That is but one and still the same;  
Inconstancy is but a name,  
To fright poor lovers from a better choice.

*Joseph Rutter's Shepherd's Holiday.*

Inconstancy's the plague that first or last  
Paints the whole sex, the catching court disease.  
Man therefore was a lord-like creature made;  
Rough as the winds and as inconstant too:  
A lofty aspect given him for command;  
Easily soften'd when he would betray:  
Like conquering tyrants, you our breasts invade,  
Where you are pleas'd to ravage for a while:  
But soon you find new conquest out, and leave  
The ravag'd province ruinate and bare.

*Otway.*

Oh men! Oh manners! what a medley's this,  
When each man's mind more than face diff'rent  
is!

For by forms only we distinguish'd be  
One from another: but alas! to see  
We vary from ourselves each day in mind,  
Nor know we in ourselves, ourselves to find.

*Heath.*

How long must women wish in vain

A constant love to find?

No art can fickle man retain,  
Or fix a roving mind.

Yet fondly we ourselves deceive,

And empty hopes pursue;

Though false to others, we believe

They will to us prove true.

*Thomas Shadwell.*

Three things a wise man will not trust,  
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,  
And woman's plighted faith. I have beheld  
The weathercock upon the steeple point  
Steady from morn till eve, and I have seen  
The bees go forth upon an April morn,  
Secure the sunshine will not end in showers:  
But when was woman true?

*Southey's Madoc.*

The dream on the pillow,

That flits with the day,

The leaf of the willow

A breath wears away;

The dust on the blossom,

The spray on the sea;

Ay,—ask thine own bosom—

Are emblems of thee.

*Miss Landon.*

Inconstant! are the waters so,  
That fall in showers on hill and plain,  
Then, tir'd of what they find below,  
Ride on the sunbeams back again?

Pray, are there changes in the sky,

The winds, or in our summer weather?

In sudden change, believe me, I

Will beat both clouds and winds together:

Nothing in air or earth may be

Fit type of my inconstancy.

*Anon.*

### INDEPENDENCE.

Hail! independence, hail! heaven's next best gift,  
To that of life and an immortal soul!  
The life of life, that to the banquet high  
And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof  
Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.

*Thomson's Liberty.*

Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)  
My bread and independency!

Pope.

Thy spirit, independence, let me share!  
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,  
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.  
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,  
A goddess violated brought thee forth,  
Immortal liberty, whose look sublime  
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying  
clime.

*Smollett's Ode to Independence.*

Hail, independence — by true reason taught,  
How few have known, and priz'd thee as they  
ought!

Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,  
Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys;  
Ambition some, some avarice misleads,  
And, in both cases, independence bleeds.

Churchill.

I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,  
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far  
A dry but independent crust, hard earn'd  
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure  
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs  
Of knaves in office.

*Cooper's Task.*

I've been disgrac'd, too—felt a monarch's frown,  
And consequently quitted town:—  
But have my fields refus'd their smiles so sweet?  
Say, have my birds grown sulky with the king?  
My thrushes, linnets, larks, refus'd to sing?  
My winding brooks to prattle at my feet?

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—  
By nature's law design'd,  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind?

*Burns's Poems.*

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,  
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place  
A limit to the giant's unchain'd strength,  
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?

*Bryant's Poems.*

'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,  
Where breathes no castled lord or cabin'd slave,  
Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands are bold  
and free,  
And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave;  
And where none kneel, save when to heaven they  
pray,  
Nor even then, unless in their own way.

*Halleck's Poems.*

Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,  
And think it kindness to his majesty;  
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none,  
Such are they nurtur'd, such they live and die.

*Halleck's Poems.*

## INDUSTRY.

Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher;  
True industry doth kindle honour's fire.

*Shaks. Cromwell.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heav'n. The sacred sky  
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

*Shaks. All's Well that ends Well.*

Virtue, though chain'd to earth, will still live free;  
And hell itself must yield to industry.

*Jonson's Masques.*

Like clocks, one wheel another on must drive;  
Affairs by diligent labour only thrive.

*Chapman's Revenge for Honour.*

The chiefest action for a man of spirit,  
Is never to be out of action; we should think  
The soul was never put into the body,  
Which has so many rare and curious pieces  
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.  
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds.

*Webster's Devil's Law Case.*

If little labour, little are our gains:  
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

*Herrick.*

To be rich, be diligent; move on  
Like heav'n's great movers that enrich the earth;  
Whose moment's sloth would show the world un-  
done;  
And make the spring straight bury all her birth.  
Rich are the diligent who can command  
Time — nature's stock.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Industrious wisdom often does prevent  
What lazy folly thinks inevitable.

*Abdicated Prince.*

Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most,  
Farthest retires — an idol, at whose shrine  
Who oftenest sacrifice are favoured least.

*Couper.*

The keenest pangs the wretched find,  
Are rapture to the dreary void —  
The leafless desert of the mind —  
The waste of feelings unemployed.

*Byron.*

Industry —  
To meditate, to plan, resolve, perform,  
Which in itself is good — as surely brings  
Reward of good, no matter what be done.

*Pallock's Course of Time.*

Let not the poor  
Be forc'd to grind the bones out of their arms  
For bread, but have some space to think and feel  
Like moral and immortal creatures.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Protected Industry, careering far,  
Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,  
And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves,  
Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves.

*Joel Barlow.*

She was knowing in all needlework,  
And shone in dairy and in kitchen too,  
As in the parlor.

*James N. Barker.*

Behold !  
The ruddy damsel singeth at her whsel,  
While by her side the rustic lover sits.  
Perchance his shrewd eye secretly doth count  
The mass of skeins, which, hanging on the wall,  
Increaseth day by day. Perchance his thoughts,  
(For men have deeper minds than women—sure !)  
Is calculating what a thrifty wife  
The maid will make.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

There was no need,  
In those good times, of trim callisthenics,—  
And there was less of gadding, and far more  
Of home-born, heartfelt comfort, rooted strong  
In industry, and bearing such rare fruit  
As wealth may never purchase.

*Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.*

Chide me not, laborious hand,  
For the idle flowers I brought;  
Every aster in my hand  
Goes home loaded with a thought.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;  
Labour—all labour is noble and holy.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destin'd end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

*Longfellow.*

#### INEBRIETY.—(See also DRUNKENNESS.)

I drank; I lik'd it not; 'twas rage, 'twas noise,  
An airy scene of transitory joys.  
In vain I trusted that the flowing bowl  
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.  
To the late revel, and protracted feast  
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage  
To different ills alternately engage;  
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees  
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,  
Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,  
Death's harbinger, lie latent in the draught;  
And, in the flowers that wreath the sparkling  
bowl,  
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Give him strong drink until he wink,

That's sinking in despair;

An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,

That's prest wi' grief an' care.

There let him hause an' deep carouse,

Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,

Till he forgets his loves or debts,

An' minds his griefs no more.

*Burns's Scotch Drink.*

Hath wine an' oblivious power?

Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?

The draught might beguile for an hour,

But still leave behind it the pain.

*Byron's Farewell to England.*

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;

The best of life is but intoxication:

Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk

The hopes of all men, and of every nation.

*Byron*

'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,  
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.

*Byron.*

Fear ye the festal hour!

Ay, tremble when the cup of joy o'erflows!

Tame down the swelling heart!—the bridal rose,

And the rich myrtle's flower,

Have yeil'd the sword! Red wines have sparkled  
fast

From venom'd goblets, and soft breezes past  
With fatal perfume through the revel's bower.

*Mrs. Hemans*

We buy ashes for bread;

We buy diluted wine;

Give me of the true,—

Whose ample leaves and tendrils curl'd

Among the silver hills of heaven,

Draw everlasting dew;

Wine of wine,

Blood of the world,

Form of forms, and mould of statures.

That I intoxicated,

And by the draught assimilated,

May float at pleasure through all natures

The bird-language rightly spell,

And that which roses say so well.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

— When the laugh is lightest,  
When wildest goes the jest,  
When gleams the goblet brightest,  
And proudest heaves thy breast,  
And thou art madly pledging  
Each gay and jovial guest —  
A ghost shall glide amid the flowers —  
The shade of Love's departed hours.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Thou sparkling bowl ! thou sparkling bowl !  
Though lips of bards thy brim may press,  
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,  
And song and dance thy power confess,  
I will not touch thee ; for there clings  
A scorpion to thy side, that stings.

*John Pierpont.*

### INFAMY.

What grief can be, but time doth make it less ?  
But infamy, time never can suppress.

*Drayton.*

When the glories of our lives, men's loves,  
Clear consciences, our fames, and loyalties,  
That did us worthy comfort, are eclips'd ;  
Grief and disgrace invade us : and for all  
Our night of life besides, our mis'ry craves  
Dark earth would ope, and hide us in our graves.

*Chapman's Byron's Conspiracy. Part I.*

Shame ever sticks close to the ribs of honour ;  
Great men are never sound men after it.  
It leaves some ache or other in their names still,  
Which their posterity feels at ev'ry weather.

*Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.*

### INFIDELITY.

Had it pleas'd heaven  
To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head ;  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;  
I should have found in some part of my soul  
A drop of patience : but (alas !) to make me  
A fixed figure, for the type of scorn  
To point his slow unmoving finger at, —  
O ! O !

*Shaks. Othello.*

Look to her, Moor ; have a quick eye to see ;  
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

*Shaks. Othello.*

O thou weed,  
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,  
That the sensc aches at thee ; would thou hadst  
ne'er been born.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :  
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart ;  
Where either I must love, or bear no life ;  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !  
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads  
To knot and gender in ! Turn thy complexion  
there !

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim ;  
Ay, there, look grim as hell !

*Shaks. Othello.*

She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief  
Must be to loathe her.

*Shaks. Othello.*

O, she is fallen

Into a pit of ink ! that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again ;  
And salt too little, which may season give  
To her foul tainted flesh !

*Shaks. Much ado about Nothing.*

Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty :  
Calls virtue, hypocrite : takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
And sets a blister there : makes marriage vows  
As false as dicer's oaths ; O such a deed,  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soul ; and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words !

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Within a month ;

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,  
She marry'd ; O most wicked speed.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Why, she would hang on him

As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on : and yet within a month —  
Let me not think on 't ; — Frailty, thy name is  
woman !

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there !  
From me whose love was of that dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage ; and to decline  
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor,  
To those of mine !

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,  
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame,  
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge ;  
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
And reason panders will.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

This was your husband—Look you now, what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?  
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
And batten on this moor? ha! have you eyes?  
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment  
Would step from this to this.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

What devil was 't,  
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?  
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
Ears without hand or eyes, smelling sans all,  
Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
Could not so mope.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Had she not fallen thus, oh! ten thousand worlds  
Could ne'er have balanc'd her; for heaven is in  
her,

And joys which I must never dream of more.

*Lee's Cæsar Borgia.*

I can forgive  
A foe, but not a mistress, and a friend:  
Treason is there in its most horrid shape,  
Where trust is greatest! and the soul resign'd,  
Is stabb'd by her own guards.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles  
The graces, little loves, and young desires inhabit;  
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone;  
For they are false.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Who robs me of my wealth,  
May one day have ability, or will  
To yield the full repayment—but the villain  
That doth invade a husband's right in bed,  
Is murd'rer of his peace, and makes a breach  
In his life's after-quiet, that the grief  
Of penitence itself cannot repair.

*Hawkins's Cymbeline.*

In want, and war, and peril,  
Things that would thrill the hearer's blood to  
tell of,

My heart grew human when I thought of thee—  
Imogene would have shuddered for my danger—  
Imogene would have bound my leechless wounds—  
Imogene would have sought my nameless corse—  
And known it well—and she was wedded—  
wedded—

Was there no name in hell's dark catalogue  
To brand thee with, but mine immortal foe's?  
And did I 'scape from war, and want, and famine,  
To perish by the falsehood of a woman.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Thou tremblest lest I curse thee, tremble not  
Though thou hast made me, woman, very wretched,  
Thou, thou hast made me—but I will not cures  
thee—

Hear the last prayer of Bertram's broken heart,  
That heart which thou hast broken, not his foes!—  
Of thy rank wishes the full scope be on thee—  
May pomp and pride shout in thine adder'd path,  
Till thou shalt feel and sicken at their hollowness—  
May he thou'st wed, be kind and generous to thee  
Till thy wrung heart, stabb'd by his noble fondness,  
Writhe in detesting consciousness of falsehood—  
May thy babe's smile speak daggers to tha  
mother

Who cannot love the father of her child,  
And in the bright blaze of the festal hall,  
When vassals kneel, and kindred smile around  
thee,  
May ruin'd Bertram's pledge hiss in thine ear—  
Joy to the proud dame of St. Aldobrand—  
While his cold corse doth bleach beneath her  
towers.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

A despot's vengeance, a false country's curses,  
The spurn of menials whom this man hath fed—  
In my heart's steeled pride I shook them off,  
As the bay'd lion from his hurtless hide  
Shakes his pursuers' darts—across their path—  
One dart alone took aim—thy hand did barb it.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

O wretched is the dame, to whom the sound  
"Your lord will soon return" no pleasure brings.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Another daughter dries a father's tears;  
Another sister claims a brother's love;  
An injured husband hath no other wife,  
Save her who wrought him shame.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Thou must live amid a hissing world,  
A thing that mothers warn their daughters from,  
A thing the menials that do tend thee scorn,  
Whom, when the good do name, they tell their  
beads,

And when the wicked think of they do triumph:  
Canst thou encounter this?

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Yet do not my folly reprove:  
She was fair—and my passion begun;  
She smil'd—and I could not but love;  
She is faithless—and I am undone.

*Shenstone's Disappointment.*

Can I again that form caress,  
Or on that lip in rapture twine?  
No, no! the lip that all may press  
Shall never more be press'd by mine

*Moore.*

O gilded curse !

More fair than rosy morn when first she smiles  
O'er the dew-brighten'd verdure of the spring !  
But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell,  
Than syrens, tempests, and devouring flames !

*Smollett's Regicide.*

But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,  
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd ;  
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship  
securest,

Is happy indeed, if 't was never deceived.

*Moore.*

Oh ! colder than t'ie wind that freezes  
Founts that but now in sunshine play'd,  
Is that congealing pang which seizes  
The trusting bosom when betray'd.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

But no, no, no — farewell — we part,  
Never to meet, no, never, never —  
Oh woman ! what a mind and heart  
Thy coldness has undone for ever

*Moore.*

Friend of my soul this goblet sip,  
'T will chase that pensive tear ;  
'T is not so sweet as woman's lip,  
But oh ! 'tis more sincere.  
Like her delusive beam,  
'T will steal away the mind :  
But, like affection's dream,  
It leaves no sting behind !  
Come twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,  
These flowers were cull'd at noon ;  
Like woman's love, the rose will fade,  
But, ah ! not half so soon !  
For though the flow'r's decay'd,  
Its fragrance is not o'er ;  
But once when love's betray'd,  
The heart can bloom no more !

*Moore.*

Take back the sigh thy lips of art  
In passion's moment breath'd to me ;  
Yet, no — it must not, will not part,  
'T is now the life-breath of my heart,  
And has become too pure for thee !  
Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh  
With all the warmth of truth imprest ;  
Yet, no — the fatal kiss may lie,  
Upon thy lips its sweets would die,  
Or bloom to make a rival blest !  
Take back the vows that, night and day,  
My heart receiv'd, I thought, from thine ;  
Yet, no — allow them still to stay,  
They might some other heart betray,  
As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine !

*Moore.*

Go, false to heaven and me !  
Your very tears are treachery.

*Moore.*

Who that feels what love is here,  
All its falsehoods — all its pain,  
Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,  
Risk the fatal dream again ?  
Who, that 'midst a desert's heat  
Sees the waters fade away,  
Would not rather die than meet  
Streams again as false as they ?

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Though my many faults defac'd me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the one which once embrac'd me,  
To inflict a cureless wound.

*Byron's Fare thee well.*

Thou art fickle as the sea, thou art wandering as  
the wind,  
And the restless, ever-mounting flame is not more  
hard to bind.  
If the tears I shed were tongues, yet all too few  
would be  
To tell of all the treachery that thou hast shown  
to me.  
But it wearies me, mine enemy, that I must weep,  
and bear  
What fills thy heart with triumph, and fills my own  
with care.  
'T was the doubt that thou wert false, that wrung  
my heart with pain ;  
But now I know thy perfidy, I shall be well again :  
I would proclaim thee as thou art, but every maiden  
knows

That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere  
he goes. *Bryant's Poems.*

For could I win a seraph's smile,  
To light me through this weary earth,  
'T would tire me in the briefest while ;  
For, lady, (is it very wrong ?)  
*We hate you when you love too long.*

*Willis.*

My love was centred all in thee ;  
With thought of thee my every hope was blended ;  
But, as the shadows flit along the sea,  
My dreams have vanish'd, and my vision ended :  
And when thy lover leads thee to the altar,  
My cheek shall never blanch, nor my voice falter.

*Epes Sargent.*

### INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,  
Than the sea-monster !

*Shaks. Lear*

I hate ingratitude more in a man  
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to 't

*Shaks. Lear.*

We'll no more meet, no more see one another :—  
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,  
Or rather, a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,  
A plague-sore, or imbossed carbuncle,  
In my corrupted blood: but I'll not chide thee.

*Shaks. Lear.*

This was the most unkindest cut of all:  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty  
heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

Why this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece  
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him  
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in  
My knowing, Timon hath been this lord's father,  
And kept his credit with his purse;  
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money  
Has paid his men their wages; he ne'er drinks,  
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;  
And yet (O see the monstrousness of man  
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape)  
He does deny him.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

I am rapt, and cannot  
Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words!

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money, and let out  
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,  
Rich only in large hurts:—All those, for this?  
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate  
Pour into captains' wounds.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

She hath tied  
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.  
*Shaks. King Lear.*

If she must teem,  
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,  
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!  
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;  
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks.  
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,  
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel  
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,  
To have a thankless child.

*Shaks. King Lear*

Not a man would speak—  
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself  
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all  
Have been beholden to him in his life:  
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption;  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man;  
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd that sting my  
heart;

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

*Shaks. King Richard II.*

Pr'ythee, lead me in:  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

For vicious natures, when they once begin  
To take distaste, and purpose no requital;  
The greater debt they owe, the more they hate.

*May's Agrippina*

Ingratitude is a monster—  
To be strangled in the birth; not to be cherish'd.

*Massinger*

He that doth public good for multitudes,  
Finds few are truly grateful.

*Marston's Sophonisba*

I could stand upright  
Against the tyranny of age and fortune;  
But the sad weight of such ingratitude  
Will crush me into earth.

*Denham's Sophy*

All should unite to punish the ungrateful:  
Ingratitude is treason to mankind.

*Thomson's Coriolanus*

He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;  
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

*Young's Busiris*

I served thee fifteen hard campaigns,  
And pitch'd thy standards in these foreign fields;  
By me thy greatness grew; thy years grew with it;  
But thy ingratitude out-grew them both.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

The wretch whom gratitude once fails to bind,  
To truth or honour let him lay no claim;  
But stand confess'd the brute disguis'd in man.

*Froude's Philotas.*

If there be a crime  
Of deeper dye than all the guilty train  
Of human vices, 't is ingratitude.

*Brooke's Earl of Warwick.*

Will ye not take the blessings given,  
The priceless boon of ruddy health,  
The sleep unbroken, peace unriven,  
The cup of joy, the mine of wealth—  
Will ye not take them all, and yet  
Walk from the cradle to the grave,  
Enjoying, boasting, and forget  
To thank the gracious God who gave ?

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

### INJURIES.

If light wrongs touch me not,  
No more shall great; if not a few, not many :  
There's nought so sacred with us, but may find  
A sacrilegious person ; yet the thing is  
No less divine, 'cause the profane can reach it.

*Jonson's New Inn.*

Not fortune's self,

When she encounters virtue, but comes off  
Both lame and less. Why should a wise man then  
Confess himself the weaker by the feeling  
Of a fool's wrong ? There may an injury  
Be meant me ; I may choose, if I will take it :  
But we are now come to that delicacy  
And tenderness of sense, we think an insolence  
Worse than injury ; base words worse than deeds :  
We are not so much troubled with the wrong,  
As with the opinion of the wrong : like children,  
We are made afraid with vizards. Such poor  
sounds

As is the lie, or common words of spite,  
Wise laws thought never worthy of revenge ;  
And 't is the narrowness of human nature,  
Our poverty and beggary of spirit,  
To take exception at these things. He laugh'd  
at me !

He broke a jest ! a third took place of me !  
How most ridiculous quarrels are all these ?  
Notes of a queasy, and sick stomach, labouring  
With want of a true injury ! the main part  
(Of the wrong, is our vice of taking it !

*Jonson's New Inn.*

They that do pull down churches, and deface  
The holiest altars, cannot hurt the Godhead.  
A calm wise man may show as much true valour,  
Amidst these popular provocations,  
As can an able captain show security,  
By his brave conduct through an enemy's country.  
A wise man never goes the people's way ;  
But as the planets still move contrary  
To the world's motion ; so doth he to opinion :  
He will examine if those accidents  
Which common fame calls injuries, happen to him  
Deservedly or no ? Come they deservedly ?  
They are no wrongs then ; but punishments :  
If undeservedly, and he not guilty ?  
The doer of them first should blush — not he.

*Jonson's New Inn.*

The purpose of an injury ; — 't is to vex  
And trouble me : now nothing can do that  
To him that's truly valiant. He that is affected  
With the least injury, is less than it.

*Jonson's New Inn.*

For evils which are 'gainst another done,  
Repentance makes no satisfaction  
To him that feels the smart.

*Wilkins's Miseries of Enforced Marriage.*

I have learn'd to endure, I have hugg'd my despair,  
I scourge back the madness that else would invade ;  
On my brain falls the drop after drop, yet I bear  
Lest thou should'st discover the wreck thou hast made.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

### INN.

Whoc'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn.

*Shenstone.*

The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,  
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;  
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, and chest of drawers by day ;  
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,  
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;  
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;  
With broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

Souls of poets dead and gone,  
What elysium have ye known,  
Happy field or mossy cavern,  
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

*Keats.*

## INNOCENCE.

What I did I did in honour,  
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;  
And never shall you see that I will beg,  
If truth and upright innocence fail me.

*Shaks. King Henry IV.*

It touches us not: let the gall'd jade  
Wince, our withers are unwrung.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy  
Above a number,) if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,  
Envy and base opinion set against them,  
To know my life so even.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

I humbly thank your highness:  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder: for I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious  
tongues,

Than I myself, poor man.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions start  
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth.

*Shaks. Much ado about Nothing.*

We were as twin'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,  
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd  
That any did.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

A just man cannot fear;  
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,  
The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,  
The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,  
Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,  
Should in a point meet all, to take his life;  
His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.

*Jonson's Poetaster.*

O innocence, the sacred amulet  
'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,  
Of all misfortunes, injury and death!  
That makes a man in tune still in himself;  
Free from the hell to be his own accuser,  
Ever in quiet, endless joys enjoying;  
No strife, nor no sedition in his powers;  
No motion in his will against his reason;  
No thought 'gainst thought—  
But all parts in him friendly and secure.  
Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons,  
He can with ev'ry wish be in their plenty;  
When the infectious guilt of one foul crime  
Destroys the free content of all our time.

*Chapman's Byron's Conspiracy. Part I*

I hope no other hope; who bears a spotless breast,  
Doth want no comfort else, howe'er distrest.

*Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.*

How the innocent,  
As in a gentle slumber, pass away!  
But to cut off the knotty thread of life  
In guilty men, must force stern Atropos  
To use her sharp knife often.

*Massinger.*

All your attempts  
Shall fall on me, like brittle shafts on armour,  
That break themselves; or like waves against a  
rock,

That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury  
But foam and splinters: my innocence like these  
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve  
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest;  
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can,  
Howe'er condemn, affright an honest man.

*Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.*

Innocence unmov'd  
At a false accusation, doth the more  
Confirm itself; and guilt is best discover'd  
By its own fears.

*Nabb's Bride*

Misfortune may benight the wicked; she  
Who knows no guilt, can sink beneath no fear.

*Habington's Queen of Arragon.*

'T is modesty in sin to practise ev'ry  
Disguise to hide it from the world:  
But creatures free from guilt affect the sun,  
And hate the dark, because it hides their innocence.

*Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother*

Since still my duty did my actions steer,  
I'll not disguise my innocence by fear;  
Lest I the saving of my life repent:  
I'll rather bear, than merit punishment.

*Earl of Orrery's Manuscript.*

I'll rather to a punishment submit,  
Than to the guilt of what may merit it.  
*Earl of Orrery's Tryphon.*

Heaven may awhile correct the virtuous,  
Yet it will wipe their eyes again, and make  
Their faces whiter with their tears. Innocence  
Conceal'd is the stol'n pleasure of the gods,  
Which never ends in shame, as that of men  
Doth oftentimes do; but like the sun breaks forth,  
When it hath gratified another world;  
And to our unexpecting eyes appears  
More glorious through its late obscurity.

*John Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Only add

Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,  
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,  
By name to come call'd charity, the soul  
Of all the rest; then wilt thou not be loath  
To leave this paradise, but shalt possess  
A paradise within thee, happier far.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

There is no courage but in innocence;  
No constancy, but in an honest cause.

*Southern's Fate of Capua.*

I am arm'd with innocence,  
Less penetrable than the steel-ribb'd coats  
That harness round thy warriors.

*Madden's Themistocles.*

Against the head which innocence secures,  
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain;  
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of heav'n.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

Her manners by the world refined,  
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,  
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree  
With candid truth's simplicity,  
And uncorrupted innocence.

*Lytleton.*

The bloom of opening flowers' unsullied beauty,  
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,  
And looks like nature in the world's first spring.

*Rowe.*

I've sometimes griev'd,  
That one so form'd in mind and charms to grace  
The brightest scenes of life, should have her seat  
In the shadow of a cloud; and yet 'tis weakness.  
The angels watch the good and innocent,  
And where they gaze it must be glorious.

*Mrs. Hale's Ornand Grosvenor.*

Hope may sustain, and innocence impart  
Her sweet specific to the fearless heart.

*Sprague's Poems.*

Innocent maid, and snow-white flower,  
Well are ye pair'd in your opening hour;  
Thus should the pure and lovely meet,  
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.  
Throw it aside in thy weary hour;  
Throw to the ground the fair white flower;  
Yet as thy smiling years depart,  
Keep that white and innocent heart.

*Bryant.*

### INSTINCT.

Let the Volces

Plough Rome and harrow Italy; I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct: but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

Tell me why the ant,  
'Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want,  
By constant journeys careful to prepare  
Her stores; and bring home the corny ear;  
By what instruction does she bite the grain,  
Lest hid in earth, and taking root again,  
It might elude the foresight of her care?  
Distinct in either insects' deed appear  
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Evil like us they shun, and covet good;  
Abhor the poison, and receive the food.  
Like us they love or hate; like us they know  
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.  
With seeming thought their action they intend;  
And use the means proportion'd to the end;  
Then vainly the philosopher avers  
That reason guides our deeds, and instinct theirs,  
How can we justly different causes frame,  
When the effects entirely are the same?  
Instinct and reason how can we divide?  
'T is the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,  
What hope or council can they need beside?  
Reason, however able, cool at best,  
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest:  
Stays till we call, and then not often near;  
But honest instinct comes a volunteer;  
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;  
While still too wide or short is human wit.

*Pope.*

The meaner creatures never feel control,  
By glowing instinct guided to the goal;  
Each sense is fed, each faculty employ'd,—  
And all their record is—a life enjoy'd.

*Mrs. Hale's Constantia*

Reason raise o'er instinct as you can,  
In this 't is God directs, in that 't is man.  
*Pope.*

The meaner tribe the coming storm foresees,  
In the still calm the bird divines the breeze;  
The ox that grazes, shuns the poison weed;  
The unseen tiger frights afar the steed;  
To man alone no kind foreboding shows  
The latent horror or the ambush'd foes;  
O'er each blind moment hangs the funeral pall,—  
Heaven shines, earth smiles—and night descends  
on all.  
*The New Timon.*

## INSTRUCTION.

He is a good divine, that follows his  
Own instructions; I can easier  
Teach twenty what were good to be done, than  
To be one of the twenty to follow  
My own teaching: The brain may devise laws  
For the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er  
A cold decree.  
*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Your voice, our music when you speak, we give  
To those who teach the mysteries above,  
That their persuasion we may soon believe;  
For doctrines thrive, when we our teachers love.  
*Sir W. Davenant.*

Laborious still, he taught the early mind,  
And urg'd to manners meek and thoughts refin'd;  
Truth he impress'd, and every virtue prais'd;  
While infant eyes in wondering circles gaz'd;  
The worth of time would day by day unfold,  
And tell them every hour was made of gold.  
*Timothy Dwight.*

It is well to take hold on occasions, and render in-  
direct instruction;  
It is better to teach upon a system, and reap the  
wisdom of books.  
*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

The seeds of first instructions are drop'd into the  
deepest furrows.  
*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

## INTELLECT.—(See REASON.)

INVENTION.  
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he  
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd,  
Once found, which yet unfound most would have  
thought  
Impossible.  
*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

All the inventions that the world contains,  
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains;  
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light  
Upon them by mistake or oversight.  
*Butler.*

Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in  
motion;  
A sharpening of the spiritual sight, to discern  
hidden aptitudes.  
*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

The eye cannot make light, nor the mind spirit;  
Therefore it is wise in man to name all novelty  
invention.  
*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

## IRRESOLUTION.

Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,  
By fearing to attempt.  
*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

That we would do,  
We should do when we would; for this *would*  
changes,  
And hath abatements and delays as many  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,  
That hurts by easing.  
*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Now whether it be  
Beastial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event—  
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part  
wisdom,  
And, ever, three parts coward—I do not know  
Why yet I live to say—this thing's to do.  
*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect.  
*Shaks. Hamlet.*

I am a heavy stone,  
Roll'd up a hill by a weak child: I moye  
A little up, and tumble back again.  
*W. Rider's Twins.*

## ITALY.

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,  
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!  
But what avail her inexhausted stores,  
Her bloomy mountains, and her sunny shores,  
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,  
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,  
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,  
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?  
*Addison & Bayle.*

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,  
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;  
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
Woods over woods in gay theoric pride;  
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,  
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.  
Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
The sons of Italy were surely blest.  
Whatever fruits in different climes were found;  
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;  
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;  
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;  
These here disporting own the kindred soil,  
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;  
With sea-born gales their gelid wings expand  
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

The promis'd land  
Lies at my feet in all its loveliness !  
To him who starts up from a troubled dream,  
And lo, the sun is shining, and the lark  
Singing aloud for joy, to him is not  
Such sudden ravishment as now I feel  
At the first glimpses of fair Italy.

*Rogers's Italy.*

Italia ! O Italia ! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and past,  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,  
And annals graved in characters of flame.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

#### Fair Italy !

Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree,  
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee ?  
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
More rich than other climes' fertility ;  
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced  
With an immaculate charm which cannot be  
defaced. *Byron's Childe Harold.*

Oh, Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires ! and control  
In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see  
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way  
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye !  
Whose agonies are evils of a day —  
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Italy ! — the grave  
And resurrection of the slave.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Soft skies of Italy ! how richly drest  
Smile the wild scenes in your purpureal glow ;  
What glorious hues reflected from the west  
Float o'er the mountains of eternal snow !

*Mrs. Hemans.*

The spirit of my land !  
It visits me once more ! — though I must die  
Far from the myrtles which thy breeze has fann'd,  
My own bright Italy !  
Oh ! that loves quenchless power  
Might waft my voice to fill thy summer sky,  
And through thy groves its dying music shower,  
Italy ! Italy !

*Mrs. Hemans.*

The skies of radiant Italy !  
Oh ! they are deeply blue ;  
And nothing save their kindred waves,  
Can match their sapphire hue.

*Lady Flora Hastings.*

The songs of tuneful Italy !  
They wake within the heart,  
Those visions of the olden time  
Which will not thence depart.

*Lady Flora Hastings.*

The tombs of holy Italy !  
The earth where heroes trod ;  
Where sainted martyrs glorified  
In death th' Incarnate God !  
Where all is bright, and pure, and calm,  
On earth, in air and sea :  
Oh Italy ! amongst thy tombs,  
Hast thou no place for me ?

*Lady Flora Hastings.*

We came to Italy. I felt  
A yearning for its sunny sky ;  
My very spirit seem'd to melt  
As swept its first warm breezes by.  
From lip and cheek a chilling mist,  
From life and soul a frozen rime,  
By every breath seem'd softly kiss'd —  
God's blessing on its radiant clime !

*Willis's Poems.*

A calm and lovely paradise  
Is Italy, for minds at ease ;  
The sadness of its sunny skies  
Weighs not upon the lives of these.

*Willis's Poems.*

#### JAIL.—(See PRISON.)

#### JEALOUSY.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

Foul jealousy ! that turnest love divine  
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart  
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,  
And feed itself with self-consuming smart:  
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Yet is there one more cursed than they all,  
That canker-worm, that monster, jealousy,  
Which eats the heart and feeds upon the gall,  
Turning all love's delight to misery.  
Through fear of losing his felicity.  
Ah, Gods ! that ever ye that monster placed  
In gentle love, that all his joys defaced !

*Spenser's Hymn in Honour of Love.*

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,  
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.

*Shaks. Othello.*

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on ; that cuckold lives in bliss,  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves !

*Shaks. Othello.*

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy !

*Shaks. Othello.*

'T is not to make me jealous,  
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt ;  
For she had eyes, and chose me : no, Iago ;  
I'll see, before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this—  
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;  
Wear your eye — thus, not jealous nor secure :  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to 't.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,  
Is — once to be resolved.

*Shaks. Othello.*

What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust ?  
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Trifles, light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ.

*Shaks. Othello*

Look where he comes ! not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

*Shaks. Othello.*

O now, for ever  
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner ; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !  
And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

*Shaks. Othello.*

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more : abandon all remorse ;  
On horror's head, horrors accumulate :  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
Greater than that.

*Shaks. Othello.*

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not :  
I think thou art just, and think thou art not :  
I'll have some proof : her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied !

*Shaks. Othello.*

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :  
'T is gone.—  
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !  
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,  
To tyrannous hate ! swell bosom, with thy franght,  
For 't is of aspick's tongues !

*Shaks. Othello.*

I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you  
speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;  
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe

*Shaks. Othello*

Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack;  
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Shaks. Othello.*

But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,  
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,  
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 't were  
The mort o' the deer. O, that is entertainment  
My bosom likes not, nor my brows!

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek?—is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip?—stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh?—(a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty;) horsing foot to foot?—  
Skulking in corners?—wishing clocks more  
swift?—

Hours, minutes?—noon, midnight? and all eyes  
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs,—theirs  
only,

That would unseen be wicked?—is this nothing?  
Why, then the world, and all that's in it, is nothing.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

O jealousy! daughter of envy and of love,  
Most wayward issue of a gentle sire;  
Foster'd with fears, thy father's joy's t' improve:  
Mirth-marring monster, born a subtle liar;  
Hateful unto thyself, flying thine own desire;  
Feeding upon suspect, that doth renew thee;  
Happy were lovers, if they never knew thee.

*Daniel's Rosamond.*

Pale hag, infernal fury, pleasure's smart;  
Envious observer, prying in ev'ry part:  
Suspicious, fearful, gazing still about thee,  
O would to God that love could be without thee.

*Daniel's Rosamond.*

I'll strive,  
With the assurance of my worth, and merits,  
To kill this monster, jealousy.

*Massinger's Bondman.*

Of all  
Our passions, I wonder nature made  
The worst, foul jealousy, her favourite;—  
And if it be so, why took she care  
That ev'ry thing should give the monster nourish-  
ment,  
And left us nothing to destroy it with.

*Suckling's Brennoralt.*

Thou wond'rous yellow fiend!  
Temper an antidote with antimony,  
And 'tis infectious: Mix jealousy with marriage,  
Is poisons virtue.

*Davenport's City Night-Cap.*

O jealousy,  
Love's eclipse! thou art in thy disease,  
A wild mad patient; wond'rous hard to please.  
*Davenport's City Night-Cap.*

All jealousy  
Must still be strangled in its birth; or time  
Will soon conspire to make it strong enough  
To overcome the truth.

*Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

When this disease of jealousy can find  
A way to seize upon a crazy mind;  
Most things, instead of help, or giving ease,  
The humour feed, and turn to the disease.

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

Shall jealousy a pow'r o'er judgment gain,  
Though it does only in the fancy reign?  
With knowledge thou art inconsistent still:  
The mind's foul monster, whom fair truth does  
kill.

Thy tyranny subverts ev'n nature's laws;  
For oft thou hast effects, without a cause:  
And, which thy strength, or weakness does detect,  
Thou often hast a cause without effect;  
In all thou dost, thou ever dost amiss;  
Seest what is not, or seest not that which is.

*Earl of Orrery's Henry, V.*

What a bridge  
Of glass I walk upon, over a river  
Of certain ruin, mine own weighty fears  
Cracking what would support me! and those helps,  
Which confidence lends to others, are from me  
Ravish'd by doubts, and wilful jealousy.

*Massinger.*

Doubt is the effect of fear or jealousy,  
Two passions which to reason give the lie;  
For fear torments, and never doth assist;  
And jealousy is love lost in a mist:  
Both hoodwink truth, and go to blind-man's-buff,  
Cry here, then thore, seem to direct enough,  
But all the while shift place; making the mind,  
As it goes out of breath, despair to find;  
And if at last something it stumbles on,  
Perhaps it calls it false, and then 't is gone.  
If true, what's gain'd? only just time to see  
A breathless play, a game at liberty;  
That has no other end than this, that men  
Run to be tir'd, just to sit down again.

*Fatal Jealousy — Author Anon.*

Then shall I be no more;  
And Adam wedded to another Eve,  
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;  
A death to think.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

In those hearts,  
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Suspicious, and fantastical surmise,  
And jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,  
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd,  
Down-look, and with a cuckoo in her fist.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Oh jealousy! thou bane of pleasing friendship,  
Thou worst invader of our tender bosoms;  
How does thy rancour poison all our softness,  
And turn our gentle natures into bitterness!

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Passions, if great, though turn'd to their reverse,  
Keep their degree, and are great passions still.  
And she who, when she thinks her lover false,  
Retains her temper, never lost her heart.

*Young's Brothers.*

Oh! the pain of pains,  
Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,  
Gives transport, and receives it from another.

*Young's Busiris.*

O jealousy, each other passion's calm  
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!  
Thou king of torments! thou grand counterpoise  
For all the transports beauty can inspire.

*Young's Revenge.*

It is jealousy's peculiar nature  
To swell small things to great; nay, out of naught  
To conjure much; and then to lose its reason  
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

*Young's Revenge.*

Jealousy, saidst thou? I disdain it:—no—  
Distrust is poor, and a misplac'd suspicion  
Invites, and justifies the falsehood fear'd.

*Hill's Zara.*

Ten thousand furies lash my soul with whips,  
At ev'ry look sharp sting's transfix my heart,  
And my chill blood thrills cold through ev'ry vein!

*Darcy's Love and Ambition.*

O jealousy! thou merciless destroyer,  
More cruel than the grave! what ravages  
Does thy wild war make in the noblest bosoms!

*Mallet's Euridice.*

Hence, jealousy; thou fatal lying fiend,  
Thou false seducer of our hearts, be gone!

*C. Johnson's Sultanees.*

To doubt's an injury; to suspect a friend  
Is breach of friendship: jealousy's a seed  
Sown but in vicious minds; prone to distrust,  
Because apt to deceive.

*Lansdown's Heroic Love.*

But through the heart  
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
'T is then delightful misery no more,  
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,  
Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,  
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,  
Farewell! ye gleamings of departed peace,  
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague  
Internal vision taints, and in a night  
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Ten thousand fears  
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views  
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms  
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.

*Thomson's Seasons*

I've seen and heard  
Enough, beyond suspicion's pale distrusts,  
To damn me with the knowledge of my fate.

*Beckingham's Henry IV. of France.*

O jealousy! thou most unnatural offspring  
Of a too tender parent! that in excess  
Of fondness feeds thee, like the pelican,  
But with her purest blood; and in return  
Thou tear'st the bosom whence thy nurture flows.

*Froude's Philotas.*

Thy numbers, jealousy, to naught were fix'd,  
Sad proof of thy distressful state:  
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,  
And now it courted love, now raving call'd on hate

*Collins's Passions.*

Among the sons of men how few are known  
Who dare be just to merit not their own!  
Superior virtue and superior sense,  
To knaves and fools will always give offence.  
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,  
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.

*Churchill*

In gentle love the sweetest joys we find—  
Yet even those joys, dire jealousy molests,  
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.

*Lyttleton*

All other passions have their hour of thinking,  
And hear the voice of reason. This alone  
Breaks at the first suspicion into phrenzy,  
And sweeps the soul in tempests.

*Francis's Constantine*

See, his audacious face he turns to hers;  
Glitt'ring with confidence some nauseous jest;...  
And she endures it too—oh! this looks vilely;

*Joanna Baillie's De Monforte*

When gods had fram'd the sweets of woman's face,  
And lockt men's looks within her golden hair,  
That Phœbus blush'd to see her matchless grace,  
And heavenly gods on earth did make repair,  
To 'quip fair Venus' overweening pride,  
Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.  
Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow,  
The amber sweet of love is turn'd to gall;  
Gloomy was heaven; bright Phœbus did avow  
He would be coy, and would not love at all;  
Swearing no greater mischief could be wrought,  
Than love united to a jealous thought.

Greene.

O jealousy,  
Thou ugliest fiend of hell! thy healthful venom  
Preys on my vitals, turns the deadly hue  
Of my fresh cheek to haggard sallowness,  
And drinks my spirits up!

*Hannah More's David and Goliath.*

That anxious torture may I never feel,  
Which, doubtful, watches o'er a wandering heart.  
O who that bitter torment can reveal,  
Or tell the pining anguish of that smart!  
In those affections may I ne'er have part,  
Which easily transferr'd can learn to rove:  
No, dearest Cupid! when I feel thy dart,  
For thy sweet Psyche's sake may no false love,  
The tenderness I prize lightly from me rove!

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it,  
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

Byron.

Her maids were old, and if she took a new one,  
You might be sure she was a perfect fright:  
She did this during even her husband's life—  
I recommend as much to every wife.

Byron.

Alas! for he who loves too oft may be  
Like one who hath a precious treasure seal'd,  
Whereto another hath obtain'd the key:

And he, poor soul! who there his all conceal'd,  
Lives blindly on, nor knows that mite by mite  
It dwindleth from his grasp; or if a thought  
That something hath been lost his mind affright,

He puts it by as evil fancy wrought.  
Yet will there sometimes come a ghostly dread,  
From which the soul recoils; but he will sleep—  
Ay, sleep—and when he wakes, all, all is fled.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

Ah no! my love knows no vain jealousy;  
The rose that blooms and lives but in the sun,  
Asas not what other flowers he shines upon,  
If he but shine on her.

*Miss Anne C. Lynch.*

Jealousy, that doats but dooms, and murders, yet  
adores! *Sprague's Shakspeare Ode.*

To tell the truth,—(you'll not betray?)

I hate to see a jealous woman;  
As if e'en Beauty's faintest ray  
Should fall upon a heart that's human,  
Without awaking grateful love  
To Beauty's Author thron'd above!

*Mrs. Osgood.*

## JEST.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least:  
For wit is news only to ignorance:  
Less at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest  
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.  
Make not thy sport abuses: for the fly  
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.  
Pick from thy mirth, like stones out of the ground,  
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness:  
These are the scum with which coarse wits  
abound:  
The fine may spare this well, yet not go less.  
All things are big with jest: nothing that's plain,  
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

*Herbert.*

Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,  
To relish a joke, and rejoice in a pun!

*Goldsmith.*

He cannot try to speak with gravity,  
But one perceives he wags an idle tongue;  
He cannot try to look demure, but spite  
Of all he does, he shows a laughter's cheek;  
He cannot e'en essay to walk sedate,  
But in his very gait one sees a jest,  
That's ready to break out in spite of all  
His seeming.

*Knowles' William Tell.*

## JOY.

Joy never feasts so high,  
As when the first course is of misery.

*Suckling's Aglaura.*

O there was a time  
I could have heard such sounds with raging joys;  
But now it comes too late:  
Give blind men beauty; music to the deaf;  
Give prosp'rous winds to ships that have no sails;  
Their joys will be like mine.

*Fane's Sacrifice.*

Joys are not joys, that always stay;  
And constant pleasures don't delight, but cloy.  
*Alex. Brome.*

Indeed true gladness doth not always speak:  
Joy, bred and born but in the tongue, is weak.  
*Jonson on the Coronation.*

Swell, swell, my joys; and faint not to declare  
Yourselves as ample, as your causes are.  
*Jonson's Sejanus.*

True joy is only hope put out of fear;  
And honour hideth error ev'ry where.  
*Lord Brooke's Alaham.*

My joys, like men in crowds, press out so fast;  
They stop by their own numbers, and their haste.  
*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

Wonder and joy so fast together flow,  
Their haste to pass, has made their passage slow;  
Like struggling waters in a vessel pent,  
Whose crowding drops choke up the narrow vent.  
*Sir Robert Howard's Indian Queen.*

Wise heaven doth see it as fit  
In all our joys to give us some alloys,  
As in our sorrows comforts: when our sails  
Are fill'd with happiest winds, then we most need  
Some heaviness to ballast us.  
*Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

There is no state, in which the bounteous Gods  
Have not plac'd joy, if men would seek it out.  
*Crown's Darius.*

O fleeting joys  
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,  
But should have smil'd that hour thro' all his care,  
And shook his chains in transport and rude har-  
mony.  
*Congreve's Mourning Bride.*

I cannot speak, tears so obstruct my words  
And choke me with unutterable joy.  
*Otipay's Caius Marius.*

Were my whole life to come one heap of troubles,  
The pleasure of this moment would suffice,  
And sweeten all my griefs with its remembrance.  
*Lee's Mithridates.*

A springing joy,  
A pleasure, which no language can express,  
An ecstasy, that mothers only feel,  
Plays round my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,  
Like gleams of sunshine in a low'ring sky.  
*A. Philips's Distrest Mother.*

Well, there is yet one day of life before me,  
And, whatsoe'er betide, I will enjoy it.  
*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

From the sad years of life  
We sometimes do short hours, yea, minutes strike,  
Keen, blissful, bright, never to be forgotten:  
Which, thro' the dreary gloom of time o'erpast,  
Shine like fair sunny spots on a wild waste.  
*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

Joys are for the gods;  
Man's common course of nature is distress:  
His joys are prodigies; and, like them too,  
Portend approaching ill. The wise man starts  
And trembles at the perils of a bliss.  
*Young's Brothers.*

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.  
*Shelley.*

Joy? — a moon by fits reflected  
In a swamp or watery bog.  
*Wordsworth.*

— It is a joy  
To think the best we can of human kind.  
*Wordsworth.*

The paths of bliss are joyous, and the breast  
Of thoughtless youth is easy to be blest.  
*William Herbert*

There falls to manhood's lot  
A joy which youth has not: —  
A dream more beautiful than truth,  
Returning Spring, renewing youth.  
*James Montgomery.*

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot  
destroy;  
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
*Moore.*

I have known many that did act a joy  
In which they had no part.  
*Miss Landon.*

Thy joys  
Are plac'd in trifles, fashions, follies, toys,  
*Crabb.*

There is strength,  
And a fierce instinct, even in common souls,  
To bear up manhood with a stormy joy,  
When red swords meet in lightning.  
*Mrs. Hemans's Siege of Valencia.*

But what are past or future joys?  
The present is our own!  
And he is wise who best employs  
The passing hour alone.  
*Heber's Translations of Pindar.*

Joy kneels, at morning's rosy prime,  
In worship to the rising sun.  
*James G. Broke.*

Joy loves to pull the summer flower,  
And wreath it round his happy brow.  
*James G. Broke.*

Joy for the present moment! Joy to-day!

Why look we to the morrow?

Mingle me bitters to drive cares away;  
Nothing on earth can be for ever gay,

And free from sorrow.

*Epes Sargent.*

Her world was ever joyous—

She thought of grief and pain

As giants in the ooden time  
That ne'er would come again.

*Mrs. Hale's Alice Ray.*

I was born for rejoicing; a "summer child" truly:

And kindred I claim with each wild joyous thing;

The light frolic breeze—or the streamlet unruly—

Or a cloud at its play—or a bird on the wing.

*Mrs. Ellet's Poems.*

### JUDGE.

And then the justice;

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

I do believe,

Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,  
You shall not be my judge: for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand and virtue go;  
More or less to others paying,  
Than by self-offences weighing.

*Shaks. Measure for Measure.*

A judge—a man so learned,  
So full of equity, so noble, so notable;  
In the process of his life, so innocent;  
In the manage of his office so incorrupt;  
In the passages of state so wise; in  
Affection of his country so religious;  
In all his services to the king so  
Fortunate and exploring, as envy  
Itself cannot accuse, or malice vitiate.

*Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.*

Hold that judge

Unworthy of his place, that lets his censure  
Float in the waves of an imagin'd favour:  
This shipwrecks in the haven; and but wou'nds  
Their conscience, that smooth the soon ebb'd hu-  
mours

Of their incensed king.

*Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.*

Fly, judges, fly; corruption's in your court;  
The judge of truth hath made your judgment short:  
Look so to judge, that at the latter day  
Ye be not judg'd with those that wend astray;  
Who passeth judgment for his private gain,  
He well may judge, he is adjudg'd to pain.

*T. Lodge and R. Green's Looking-Glass.*

It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes,  
That does commit greater himself, and lives.

*Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.*

What can innocence hope for,  
When such as sit her judges are corrupted?

*Massinger's Maid of Honour.*

With an equal scale

He weighs th' offences betwixt man and man;  
He is not sooth'd with adulation,  
Nor mov'd with tears, to wrest the course of justice  
Into an unjust current, t' oppress the innocent;  
Nor does he make the laws  
Punish the man, but in the man the cause.

*Sweetnam—the Woman Hater.*

'T is a maxim in our politics,  
A judge destroys a mighty practiser:  
When they grow rich and lazy, they are ripe  
For honour.

*Shirley's Honoria and Mammon.*

Nor envies, when a gipsy you commit,  
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;  
When you the dullest of dull things have said,  
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

When judges a campaigning go,  
And on their benches look so big,  
What gives them consequence, I trow,  
Is nothing but a bushel wig.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

A wise judge by the craft of the law was never  
seduced from its purpose.

*Southey.*

### JUDGMENT.

I see, men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Men's judgments sway on that side fortune leans.

*Chapman's Widow's Tears.*

If judgment could in solemn dullness lie,  
Which weaker rulers wear for gravity,  
Then those must needs transcendent judgments  
have,  
That would instruct wise nature to be grave.

Sir W. Davenant.

His be the praise, who, looking down in scorn  
On the false judgment of the partial herd,  
Consults his own clear heart, and nobly dares  
To be, not to be *thought*, an honest man.

Cumberland's Philemon.

Let none direct thee what to do or say,  
Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway;  
Let not the pleasing many thee delight,  
First judge, if those whom thou dost please, judge  
right.

Denham.

Judgment is but a curious pair of scales,  
That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false,  
And still the more 't is us'd is wont 't abate  
The subtleness and niceness of its weight,  
Until 't is false, and will not rise nor fall  
Like those that are less artificial;  
And therefore students, in their ways of judging  
Are fair to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,  
And by their understanding lose  
Its active faculty with too much use;  
For reason, when too curiously 't is spun,  
Is but the next of all remov'd from none.

Butler.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;  
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;  
Those few wants, answer'd, bring sincere delights;  
But fools create themselves new appetites:  
Fancy, and pride, seek things at vast expense,  
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense.  
When surfeit, or unthankfulness, destroys,  
In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys.  
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,  
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow;  
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive  
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Young.

'T is with our judgments as our watches,—none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Pope's *Essay of Criticism*.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of wrong alone—  
These wait their doom, from that great law  
Which makes the past time serve to-day;  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
From their decay.

Whittier's Poems.

How much we give to other hearts our tone,  
And judge of others' feelings by our own.

Miss Landon.

Name her not, the guilty one,  
Virtue turns aside for shame  
At the mention of her name;  
Very evilly hath she done—  
Pity is on her misspent:  
She was born of guilty kin,  
Her life's course has guilty been;  
Never unto school she went,  
And whate'er she learn'd was sin:  
Let her die!

Mary Howitt.

### JUSTICE.

Nought is on earth more sacred or divine,  
That gods and men do equally adore  
Than this same virtue, that doth right define;  
For th' heavens themselves, whence mortal men  
implore

Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore  
Of highest Jove, who doth true justice deal  
To his inferior gods; and evermore  
Therewith contains his heavenly commonweal:  
The skill whereof to princes' hearts he doth reveal.

Spenser's *Fairy Queen*.

In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shew by justice:  
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law: but 't is not so above:  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In its true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence.

Shaks. *Hamlet*.

Plate sin with gold,  
And the strong lance of justice herless breaks:  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

Shaks. *King Lear*.

To vouch this, is no proof;  
Without more certain and more overt test,  
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

Shaks. *Othello*.

If you deny me, fie upon your law,  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:  
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

Shaks. *Merchant of Venice*.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted  
Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel just,  
And he but naked, though larr'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shaks. *Henry VI*

As thou urg'est justice, be assur'd,  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.  
*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

'T is not ever

The justice and the truth o' th' question carries  
The due o' th' verdict with it: at what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you! such things have been done.  
*Shakespeare.*

I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority:  
To do a great right, do a little wrong.  
*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Impartial are our eyes and ears;  
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,  
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,  
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.  
*Shaks. Richard II.*

Yet show some pity.  
*Angelo.*—I show it most of all, when I show  
justice;  
For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;  
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another.  
*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

If I shall be condemn'd  
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,  
But what your jealousies await; I tell you,  
'T is rigour and not law.  
*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity!  
*Shaks. Othello.*

Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;  
And to bestow your pity on me: for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born not of your dominions; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding.  
*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

The gods

Grow angry with your patience: 'T is their care,  
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:  
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.  
*Jonson's Catiline.*

Just men are only free, the rest are slaves.  
*Chapman's Caesar and Pompey.*

Justice, like lightning, ever should appear  
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.  
*Sweetman — the Woman Hater.*

If but one virtue did adorn a king,  
It would be justice; many great defeats  
Are veil'd thereby—whereas each virtuous thing  
In one who is not just, the world suspects.  
*Earl of Sterline's Darius.*

Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind  
Nor cruelty, nor mercy, change her mind:  
When some escape for that which others die,  
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty:  
A fine and slender net the spider weaves  
Which little and slight animals receives;  
And if she catch a summer bee or fly,  
They with a piteous groan and murmur die;  
But if a wasp or hornet she entraps,  
They tear her cords, like Sampson, and escape:  
So like a fly, the poor offender dies;  
But like the wasp the rich escapes, and flies.  
*Denham.*

Justice must be from violence exempt;  
But fraud's her only object of contempt:  
Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells;  
But justice both from human hearts expels;  
But he's the greatest monster, without doubt,  
Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.  
*Denham.*

Who painted justice blind, did not declare  
What magistrates should be, but what they are:  
Not so much 'cause they rich and poor should  
weigh  
In their just scales alike; but because they,  
Now blind with bribes are grown so weak of sight,  
They'll sooner feel a cause, than see it right.  
*Heath's Clarastella.*

Justice, while she winks at crimes,  
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.  
*Butler's Hudibras.*

Justice gives sentence many times,  
On one man for another's crimes.  
*Butler's Hudibras.*

All are not just because they do no wrong;  
But he who will not wrong me when he may,  
He is the truly just.  
*Cumberland.*

He who is only just is cruel:—who  
Upon the earth would live, were all judg'd justly?  
*Byron's Marino Faliero.*

A happy lot be thine, and larger light  
Await thee there; for thou hast bound thy will,  
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
And lovest all, and doest good for ill.  
*Bryant's Poems.*

Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice  
Triumphs.  
*Longfellow's Evangeline.*

Ay, justice, who evades her ?  
 Her scales reach every heart ;  
 The action and the motive,  
 She weigheth each apart ;  
 And none who swerve from right or truth  
 Can 'scape her penalty ! —

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

Good my liege, for justice  
 All place a temple, and all season, summer !  
 Do you deny me justice ?

*Bulwer's Richelieu.*

Remember, One, a judge of righteous men,  
 Swore to spare Sodom if she held but ten !

*O. W. Holmes.*

### KINDNESS.

Kindness in woman, not their beauteous looks,  
 Shall win my love.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

What would you have ? your gentleness shall force  
 More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

What thou wilt,  
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
 Than hew to 't with thy sword.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Commend me to them ;  
 And tell them that, to ease me of their griefs,  
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes  
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness  
 do them.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

You may ride us  
 With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere  
 With spur we heat an acre.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Those that do teach young babes,  
 Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :  
 He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,  
 I am a child to chiding.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Blunt not his love ;  
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,  
 By seeming cold, or careless of his will,  
 For he is gracious if he be observ'd.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :  
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth ;  
 But being moody, give him line and scope,  
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
 Confound themselves with working.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

When your head did but ache,  
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)  
 And I did never ask it you again :  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;  
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;  
 Saying, what lack you ? and, where lies your grief ?

*Shaks. King John.*

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,  
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Kindness by secret sympathy is tied ;  
 For noble souls in nature are allied.

*Dryden.*

Kindness has resistless charms,  
 All things else but weakly move ;  
 Fiercest anger it disarms,  
 And clips the wings of flying love.

*Rochester.*

I would bring balm, and pour it in your wound,  
 Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your for-  
 tunes.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Thy words have darted hope into my soul,  
 And comfort dawns upon me.

*Southern's Disappointment.*

A willing heart adds feather to the heel,  
 And makes the clown a winged Mercury.

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

Generous as brave,  
 Affection, kindness, the sweet offices  
 Of love and duty, were to him as needful  
 As his daily bread.

*Rogers's Italy.*

I may be kind,  
 And meet with kindness, yet be lonely still.

*Miss Landon.*

Both men and women belie their nature  
 When they are not kind.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Think me not unkind and rude  
 That I walk alone in grove and glen ;  
 I go to the god of the wood  
 To fetch his word to men.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Speak gently ! Love doth whisper low  
 The vows that true hearts bind ;  
 And gently friendship's accents flow ;  
 Affection's voice is kind.

*D. Baxter's Poems*

- If a soul thou wouldest redeem,  
And lead a lost one back to God ;—  
Wouldest thou a guardian-angel seem  
To one who long in guilt hath trod,—  
Go kindly to him — take his hand  
With gentlest words within thine own,  
And by his side a brother stand,  
Till all the demons thou dethrone.

*Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.*

### KINGS.

The love of kings is like the blowing of  
Winds, which whistle sometimes gently among  
The leaves, and straightway turn the trees up by  
The roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off,  
And burneth near hand; or the sea, which makes  
Men hoist their sails in a flattering calm,  
And to cut their masts in a rough storm.

*Lilly's Alexander.*

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their  
will;  
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill.  
*Shaks. Pericles.*

It is the curse of kings, to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,  
To break into the bloody house of life;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law, to know the meaning  
Of dang'rous majesty; when perchance it frown'd  
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

*Shaks. King John.*

Shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crown'd and planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath?

*Shaks. Richard II.*

The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone; but, like a gulph, doth draw  
What's near it, with it: is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

He may not, as unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
The safety and the health of the whole state,  
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd  
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,  
Wherof he is the head.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Within the hollow crown,  
That's round the mortal temples of a king,  
Keeps Death his court, and there the Antick sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
Were brass impregnable: and humour'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and, with a little pin,  
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest:  
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn rev'rence; throw away respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while:  
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,  
Taste grief, need friends, like you: subjected thus,  
How can you say to me—I am a king?

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;  
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd:  
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd:  
All murder'd.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Or, I'll be buried in the king's highway;  
Some way of common tread, where subjects' feet  
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;  
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;  
And buried once, why not upon my head?

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.  
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:  
Thy word is current with him for my death,  
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
That scalds with safety.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person,  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Shaks. Henry IV.*

You are much mistaken in this king :  
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,—  
 With what great state he heard their embassy,  
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
 How modest in exception, and, withal,  
 How terrible in constant resolution.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

What have kings  
 That privates have not too, save ceremony ?

*Shaks. Henry V.*

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
 Hath the forehand and vantage of a king.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
 An outward honour for an inward toil;  
 And, for unfehl imaginations,  
 They often feel a world of restless cares ;  
 So that, between their titles, and low name,  
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Why our battalia trebles that account :  
 Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,  
 Which they upon the adverse faction want.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Come hither, England's hope : if secret powers  
 Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
 This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.  
 His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;  
 His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,  
 His hand to wield a sceptre : and himself,  
 Likely in time to bless a regal throne.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

The king-becoming graces,  
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
 I have no relish of them ; but abound  
 In the division of each several crime,  
 Acting in many ways.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
 So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits  
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

So excellent a king, that was, to this,  
 Hyperion to a satyr.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

The presence of a king engenders love  
 Amongst his subjects, and his royal friends.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
 That treason can but peep to what it would,  
 Acts little of his will.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Kings, by their example, more do sway,  
 Than by their pow'r ; and men do more obey,  
 When they are led, than when they are compell'd.

*Jonson on King James.*

Princes that would their people should do well,  
 Must at themselves begin, as at the head ;  
 For men, by their example, pattern out  
 Their imitations, and regard of laws :  
 A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.

*Jonson's Cynthia's Revels.*

We see, although the king be head,  
 The state will be the heart : this sovereignty  
 Is but in place, not power ; and govern'd  
 By the equal sceptre of necessity.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

And while they live, we see their glorious actions  
 Oft wrested to the worst ; and all their life  
 Is but a stage of endless toil and strife,  
 Of torments, uproars, mutinies, and factions ;  
 They rise with fear, and lie with danger down :  
 Huge are the cares, that wait upon the crown.

*Earl of Sterline's Darius.*

He's a king,  
 A true, right king, that dares do aught, save  
 wrong :

Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust ;  
 Who is not blown up with the flatt'ring puffs  
 Of spungy sycophants ; who stands unmov'd,  
 Despite the justling of opinion.

*Marston's Antonio and Mellida. Part I*

Wretched state of kings ! that standing high ;  
 Their faults are marks, shot at by every eye.

*Decker's Match me in London.*

Alas ! what are we kings ?  
 Why do you gods place us above the rest,  
 To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd ; till we  
 Believe we hold within our hands your thunder .  
 But when we come to try' the power we have,  
 There's not a leaf shake at our threat'nings ?

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster*

That king stands surest, who by 's virtue rises  
 More than by birth or blood. That prince is rare  
 Who strives in youth, to save his age from care.

*Middleton's Phoenix.*

Kings do often grant  
 That happiness to others, which themselves do  
 want.

*Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.*

When kings leave

Their justice, and throw shame upon despisers ;  
 Patience, so wounded, turns a fury

*Shirley's Young Admiral.*

Oh happy kings,

Whose thrones are raised in their subjects' hearts.

*John Ford's Perkin Warbeck.*

O the state of princes!  
How far are we from that security,  
We dreamt of, in th' expectance of our crown?  
Were foreign dangers nothing, yet we nourish  
Our ruin in our bosom.

*Anon. Sicily and Naples.*

O 't is our folly, folly, my dear friend,  
Because we see th' activity of states,  
To flatter them with false eternity!  
Why longer than the dweller lasts the house?  
Why should the world be always, and not man?  
Sure kingdoms are as mortal as their kings,  
And stay but longer for their period.

*Gomersall's Lodovick Sforza.*

Revenge torments, and  
Executions are not expressions of a king;  
But a destruction: he rivals not  
Th' immortal pow'rs in temples, statues,  
Adoration, but transcendent virtues,  
Divine performances: these are th' additions  
By which he climbs to heaven, and appears  
A god on earth.

*Killigrew's Conspiracy.*

The faults kings do,  
Shine like the fiery beacon on a hill,  
For all to see, and seeing, tremble at.

*Hemmings's Fatal Contract.*

From the monarch's virtue, subjects take  
Th' ingredient which does public virtue make:  
At his bright beam they all their tapers light,  
And by his dial set their motion right.

*Sir W. Davenant to the King.*

What poor things are kings!  
What poorer things are nations to obey  
Him, whom a petty passion does command?  
Fate, why was man made so ridiculous?  
Oh I am mortal. Men but flatter me.  
Oh fate! why were not kings made more than  
men?

Or why will people have us to be more?  
Alas! we govern others, but ourselves  
We cannot rule; as our eyes that do see  
All other things, but cannot see themselves.

*Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

Kings, by grasping more than they could hold,  
First made their subjects by oppression bold;  
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give  
More than was fit for subjects to receive,  
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess  
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.

*Denham.*

No law betwixt two sov'reigns can decide,  
But that of arms, where fortune is the judge,  
Soldiers the lawyers, and the bar the field.

*Dryden's Love Triumphant.*

Kings' titles commonly begin by force,  
Which time wears off, and mellows into right;  
And power, which in one age is tyranny,  
Is ripen'd in the next to true succession.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

There like a statue thou hast stood besiegd  
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts.  
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round  
Met nothing but a lie in every face;  
And the gross flatt'ry of a gaping crowd,  
Envious who first shall catch and first applaud  
The stuff, or royal nonsense.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

What is a king? — a man condemn'd to bear  
The public burthen of the nation's care;  
Now crown'd some angry faction to appease;  
Now falls a victim to the people's ease;  
From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,  
Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth,  
At home surrounded by a servile crowd,  
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud;  
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,  
His very state acknowledging his fears;  
Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows  
His secret terror of a thousand foes:  
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,  
To blind events and fickle chance a slave;  
Seeking to settle what for ever flies,  
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.

*Prior's Solomon.*

The vulgar call us gods, and fondly think,  
That kings are cast in more than mortal moulds;  
Alas! they little know that when the mind  
Is cloy'd with pomp, our taste is pall'd to joy;  
But grows more sensible to grief and pain.  
The stupid peasant with as quick a sense  
Enjoys the fragrance of the rose as I;  
And his rough hard hand is proof against the thorn,  
Which, rankling in my tender skin, would seem  
A viper's tooth.

*Fenton's Mariamne.*

Seek not to govern by the lust of power;  
Make not thy will thy law; believe thy people  
Thy children all; so shalt thou kindly mix  
Their interests with thy own, and fix the basis  
Of future happiness in godlike justice.

*C. Johnson's Medea.*

The man whom heaven appoints  
To govern others, should himself first learn  
To bend his passions to the sway of reason.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

A sovereign's great example forms a people:  
The public breast is noble or is vile,  
As he inspires it.

*Mallett and Thomson's Alfred*

Are crowns and empire,  
The government and safety of mankind,  
Trifles of such light moment, to be left  
Like some rich toy, a ring, or fancied gem,  
The pledge of parting friends? can kings do this,  
And give away a people for a legacy?

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

Unbounded power and height of greatness give  
To kings that lustre which we think divine;  
The wise who know them, know they are but men,  
Nay sometimes weak ones too.

*Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.*

Let him maintain his pow'r, but not increase it.  
The string—prerogative—when strain'd too high  
Cracks like the tortur'd chord of harmony,  
And spoils the concert between king and subject.

*Havard's King Charles I.*

The king, who delegates  
His pow'r to others' hands, but ill deserves  
The crown he wears.

*Brooke's Earl of Warwick.*

The king that yields to popular commotions,  
Is more the slave, than sovereign of his people.

*Philip's Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester.*

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,  
Inherits every virtue round,  
As emblems of the sovereign power  
Like other baubles in the Tower;  
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,  
And so continues till he dies;  
His humble senate this professes,  
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.  
But once you fix him in a tomb,  
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;  
And each perfection wrong imputed,  
Is fully at his death confuted.

*Swift.*

Then, poet, if you mean to thrive:  
Employ your muse on kings alive:  
With prudence gathering up a cluster  
Of all the virtues you can muster,  
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,  
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;  
Who, as the odours reach his throne,  
Will smile, and think them all his own!  
For law and gospel both determine  
All virtues lodge in royal ermine.

*Swift.*

We too are friends to loyalty. We love  
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,  
And reigns content within them. Him we serve  
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free.  
But recollecting still that he is man,  
We trust him not too far.

*Couper's Task.*

Some seek diversion in the tented field,  
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.  
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,  
Kings should not play at.

*Couper's Task.*

King though he be,  
And king in England too, he may be weak  
And vain enough to be ambitious still,  
May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,  
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:  
Beyond that mark is treason.

*Couper's Task.*

He is ours,  
T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,  
But not to warp or change it. We are his,  
To serve him nobly in the common cause,  
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.

*Couper's Task.*

We view the outward glories of a crown;  
But dazzled with the lustre, cannot see  
The thorns that line it, and whose painful prick-  
lings

Embitter all the pompous sweets of empire.  
Happier the wretch, who, at his daily toils,  
Sweats for his homely dinner, than a king  
In all the dangerous pomp of royalty!  
He knows no fears of state to damp his joys;  
No treason shakes the humble bed he lies on!  
Nor dreads the poison in his peaceful bowls!

*Hill's Fair Innocent.*

A prince is but a man, and man may err;  
But when, forgetting his ennobled rank,  
He makes due reparation for his faults,  
From heaven he pardon hopes, from man de-  
mands it.

*Murphy's Zobeide.*

O royalty! what joys hast thou to boast,  
To recompense thy cares? Ambition seems  
The passion of a god. Yet from my throne  
Have I with envy seen the naked slave  
Rejoicing in the music of his chains,  
And singing toil away; and then at eve,  
Returning peaceful to his couch of rest:  
Whilst I sat anxious and perplex'd with cares;  
Projecting, plotting, fearful of events:  
Or, like a wounded snake, lay down and writhe,  
The sleepless night, upon a bed of state.

*Dove's Sethona.*

Oh! unhappy state of kings!  
'T is well the robe of majesty is gay,  
Or who would put it on?

*Hannah More's Daniel.*

Thus on a stall, amidst a country fair,  
Old women show of gingerbread their ware!  
King David and queen Bathsheba behold,  
Strut from their dough majestic, grac'd with gold,

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

At princes let but satire lift his gun,  
The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.  
E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of  
letters,  
Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Home hath he none who once becomes a king !  
Behind the pillar'd masses of his halls  
The dagger'd traitor lurks; his vaulted roofs  
Do nightly echo to the whisper'd vows  
Of those who curse him.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

A crown ! what is it ?  
Is it to bear the miseries of a people ?  
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,  
And sink beneath a load of splendid care !  
To have your best success ascribed to fortune,  
And fortune's failures all ascribed to you !  
It is to sit upon a joyless height,  
To ev'ry blast of changing fate expos'd !  
Too high for hope ! too great for happiness !

*Hannah More's Daniel.*

It being now settled that emp'rors and kings,  
Like kites made of foolscap are high flying things,  
To whose tails a few millions of subjects, or so,  
Have been tied in a string to be whisk'd to and fro,  
Just wherever it suits the said foolscap to go.

*Moore's Crib's Memorial to Congress.*

This was a truth to us extremely trite,  
Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such things ;  
She deem'd her least command must yield delight,  
Earth being only made for queens and kings.

*Byron.*

Meanwhile the education they went through  
Was princely, as the proofs have always shown :  
So that the heir apparent still was found  
No less deserving to be hang'd than crown'd.

*Byron.*

Shut up—no, not the king, but the pavilion,  
Or else 'twill cost us all another million.

*Byron.*

Let kings remember they are set on thrones  
As representatives, not substitutes  
Of nations, to implead with God and man.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Oh, covet not the throne and crown,  
Sigh not for rule and state :

The wise would fling the sceptre down,  
And shun the palace gate.

Ye lowly born, oh, covet not  
Unrest the sceptre brings ;

The honest name and peaceful lot  
Outweigh the pomp of kings.

*Eliza Cook.*

Ill do you know the spectral forms that wait  
Upon a king ; care with his furrow'd brow,  
Unsleeping watchfulness, lone secrecy,  
Attend his throne by day, his couch by night.

*Lord John Russell's Don Carlos.*

The people cry, "there is the prince shall reign  
When Philip is no more :" old nurses bless  
His beardless face, and silly children toss  
Their tiny caps into the air ; while I  
Am met by frigid reverence, passive awe,  
That fears, yet dares not own itself for fear ;  
As though the public hangman stalk'd behind me :  
And thus it is to reign — to gain men's hate.  
Thus for the future monarch, fancy weaves  
A spotless robe, entwines his sceptre round  
With flowery garlands, places on his head  
A crown of laurels, while the weary present,  
Like a stale riddle, or a last year's fashion,  
Carries no grace with it. Base vulgar world !  
'T is thus that men for ever live in hope,  
And he that has done nothing is held forth  
As capable of all things.

*Lord John Russell's Don Carlos.*

### KISS.

O, a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !  
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

If I profane with my unworthy hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this ;  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,  
To smooth the rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Then kiss'd me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Kiss the tear from her lip, you'll find the rose  
The sweeter for the dew.

*Webster.*

O kiss ! which dost those ruddy gems impart,  
Or gems, or fruits, of new-found paradise :  
Breathing all bliss and sweet'ning to the heart ;  
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise.

O kiss ! which souls, e'en souls, together ties  
By links of love, and only nature's art :  
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,  
Or of thy gifts, at least, shade out some part.

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Kiss you at first, my lord! 't is no fair fashion;  
Our lips are like rose-buds, blown with men's  
breaths,  
They lose both sap and savour.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover.*

May I taste  
The nectar of her lip? I do not give it  
The praise it merits: Antiquity is too poor  
To help me with a simile t' express her:  
Let me drink often from this living spring,  
To nourish new invention.

*Massinger's Emperor of the East.*

Never man before  
More blest; nor like this kiss hath been another,  
Nor ever beauties like, met at such closes,  
But in the kisses of two damask roses.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

Thus while she sleeps, gods do descend, and kiss;  
They lend all others breath, but borrow this.

*Cartwright's Siege.*

Her kisses faster, though unknown before,  
Than blossoms fall on parting spring, she strew'd;  
Than blossoms sweeter, and in number more.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

These poor half kisses kill me quite:  
Was ever man thus served?  
Amidst an ocean of delight,  
For pleasure to be starved.

*Drayton.*

Sweet were his kisses on my balmy lips,  
As are the breezes breath'd amidst the groves  
Of ripening spices on the height of day.

*Behn's Abdelazar.*

Oh! could I give the world;  
One kiss of thine, but thus to touch thy lips,  
I were a gainer by the vast exchange.  
The fragrant infancy of opening flowers  
Flow'd to my senses in that melting kiss.

*Southern's Disappointment.*

The kiss you take is paid by that you give;  
The joy is mutual, and I'm still in debt.

*Lord Lansdown's Heroic Love.*

I felt the while a pleasing kind of smart,  
The kiss went tingling to my very heart.  
When it was gone, the sense of it did stay,  
The sweetness cling'd upon my lips all day,  
Like drops of honey loth to fall away.

*Dryden.*

She brought her cheek up close, and lean'd on his;  
At which he whisper'd kisses back on hers.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Oh! let me live for ever on those lips!  
The nectar of the gods to these is tasteless.

*Dryden's Amphitryon.*

He scarce afforded one kind parting word,  
But went away so cold, the kiss he gave me  
Seem'd the forc'd compliment of sated love.

*Olivay's Orphan.*

Oh! Isidora, where—  
Where are you loitering now when Guido's here?  
By the bright God of love, I'll punish you,  
Idler, and press your rich red lips until  
The colour flies.

*Proctor's Mirandola.*

Soft child of love—thou balmy bliss,  
Inform me, O delicious kiss!  
Why thou so suddenly art gone,  
Lost in the moment thou art won?

*Dr. Wolcot.*

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.

*Byron.*

My heart can kiss no heart but thine,  
And if these lips but rarely pine  
In the pale abstinence of sorrow,  
It is that nightly I divine,  
As I this world-sick soul recline,  
I shall be with thee ere the morrow.

*Bailey's Festus.*

And with a velvet lip print on his brow,  
Such language as the tongue hath never spoken.

*Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.*

## KNAVES.

As thistles wear the softest down;  
To hide their prickles till they're grown,  
And then declare themselves, and tear  
Whatever ventures to come near;  
So a smooth knave does greater feats  
Than one that idly rails and threats,  
And all the mischief that he meant  
Does, like the rattle-snake, prevent.

*Butler.*

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,  
They light a torch to show their shame the more  
Those governments, which curb not evils, cause  
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

*Young.*

## KNIGHTHOOD.

Nought is more honourable to a knight,  
Nor better doth beseem brave chivalry,  
Than to defend the feeble in their right,  
And wrong redress in such as wend awry.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Was I for this entitled—sir,  
And girt with trusty sword and spur?

*Butler's Hudibras.*

## A true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;  
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:  
His heart and hand both open, and both free;  
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impure thought in breath:  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender objects, but he, in heat of action,  
Is more vindictive than jealous love.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

A lac'd hat, worsted stockings, and — noble old  
soul!  
A fine ribbon and cross in his breast button-hole;  
Just such as our prince, who nor reason nor fun  
dreads,  
Inflicts, without e'en a court-martial, on hundreds.

*Moore's Fudge Family.*

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.  
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel:  
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

*Tennyson's Sir Galahad.*

A king can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that,—  
But an honest man's aboon his might.

*Burns's Poems.*

These are not the romantic times  
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,  
So dazzling to the dreaming boy,  
Ours are the days of fact, not fable,  
Of knights, but not of the round table,  
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy.

*Halleck's Poems.*

## KNOWLEDGE.

Through knowledge we behold the world's creation,  
How in his cradle first he fostered was;  
And judge of nature's cunning operation,  
How things she formed of a formless mass:  
By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know;  
And what to mar, and what to God we owe.

*Spenser.*

Base minded they that want intelligence,  
For God himself for wisdom most is prais'd,  
And men to God thereby are nighest rais'd.

*Spenser's Tears of the Muse.*

A climbing height it is, without a head,  
Depth without bottom, way without an end;  
A circle with no line environed,  
Not comprehended, all it comprehends,  
Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind  
Till it that infinite of the godhead find.

*Lord Brooke.*

The mind of man is this world's true dimension;  
And knowledge is the measure of the mind:  
And as the mind, in her vast comprehension,  
Contains more worlds than all the world can find;  
So knowledge doth itself far more extend,  
Than all the minds of man can comprehend.

*Lord Brooke.*

Learning is an addition beyond  
Nobility or birth: honour of blood,  
Without the ornament of knowledge, is  
A glorious ignorance.

*James Shirley.*

Another's knowledge  
Applied to my instruction, cannot equal  
My own soul's knowledge.

*Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.*

The Almighty wisdom, having given  
Each man within himself an apter light  
To guide his acts, than any light without him,  
Creating nothing, not in all things equal:  
It seems a fault in any that depend  
On others' knowledge, and exile their own.

*Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.*

Those only may be truly said to know,  
Whose knowledge pays their country what they  
owe.

*Lady Alimony.*

Knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know  
In measure what the mind may well contain;  
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
And renders us in things that most concern  
Unpractis'd, unprepared, still to seek.

*Milton's Paraaise Lost.*

He knew what's what, and that's as high  
As metaphysic wit can fly.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Remember that the curs'd desire to know,  
Offspring of Adam ! was thy source of woe,  
Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,  
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit;  
With empty labour and eluded strife  
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;  
For ever from that fatal tree debar'red,  
Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard ?

*Prior's Solomon.*

Voracious learning, often over-fed,  
Digests not into sense her motley meal,  
This bookcase, with dark booty almost burst,  
This forager on others' wisdom, leaves  
Her native farm, her reason, quite until'd.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords  
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,  
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The clouds may drop down titles and estates ;  
Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought;  
Sought before all, but (how unlike all else  
We seek on earth !) 'tis never sought in vain.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

One science only will one genius fit,  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

*Pope's Essay on Criticism.*

Man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth  
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,  
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,  
Than all of taste his tongue.

*Akenside.*

Yet ah ! why should they know their fate ?  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies,  
Thought would destroy their paradise.  
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,  
'T is folly to be wise.

*Gray's Eton College.*

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,  
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;  
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

*Couper's Task.*

Deep subtle wits,  
In truth are master spirits in the world.  
The brave man's courage, and the student's lore,  
Are but as tools his secret ends to work,  
Who hath the skill to use them.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

Knowledge is not happiness, and science  
But an exchange of ignorance for that  
Which is another kind of ignorance.

*Byron's Manfred.*

The wish to know — that endless thirst,  
Which ev'n by quenching is awak'd,  
And which becomes or blest or curst,  
As is the fount whereat 't is slak'd —  
Still urg'd me onward, with desire  
Insatiate, to explore, inquire.

*Moore's Lores of the Angels.*

O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us !  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,

An foolish notion :

*Burns*

*I know* is all the mourner saith —  
Knowledge by suffering entereth, —  
As life is perfected by death.

*Miss Barrett.*

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,  
And I linger more and more,  
And the individual withers,  
And the world is more and more.

*Tennyson's Poems.*

— All this boasted knowledge of the world  
To me seems but to mean acquaintance with  
Low things, or evil, or indifferent.

*Bailey's Festus*

Much more is said of knowledge than it's worth  
*Bailey's Festus*

Oh ! there is nought on earth worth being known,  
But God and our own souls.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Knowledge hath a 'wilder tonge,  
And she will stoop and lead you to the stars,  
And witch you with her mysteries — till gold  
Is a forgotten dross, and power and fame  
Toys of an hour, and woman's careless love  
Light as the breath that breaks it.

*Willis's Poems.*

He who binds  
His soul to knowledge, steals the key of heaven —  
But 't is a bitter mockery that the fruit  
May hang within his reach, and when, with thirst  
Wrought to a maddening phrenzy, he would taste —  
It burns his lips to ashes.

*Willis's Poems*

O fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

*Longfellow's Poems.*

## LABOUR.

This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious ; but  
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures.

*Shaks. Tempest*

Cheer'd with the view, man went to till the ground  
From whence he rose ; sentenc'd indeed to toil,  
As to a punishment, yet (e'en in wrath  
So merciful is heaven) this toil became  
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ  
Of many a livelong hour, and surest guard  
Against disease and death.

*Porteus's Death.*

Oft did the harvest to the sickle yield,  
Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe hath broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their teams afield,  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

*Gray's Elegy.*

From labour health, from health contentment  
springs. *Beattie's Minstrel.*

What happiness the rural maid attends,  
In cheerful labour while each day she spends !  
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,  
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.  
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,  
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins ;  
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,  
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease ;  
Her homespun dress in simple neatness lies,  
And for no glaring equipage she sighs :  
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,  
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.

*Gay.*

Here sun-brown'd Labour swings his Cyclop arms,  
Long are the furrows he must trace between  
The ocean's azure and the prairie's green ;  
Full many a blank his destin'd realm displays,  
Yet see the promise of his riper days ;  
Far through yon depths the panting engine moves,  
His chariot's ringing in their steel-shod grooves ;  
And Erie's naiad flings her diamond wave  
O'er the wild sea-nymph in her distant cave.

*O. W. Holmes.*

How blest the farmer's simple life !  
How pure the joy it yields !  
Far from the world's tempestuous strife,  
Free 'mid the scented fields !

*C. W. Everest.*

" Go till the ground " — said God to man,—  
" Subdue the earth, it shall be thine ;"  
How grand, how glorious was the plan !  
How wise the Law divine .  
And none of Adam's race can draw  
A title, save beneath this Law,  
To hold the world in trust ;  
Earth is the Lord's, and He hath sworn  
That ere old Time has reach'd his bourne,  
It shall reward the Just !

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

What living man will bring a gift  
Of his own heart, and help to lift  
The tune ? — " The race is to the swift ! "

*Miss Barrett's Poems.*

What are we sent on earth for ? Say, to toil !  
Nor seek to leave the tending of thy vines  
For all the heat o' the sun, till it declines,  
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.

*Miss Barrett's Poems.*

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

*Longfellow's Poems*

High curl'd the smoke from the humble roof with  
dawning's earliest bird,  
And the tinkle of the anvil, first of the village  
sounds was heard ;  
The bellows-puff, the hammer-beat, the whistle  
and the song,  
Told, steadfastly and merrily, toil roll'd the hours  
along. *Street's Poems*

— Give me the fair one, in country or city,  
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,  
Who cheerfully warbles some rustic ditty,  
While plying the needle with exquisite art.

*Samuel Woodworth.*

" Labour is worship " — the robin is singing :  
" Labour is worship " — the wild bee is ringing.  
Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing,  
Speaks to thy soul out of nature's great heart.

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

Labour is life ! — 'T is the still water faileth ;  
Idleness ever despairoth, bewailleth ;  
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth !

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

Labour is rest — from the sorrows that greet us :  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,  
Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

Labour is health — Lo ! the husbandman reaping,  
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping !

How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,  
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,  
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own ;  
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,  
And care not a fig for the king on his throne ;  
We never knew want, for we live by our labour,  
And in it contentment and happiness find.

*George P. Morris.*

## LAW.

It often falls, in course of common life,  
That right long time is overborne of wrong,  
Through avarice or power, or guile or strife,  
That weakens her, and makes her party strong :  
But justice, though her doom she do prolong,  
Yet at the last she will her own cause right.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
Their perch, and not their terror.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,  
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds)  
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep ;  
Even like an overgrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Our decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

There is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established :  
'T will be recorded for a precedent ;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,  
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth  
To those that without heed do plunge into it.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Multitude of laws are signs either of  
Much tyranny in the prince, or much  
Rebellious disobedience in the subject.

*Marston's Fawn.*

This wretch, that lov'd, before his food, his strife,  
This punishment falls even with his life ;  
His pleasure was vexation, all his bliss  
The torment of another :  
Their hurt his health, their starved hope his store ;  
Who so loves law, dies either mad or poor.

*Middleton's Phoenix.*

If we offend the law,  
The law may punish us ; which only strives  
To take away excess, not the necessity  
Or use of what's indifferent : and is made  
Or good or bad by 'tis use.

*Nabb's Covent Garden.*

The good needs fear no law ;  
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.  
*Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley's Old Law.*

We are of the condition of some great  
Men in office ; that desire execution  
Of the laws, not so much to correct offences  
And reform the commonwealth, as to thrive  
By their punishment, and grow rich and fat  
With a clear conscience.

*Shirley's St. Patrick for Ireland.*

Strict laws are like steel bodice, good for growing  
limbs ;  
But when the joints are knit, they are not helps,  
But burdens.

*Fane's Love in the Dark.*

He that with injury is griev'd,  
And goes to law to be reliev'd,  
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,  
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,  
Applies himself to cunning men,  
To help him to his goods again.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Law does not put the least restraint  
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't ;  
Or if it does, 't is for our good,  
To give us freer latitude ;  
For wholesome laws preserve us free,  
By stinting of our liberty.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Others believe no voice 't an organ  
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar gown,  
Until with subtle cob-web cheats  
They're catch'd in knotted law like nets ;  
In which, when once they are imbrangled,  
The more they stir, the more they're tangled.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Besides, encounters at the bar  
Are braver now than those in war,  
In which the law does execution  
With less disorder and confusion.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Do not your juries give their verdict  
As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?  
And as they please, make matter of fact  
Run all on one side, as they're pack'd.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Each state must have its policies ;  
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters.  
Ev'n the wild outlaw, in his forest walk,  
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.  
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,  
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,  
But laws were made to draw that union closer.

*Old Play.*

Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,  
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.  
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,  
Entangle justice in her net of law,  
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;  
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.

Pope.

Once (says an author, where I need not say)  
Two trav'lers found an oyster in their way:  
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,  
While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.  
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,  
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.  
Dame justice weighing long the doubtful right,  
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight,  
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,  
There take, (says Justice) take you each a shell,  
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:  
'T was a fat oyster — live in peace — adieu.

Pope.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share,  
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;  
Or in pure equity (the case not clear)  
The chancery takes your rents for twenty year.

Pope.

There was on both sides much to say:  
He'd hear the cause another day.  
And so he did; and then a third  
He heard it — there, he kept his word;  
But with rejoinders or replies,  
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,  
Demur, imparience, and essoign,  
The parties ne'er could issue join:  
For sixteen years the cause was spun,  
And then stood where it first begun.

*Swift's Cadenus and Vanessa.*

The laws have cast me off from every claim,  
Of house and kindred, and within my veins  
Turn'd noble blood to baseness and reproach:  
I'll cast them off; why should they be to me  
A bar, and no protection.

*Joanna Baillie's Orra.*

He is a perfect knowledge-box, —  
An oracle to great and sma':  
And fifty law-pleas he has lost,  
He is sae weel acquaint wi' law.

Nicoll.

Let the laws of your own land,  
Good or ill, between ye stand,  
Hand to hand, and foot to foot,  
Arbiters of the dispute.

*Shelley's Liberty*

No choice was left his feelings or his pride,  
Save death or doctor's commons — so he died.

Byron.

A man of Law, a man of peace,  
To frame a contract or a lease.

Crabbe.

Laws hitherto are fram'd to punish crime.

All legislators have been slow to deal  
With vice in its first elements; and here  
Lie the pernicious root and seeds of sin;  
That children are permitted to grow up,  
From infancy to youth, without instruction,  
Is a grave wrong, and ne'er to be redeem'd  
By penal statutes and the prisoner's cell.

Anon.

Are not our laws alike for high and low?  
Or shall we bind the poor man in his fetters,  
And let the rich go revel in his crimes?

*Charles West Thomson.*

'T is best to make the Law our friend,  
And patiently await, —  
Keep your side good, and you are sure  
To conquer soon or late.

*Mrs. Hale's Harry Guy.*

## LEARNING.

Hear him reason in divinity,  
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish,  
You would desire the king were made a prelate.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in music:  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
Of human things.

*Shaks. Othello.*

His learning savours not the school-like gloss,  
That most consists in echoing words and terms;  
And soonest wins a man an empty name:  
Nor only long or far-fetch'd circumstance,  
Wrapp'd in the curious generalties of arts:  
But a direct and analytic sum  
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.

*Jonson's Poetaster.*

Learning is

A bunch of grapes sprung up among the thorns;  
Where, but by caution, none the harm can miss:  
Nor art's true riches read to understand,  
But shall, to please his taste, offend his hand.

*Lord Brooke on Human Learning*

Learning was first made pilot to the world,  
And in the chain of contemplation,  
Many degrees above the burning clouds  
He'd in his hands the nic-leaf'd marble book,  
Drawn full of silver lines and golden stars.

*Day's Law Tricks.*

For mystic learning wondrous able  
In magic talisman and cabal,  
Whose primitive tradition reaches  
As far as Adam's first green breeches.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

In mathematics he was greater  
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater;  
For he by geometric scale,  
Could take the size of pots of ale;  
Resolve, by sines and tangents, straight,  
If bread or butter wanted weight;  
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day  
The clock does strike, by algebra.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

We grant, although he had much wit,  
H' was very shy of using it,  
As being loath to wear it out,  
And therefore bore it not about:  
Unless on holiday or so,  
As men their best apparel do.  
Besides 'tis known he could speak Greek  
As naturally as pigs do squeak;  
That Latin was no more difficile,  
Than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Learning, that cobweb of the brain  
Profane, erroneous and vain;  
A trade of knowledge as replete,  
As others are with fraud and cheat;  
An art t' incumber gifts and wit,  
And render both for nothing fit.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Nothing goes for sense or light,  
That will not with old rules jump right;  
As if rules were not in the schools  
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Some for renown on scraps of learning date,  
And think they grow immortal as they quote.  
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd,  
But strive to make our poverty our pride.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Yet proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,  
And play the fool because they're men of sense.

*Young's Epistle to Pope.*

How empty learning, and how vain is art,  
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart.

*Young's Last Day.*

But you are learn'd; in volumes deep you sit;  
In wisdom shallow: pompous ignorance!  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

You scorn what lies before you in the page  
Of nature and experience, moral truth;  
And dive in science for distinguish'd names,  
Sinking in virtue as you rise in fame.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.

*Pope's Essay on Criticism.*

By learning unrefin'd  
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.  
*Falconer's Shipwreck.*

Whose modest wisdom, therefore, never aims  
To find the longitude, or burn the Thames.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;  
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail;  
See nations slowly wise and meanly just,  
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Au reste, (as we say,) the young lad's well enough,  
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff  
*Moore's Fudge Family*

Where yonder humble spire salutes the eye,  
Its vane slow-turning in the liquid sky,  
Where, in light gambols, healthy striplings sport,  
Ambitious Learning builds her outer court.

*Timothy Dwight*

Her book of light here learning spread;  
Here the warm breast of youth  
Was won to temperance and truth.  
*Sprague's Centennial Ode.*

A mind rejoicing in the light  
Which melted through its graceful bower,  
Leaf after leaf serenely bright  
And stainless in its holy white,  
Unfolding like a morning flower.

*Whittier's Poems*

No good of worth sublime will Heaven permit  
To light on man, as from the passing air;  
The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,  
If not protected, prud'd, and fed with care,  
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare.  
And learning is a plant that spreads and towers,  
Slow as Columbia's aloe.

*Carlos Wilcox*

As the uncultur'd prairie bears a harvest  
Heavy and rank, yet worthless to the world,—  
So mind and heart, uncultur'd, run to waste;  
The noblest natures serving but to show  
A denser growth of passions' deadly fruit.

*Mrs. Hale.*

### LETTERS.

Let us see —

Leave, gentle wax; and manners, blame us not:  
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;  
Their papers are more lawful.

*Shaks. Lear.*

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
That ever blotted paper!

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Read o'er this:

And after, this: and then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you have.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Why, how now, gentlemen!

What see you in those papers that you lose  
So much complexion? look ye, how they change.  
Their cheeks are paper.— Why what read you  
there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood,  
Out of appearance.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Letters admit not of a half renown,  
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.  
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,  
But what did honour to the name of man.

*Young.*

Full oft have letters caused the writers  
To curse the day they were inditers.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;  
They live, they speak, they breathe what love in-  
spires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,  
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,  
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,  
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,  
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)  
Of good advice — and two or three of credit.

*Byron.*

I love the mystery of a female missal,  
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,  
But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,  
When he allured poor Dolon: — you had better  
Take care what you reply to such a letter.

*Byron.*

You ask my friend, and well you may,  
You ask me how I spend my day;  
I'll tell you, in unstudied rhyme,  
How wisely I befool my time;  
These idle lines — they might be worse —  
Are simple prose, in simple verse.

*James Montgomery.*

I have seen him when he hath had  
A letter from his lady dear, he bless'd  
The paper that her hand had travell'd over,  
And her eye look'd on, and would think he saw  
Gleams of the light she lavish'd from her eyes,  
Wandering amid the words of love there trac'd  
Like glow-worms among beds of flowers.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Do you like letter-reading? If you do,  
. I have some twenty dozen very pretty ones:  
Gay, sober, rapturous, solemn, very true,  
And very lying stupid ones, and witty ones;  
On gilt-edged paper, blue perhaps, or pink,  
And frequently in fancy-coloured ink.

*Epes Sargent.*

Through her tears she gazed upon them, .

Records of that brief bright dream!  
And she clasped them closer — closer —

For a message they would seem,  
Coming from the lips now silent,  
Coming from a hand now cold,  
And she felt the same emotion  
They had thrill'd her with of old.

*Mrs. J. C. Neal.*

She had waited for their coming,

She had kiss'd them o'er and o'er —  
And they were so fondly treasured  
For the words of love they bore,  
Words that whisper'd in the silence,  
She had listen'd till his tone  
Seem'd to linger in the echo  
“ Darling, thou art all mine own !”

*Mrs. J. C. Neal.*

Slowly folding, how she linger'd

O'er the words his hands had traced,  
Though the plashing drops had fallen,  
And the faint lines half effaced.

*Mrs. J. C. Neal.*

As grains of gold that in the sands

Of Lydian waters shine,

The welcome sign of mountain lands

That veil the silent mine —

Thus may the River of my Thought,

That glideth now to thee,

Reveal the wealth, as yet unwrought,

Which Love has heap'd in me!

*Bulwer's Poems.*

## LIBERTY.

*Lucio.* — Whence comes this restraint?

*Claudio.* — From too much liberty, my *Lucio*,  
liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast,  
So every scope by the immoderate use  
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue  
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,) A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

O happy men born under good stars,  
Where what is honest you may freely think,  
Speak what you think, and write what you do speak;  
Not bound to servile soothings.

*Marston's Fawn.*

A show of liberty,  
When we have lost the substance, is best kept,  
By seeming not to understand those faults,  
Which we want power to mend.

*May's Cleopatra.*

If we retain the glory of our ancestors,  
Whose ashes will rise up against our dulness,  
Shake off our tameness, and give way to courage;  
We need not doubt, inspir'd with a just rage,  
To break the necks of those that would yoke ours.

*Tatham's Distracted State.*

I love my freedom: yet strong prisons can  
Vex but the bad, and not the virtuous man.

*Watkyns.*

Rather seek  
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Oh! give me liberty!  
For were ev'n paradise my prison,  
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

The love of liberty with life is given,  
And life itself th' inferior gift of heaven.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Oh, liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright,  
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!  
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;  
Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,  
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;  
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,  
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

*Addison's Italy.*

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,  
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

*Addison's Cato.*

## What is life?

'T is not to stalk about, and draw fresh air  
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun:  
'T is to be free. When liberty is gone,  
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish

*Addison's Cato.*

When liberty is lost,  
Let abject cowards live; but in the brave  
It were a treachery to themselves, enough  
To merit chains.

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

The greatest glory of a free-born people,  
Is to transmit that freedom to their children.

*Havard's Regulus.*

Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead:  
With great examples of old Greece or Rome;  
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind heaven  
That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,  
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap  
Tho' purchased with our blood.

*Somerville's Chase*

O liberty,  
Parent of happiness, celestial-born;  
When the first man became a living soul,  
His sacred genius thou.

*Dyer's Ruins of Rome.*

Mankind are all by nature free and equal,  
'T is their consent alone gives just dominion.

*Duncombe's Junius Brutus.*

O liberty! heav'n's choice prerogative!  
True bond of law! thou social soul of property!  
Thou breath of reason! life of life itself!  
For thee the valiant bleed. O sacred liberty!  
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flattering

ruin,

Like the bold stork you seek the wint'ry shore,  
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,  
Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm.

*Brooke's Gustavus Vasa*

Freedom is  
The brilliant gift of heav'n, 'tis reason's self,  
The kin of deity.

*Brooke's Gustavus Vasa*

What are fifty, what a thousand slaves,  
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm  
That strikes for liberty?

*Brooke's Gustavus Vasa*

Oh could I worship aught beneath the skies,  
That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,  
Thine altar, sacred liberty, should stand,  
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,  
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair  
As ever dress'd a bank or scented summer air.

*Couper's Charity.*

Liberty, like day,  
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from heav'n  
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.

*Couper's Task.*

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free,  
They touch our country and their shackles fall.  
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
And jealous of the blessing.

*Couper's Task.*

Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will  
Of a superior, he is never free.  
Who lives, and is not weary of a life  
Exposed to manacles, deserves them well.

*Couper's Task.*

But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought  
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess  
All that the contest calls for;—spirit, strength,  
The scorn of danger, and united hearts,  
The surest presage of the good they seek.

*Couper's Task.*

"T is liberty alone that gives the flow'r  
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,  
And we are weeds without it.

*Couper's Task.*

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,  
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!  
So falls the heart at thralldom's bitter sigh!  
So virtue dies, the spouse of liberty!

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Eternal nature! when thy giant hand  
Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling  
land,

When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,  
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!  
Say, was that lordly form inspir'd by thee,  
To wear eternal chains and bow his knee?  
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,  
Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;  
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?

No!

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see  
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!  
A little while, along thy saddening plains,  
The starless night of desolation reigns;  
Truth shall restore the light by nature given,  
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of heaven!  
I'rone to the dust oppression shall be hurl'd—  
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world.

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

There is a world where souls are free,  
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss,  
If deah that world's bright opening be,  
Who would live a slave in this!

*Moore.*

Leave pomps to those who need 'em—

Adorn but man with freedom,

And proud he braves

The gaudiest slaves,

That crawl, where monarchs lead 'em.

*Moore.*

Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,  
'T is the last libation liberty draws

From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her  
cause!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh,  
when

Will that redeeming day shine out on men,

That shall behold them rise, erect and free

As heav'n and nature meant mankind should be!

*Moore's Fudge Family.*

By the hope within us springing,

Herald of to-morrow's strife;

By that sun, whose light is bringing

Chains or freedom, death or life—

Oh! remember, life can be

No charm for him who lives not free!

*Moore.*

Easier were it

To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,

Than force the yoke of slavery upon men

Determin'd to be free.

*Southey's Joan of Arc.*

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!

Brightest in dungeons, liberty! thou art!

For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of thee alone can bind;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—

To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,

Their country conquers with their martyrdom,

And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

*Byron's Prisoner of Chillon.*

"T is vain—my tongue cannot impart

My almost drunkenness of heart,

When first this liberated eye

Surveyed earth, ocean, sun and sky,

As if my spirit pierced them through,

And all their immost wonders knew!

One word alone can point to thee

That more than feeling—I was free!

E'en for thy presence ceased to pine:

The world—nay—heaven itself was mine!

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

So let them ease their hearts with pride

Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;

I have a love for freedom too.

*Byron.*

For me, my lot is what I sought; to be,

In life or death, the fearless and the free.

*Byron's Island.*

The wish — which ages have not yet subdued  
In man — to have no master save his mood.

*Byron's Island.*

Yet, freedom ; yet thy banner, torn, but flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind ;  
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,  
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind ;  
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms ; and the rind,  
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and little worth ;  
But the sap lasts, — and still the seed we find  
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the north ;  
So shall a bitter spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,  
And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil ;  
Nor yet too many, nor too few their numbers ;  
Corruption could not make their hearts her soil ;  
The lust which stings, the splendour which encumbers,  
With the free foresters divide no spoil ;  
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes  
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

*Byron.*

For freedom's battle, once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

*Byron's Giaour.*

The time is past when swords subdued,—  
Man may die — the soul's renew'd :  
Even in this low world of care,  
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir ;  
Millions breathe but to inherit  
Her unconquerable spirit —  
When once more her hosts assemble,  
Let the tyrants only tremble ;  
Smile they at this idle threat ?  
Crimson tears will follow yet.

*Byron's Waterloo.*

— The mountains — they proclaim  
The everlasting creed of Liberty !  
That creed is written on the untrampled snow,  
Thunder'd by torrents which no power can hold,  
Save that of God when He sends forth his cold,  
And breath'd by winds that through the free heaven blow.

*Bryant's Poems.*

I dream of all things free !  
Of a gallant, gallant bark,  
That sweeps through storm and sea,  
Like an arrow to its mark !  
Of a stag that o'er the hills  
Goes bounding on its way ;  
Of a thousand flashing rills —  
Of all things glad and free !

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

Free of the world, a self-dependent soul,-  
The liberty of nature let me know,  
Caught from her mountains, groves, and crystal streams,

Her starry host, and sunset's purple glow,  
That woo the spirit with celestial dreams.

*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

There is a spirit working in the world,  
Like to a silent, subterranean fire ;  
Yet ever and anon some monarch hurl'd  
Aghast and pale, attests its fearful ire :  
The dungeon'd nations now once more respire  
The keen and stirring air of Liberty !

*George Hill*

— Fervent energy must spread,  
Till despotism's towers be overthrown,  
And in their stead  
Liberty stands alone !

*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Hasten the day, just Heaven !  
Accomplish thy design ;  
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,  
Freely on all men shine ;  
Till equal rights be equally enjoy'd,  
And human power for human good employ'd ;  
Till law, and not the sovereign, rule sustain,  
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

*Henry Ware, Jr.*

## LIFE.

O why do wretched men so much desire  
To draw their days unto the utmost date,  
And do not rather wish them soon expire,  
Knowing the misery of their estate,  
And thousand perils which still await,  
Tossing them like a boat amid the main,  
That ev'ry hour they knock at death's gate ?  
And he that happy seems and least in pain,  
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth plague.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Such is the weakness of all mortal hope !  
So fickle is the state of earthly things ;  
That ere they come unto their aimed scope,  
They fall too short of our frail reckonings,  
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,  
Instead of comfort which we should embrace.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

For all man's life me seems a tragedy  
Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes ,  
First coming to the world with weeping eye,  
Where all his days, like dolorous trophies,  
Are heap'd with spoils of fortune and of fear,  
And he at last laid forth on baleful bier.

*Spenser's Tears of the Muses*

The term of life is limited,  
Nor may a man prolong, or shorten it:  
The soldier may not move from watchful sted,  
Nor leave his stand until his captain bed.  
Who life did limit by Almighty doom  
(Quoth he) knows best the terms established;  
And he that points the centoned his room,  
Doth license him depart at sound of morning  
droome.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

After long storms and tempests overblown,  
The sun at length his joyous face doth clear:  
So when as fortune all her spite hath shown,  
Some blissful hours at last must needs appear,  
Else should afflicted wights oftentimes despair.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

But O short pleasure, bought with lasting pain!  
Why will hereafter any flesh delight  
In earthly bliss, and join in pleasure vain!

*Spenser's Ruins of Time.*

O vain world's glory, and unsteadfast state  
Of all that lives on face of sinful earth!  
Which from their first until the utmost date  
Taste no one hour of happiness or mirth,  
But like as at the ingrate of their birth,  
They crying creep out of their mother's womb,  
So wailing back go to their woeful tomb.

*Spenser's Ruins of Time.*

And ye, fond men! on fortune's wheel that ride,  
Or in aught under heaven repose assurance,  
Be it riches, beauty, or honour's pride,  
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,  
But ere ye be aware will flit away.

*Spenser's Daphnaida.*

Well may appear by proof of their mischance,  
The changeful turning of men's slippery state;  
That none whom fortune freely doth advance  
Himself therefore to heaven should elevate;  
For lofty type of honour, through the glance  
Of envy's dart, is down in dust prostrate;  
And all that vaunts in worldly vanity,  
Shall fall through fortune's mutability.

*Spenser.*

Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

The web of our life is of a mingled  
Yarn, good and ill together: Our virtues  
Would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and  
Our crimes would despair, if they were not  
Cherish'd by our virtues.

*Shaks. All's Well.*

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve!  
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind: we are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,  
And then he falls as I do.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

O gentlemen, the time of life is short:  
To spend that shortness basely, 't were too long,  
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Be absolute for death; or death, or life  
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with  
life;  
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
That none but fools would reck: a breath thou art  
Servile to all the skyie influences,  
That doth this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
Hourly afflict: Merely thou art death's fool,  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun;  
And yet run'st towards him still.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea*

Happy thou art not;  
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;  
And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain;  
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects  
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;  
For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloadeth thee.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea*

Thou hast not youth nor age;  
But as it were an after-dinner sleep,  
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsy'd eld: and when thou 'rt old and rich,  
Thou 'st neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in  
this,  
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Man's life's a tragedy; his mother's womb,  
From which he enters, is the tiring-room;  
This spacious earth the theatre; the stage  
That country which he lives in: passions, rage,  
Folly and vice are actors; the first cry  
The prologue to the ensuing tragedy.  
The former act consisteth in dumb shows;  
The second he to more perfection grows;  
I' th' third he is a man, and doth begin  
To nurture vice, and act the deeds of sin:  
I' th' fourth declines: i' th' fifth diseases clog  
And troubles him; then death's the epilogue.

*Sir W. Raleigh.*

The wisdom of this world is idiotism;  
Strength a weak reed; health sickness' enemy,  
(And it at length will have the victory);  
Beauty is but a painting; and long life  
Is a long journey in December gone,  
Tedious and full of tribulation.

*Decker.*

Circles are prais'd, not that abound  
In largeness, but th' exactly round:  
So life we praise that does excel  
Not in much time, but acting well.

*Waller.*

Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending worst:  
Each best day of our life escapes us first.  
Then since we more than many, these truths know;  
Though life be short, let us not make it so.

*Jonson's Epigrams.*

Her days are peace, and so she ends her breath;  
True life that knows not what's to die, till death.

*Daniel's Rosamond.*

Men should strive to live well, not to live long,  
And I would spend this momentary breath,  
To live by fame, for ever after death.

*Earl of Sterline's Julius Caesar.*

Our life is nothing, but a winter's day;  
Some only break their fast, and so away:  
Others stay dinner, and depart full-fed;  
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed:  
He's most in debt, that lingers out the day;  
Who dies betimes, has less and less to pay.

*Quarles.*

You'll tell me, man ne'er dies, but changeth life;  
And haply for a better. He's happiest  
That goes the right way soonest. Nature sent us  
All naked hither, and all the goods we had  
We only took on credit with the world:  
And that the best of men are but mere borrowers;  
Though some take longer day.

*Richard Brome's Damoiselle.*

Life, ill preserv'd, is worse than basely lost.

*Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

O trivial property of life! some do'  
Attend the mighty war, and make divinity  
Their yoke; till for the sport of kings they but  
Augment the number of the dead.

*Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.*

Life is

Like the span  
Fore'd from a gouty hand; which, as it gains  
Extent, and active length, the more it pains.

*Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.*

Like to the falling of a star;  
Or as the flights of eagles are;  
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
Or silver drops of morning dew;  
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
Or bubbles which on water stood;  
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light  
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.  
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;  
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;  
The dew dries up; the star is shot;  
The flight is past; and man forgot.

*Bishop King.*

Life is a weary interlude—  
Which doth short joys, long woes include:  
The world the stage, the prologue tears;  
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;  
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,  
And leaves no epilogue but death.

*Bishop King.*

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st  
Live well, how long or short permit to heav'n.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Why is life given  
To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
Obtruded on us thus? Who, if he knew  
What we receive, would either not accept  
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
Glad to be dismiss'd in peace?

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,  
But that forsaken, we like comets err.  
Toss'd thr' the void, by some rude shock we're  
broke,  
And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

*Congreve.*

How sudden do our prospects vary here!  
And how uncertain every good we boast!  
Hope oft deceives us; and our very joys  
Sink with fruition;— pall, and rust away.  
How wise are we in thought! how weak in ~~pride~~  
tice!

Our very virtue, like our will, is — nothing.

*Shirley's Parricide.*

What is't we live for? tell life's fairest tale—  
To eat, to drink, to sleep, love, and enjoy,  
And then to love no more!

To talk of things we know not, and to know  
Nothing but things not worth the talking of.

*Sir R. Fane, Jun.*

If life a hundred years, or e'er so few,  
'T is repetition all, and nothing new:  
A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay,  
An inn where travellers bait, then post away.

*Fawkes.*

Ev'ry state,

Allotted to the race of man below,  
Is, in proportion, doom'd to taste some sorrow.

*Rouse's Lady Jane Grey.*

But ah! how insincere are all our joys!  
Which, sent from heaven, like lightning make no  
stay:

Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,  
Or grief sent post o'er takes them on the way.

*Dryden's Annus Mirabilis.*

Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,  
Proud of the present, to the future blind.

*Dryden's Cymon and Iphigenia.*

Since every man who lives is born to die,  
And none can boast sincere felicity,  
With equal mind what happens let us bear,  
Nor joy nor grieve for things beyond our care.  
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;  
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

A flower that does with opening morn arise,  
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies;  
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er  
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;  
A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly,  
A meteor shooting from the summer sky;  
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;  
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;  
A noon tide shadow, and a midnight dream;  
Are emblems which, with semblance apt, proclaim  
Our earthly course.

*Prior's Solomon.*

In every act and turn of life he feels  
Public calamities, or household ills;  
The due reward to just desert refus'd,  
The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;  
The judge corrupt, the long depending cause,  
And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws;  
The crafty turns of a dishonest state,  
And violent will of the wrong-doing great;  
The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,  
Which nor can wisdom share, nor fair advice re-  
claim.

*Prior's Solomon.*

We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;  
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain:  
And while poor nature labours to be blest,  
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest,  
Some stronger power eludes our sickly will,  
Dashing our rising hopes with certain ill;  
And makes us, with reflective trouble, see  
That all is destin'd, which we fancy fre.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Who breathes, must suffer; and who thinks, must  
mourn,

And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born.

*Prior's Solomon.*

I tell thee, life is but one common care,  
And man was born to suffer and to fear.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Thus we act; and thus we are,

Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.

With endless pain this man pursues

What, if he gain'd, he could not use:

And t' other fondly hopes to see

What never was, nor e'er shall be.

We err by use, go wrong by rules,

In gesture grave, in action fools:

We join hypocrisy to pride,

Doubling the faults we strive to hide.

*Prior's Alma.*

Even so luxurious men unheeding pass  
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine;  
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on  
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;  
Till blown away by death, oblivion comes  
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Ah! whither now are fled

Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes

Of happiness? those longings after fame?

Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?

Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering

thoughts

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd my life?

All now are vanish'd! virtue sole survives

Immortal, never-fading friend of man,

His guide to happiness on high.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Where now, ye living vanities of life?

Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!

Where are ye now, and what is your amount?

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.

Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,

A scene of crude disjointed visions past,

And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,

With new flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;  
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death,  
And all the sad variety of pain!

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,  
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop  
In deep retir'd distress.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The days of life are sisters; all alike;  
None just the same; which serve to fool us on  
Through blasted hopes, with change of fallacy;  
While joy is, like to-morrow, still to come:  
Nor ends the fruitless chase but in the grave.

*Young's Brothers.*

Vain man! to be so fond of breathing long,  
And spinning out a thread of misery:  
The longer life the greater choice of evil;  
The happiest man is but a wretched thing,  
That steals poor comfort from comparison.

*Young's Busiris.*

Ah! what is human life?  
How, like the dial's tardy moving shade,  
Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd!  
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;  
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;  
Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.

*Young's Busiris.*

The smoothest course of nature has its pains;  
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.  
Without misfortune, what calamities?  
And what hostilities, without a foe?  
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.  
But endless is the list of human ills,  
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Life's little stage is a small eminence,  
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,  
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around;  
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while  
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplo'red;  
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,  
His luxuries have left him no reserve,  
No maiden relishes, no unbrought delights;  
On cold-serv'd repetitions he subsists,  
And in the tasteless present chews the past;  
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd,  
When courted least; most worth, when dis-  
esteem'd. *Young's Night Thoughts.*

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?  
What tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?  
Earth's highest station ends in—"Here he lies"—  
And "dust to dust"—concludes her noblest song.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:  
He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,  
And says he call'd another; that arrives,  
Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on;  
Till one calls him, who varies not his call,  
But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,  
Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free;  
A freedom far less welcome than his chain.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;  
We take the lying sister for the same;  
Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook;  
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Man, ill at ease,  
In this, not his own place, this foreign field,  
Where nature fudders him with other food  
Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,  
Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,  
Sighs for something more, when most enjoy'd.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

How frail men, things! How momentary both!  
Fantastic chase of shadow's hunting shades!

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,  
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach  
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave,  
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes;  
The sensual, in pursuit of something worse;  
The grave, of gold; the politic, of power;  
And all, of other butterflies, as vain.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

How must a spirit, late escaped from earth,  
The truth of things new blazing in its eye,  
Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,  
Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Be wise with speed;  
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

The present moment, like a wife, we shun,  
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train ;  
 Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain ;  
 These, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,  
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind ;  
 The lights and shades whose well-accorded strife  
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,  
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate !

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys  
 Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,  
 At every little breath misfortune blows ;  
 Till left quite naked of their happiness,  
 In the chill blasts of winter they expire :  
 This is the common lot.

*Young.*

Is that a birth-day ? 'tis, alas ! too clear,  
 'Tis but the fun'ral of the former year.

*Pope.*

What art thou, life, so dearly lov'd by all ?  
 What are thy charms that thus the great desire  
 thee,

And to retain thee part with pomp and titles ?  
 To buy thy presence, the gold-watching miser  
 Will pour his mouldy bags of treasure out,  
 And grow at once a prodigal. The wretch  
 Clad with disease and poverty's thin coat,  
 Yet holds thee fast, though painful company.

*Havard's King Charles I.*

O life ! thou universal wish ; what art thou ?  
 Thou 'rt but a dog — a few uneasy hours :  
 Thy morn is greeted by the flocks and herds ;  
 And every bird that flatters with its note,  
 Salutes thy rising sun : thy noon approaching,  
 Then haste the flies and every creeping insect,  
 To bask in thy meridian ; that declining,  
 As quickly they depart, and leave thy evening  
 To mourn the absent ray : night at hand,  
 Then croaks the raven conscience, time misspent,  
 The owl despair seems hideous, and the bat  
 Confusion flutters up and down —  
 Life's but a lengthen'd day not worth the waking  
 for.

*Havard's King Charles I.*

Human life is chequer'd at the best,  
 And joy and grief alternately preside,  
 The good and evil demon of mankind.

*Tracy's Periander.*

By day or night.

In florid youth, or mellow age, scarce fleets  
 One hour without its care ! not sleep itself  
 Is ever balmy ; for the shadowy dream  
 oft bears substantial woe.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

'T is but a night, a long and moonless night ;  
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

*Blair's Grave.*

I've tried this world in all its changes,  
 States and conditions ; have been great and happy,  
 Wretched and low, and pass'd thro' all its stages.  
 And oh ! believe me, who have known it best,  
 It is not worth the bustle that it costs ;  
 'T is but a medley, all of idle hopes,  
 And abject childish fears.

*Madden's Themistocles.*

To be, is better far than not to be,  
 Else nature cheated us in our formation.  
 And when we are, the sweet delusion wears  
 Such various charms and prospects of delight ;  
 That what we could not will, we make our choice,  
 Desirous to prolong the life she gave.

*Sexell's Sir W. Raleigh.*

To each his sufferings : all are men,  
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 The unfeeling for his own.

*Gray's Eton College.*

These shall the fury passions tear,  
 The vulture of the mind,  
 Disdainful anger, pallid fear,  
 And shame that skulks behind ;  
 Or pining love, shall waste their youth,  
 Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart.  
 And envy wan, and faded care,  
 Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,  
 And sorrow's piercing dart.  
 Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning infamy.  
 The stings of falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;  
 And keen remorse, with blood defil'd,  
 And moody madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath  
 A grisly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of death.  
 More hideous than their queen :  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every labouring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :  
 Lo, poverty, to fill the b'nd,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow consuming age.

*Gray's Eton College.*

To contemplation's sober eye  
Such is the race of man :  
And they that creep, and they that fly,  
Shall end where they began.  
Alike the busy and the gay  
But flutter through life's little day,  
In fortune's varying colours drest :  
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance ;  
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance  
They leave in dust to rest.

*Gray's Spring.*

Life's buzzing sounds and flatt'ring colours play  
Round our fond sense, and waste the day,  
Enchant the fancy, vex the labouring soul ;  
Each rising sun, each lightsome hour,  
Beholds the busy slavery we endure ;  
Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,  
When night and sacred silence overspread the soul.

*Watts.*

Catch then, O catch the transient hour,  
Improve each moment as it flies ;  
Life's a short summer — man a flower,  
He dies—alas ! how soon he dies !

*Dr. Johnson.*

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,  
Are only varied modes of endless being,  
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,  
Derives its value from its use alone ;  
Not for itself but for a nobler end  
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.  
When inconsistent with the greater good,  
Reason commands to cast the less away ;  
Thus life, with loss of wealth is well preserv'd,  
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

In such a world, so thorny, and where none  
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,  
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,  
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin  
Against the law of love, to measure lots  
With less distinguish'd than ourselves, that thus  
We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,  
And sympathize with others, suffering more.

*Courter's Task.*

All has its date below. The fatal hour  
Was register'd in heaven ere time began.  
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works  
Die too. The deep foundations that we lay,  
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.  
We build with what we deem eternal rock,  
A distant age asks where the fabric stood ?  
And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,  
The undiscov'able secret sleeps.

*Courter's Task.*

How readily we wish'd time spent revok'd,  
That we might try the ground again, where once  
(Through inexperience as we now perceive)  
We miss'd that happiness we might have found.

*Courter's Task.*

Ask what is human life — the sage replies  
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,  
A painful passage o'er a restless flood,  
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,  
A sense of fancied bliss and heart-felt care,  
Closing at last in darkness and despair.

*Courter's Hope.*

Ah ! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar ?  
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
And wag'd with fortune an eternal war ?  
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,  
And poverty's unconquerable bar,  
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,  
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

Life is but a day at most,  
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;  
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,  
Fear not clouds will always lower.

*Burns.*

Oh life ! how pleasing is thy morning,  
Young fancy's rays the hills adorning !  
Cold — pausing — cautious lessons scorning,  
We frisk away.  
Like school-boys, at the expected warning,  
To joy and play.  
We wander there, we wander here,  
We eye the rose upon the brier,  
Unmindful that the thorn is near  
Among the leaves ;  
And though the puny wound appear,  
Short while it grieves.

*Burns.*

Ah ! happy boys ! such feelings pure,  
They will not, cannot long endure ;  
Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,  
You may not linger by the side ;  
For fate shall thrust you from the shore,  
And passion ply the sail and oar.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Our youthful summer oft we see  
Dance by on wings of game and glee,  
While the dark storm reserves its rage,  
Against the winter of our age.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Thus pleasures fade away ;  
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,  
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Though varying wishes, hopes and fears,  
Fever'd the progress of these years,  
Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem  
The recollection of a dream;  
So still we glide down to the sea  
Of fathomless eternity.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Danger, long travel, want or woe,  
Soon change the form that best we know;  
For deadly fear can time outgo,  
And blanch at once the hair;  
Hard time can roughen form and face,  
And what can quench the eye's bright grace,  
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,  
More deeply than despair.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!  
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy  
The hardest frame! of indolence, of toil,  
We die; of want, of superfluity.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

For time will come with all its blights,  
The ruin'd hope — the friend unkind —  
The love, that leaves, where'er it lights,  
A chill or burning light behind.

*Moore.*

We wither from our youth, we gasp away —  
Sick — sick; — unfound the boon — unsaked the  
thirst,

Though to the last, in verge of our decay,  
Some phantom lures, such as we thought at first —  
But all too late, — so are we doubly curs'd,  
Love, fame, ambition, avarice — 'tis the same,  
Each idle — and all ill — and none the worst —  
For all are meteors with a different name,  
And death the sable smoke where vanishes the  
flame.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

We are fools of time and terror: days  
Steal on us and steal from us; yet we live,  
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.  
In all the days of this detested yoke —  
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,  
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick with pain,  
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness —  
In all the days of past and future, for  
In life there is no present, we may number  
How few, how less than few — wherein the soul  
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws back  
As from a stream in winter, though the chill  
Be but a moment's.

*Byron's Manfred.*

The dust we tread upon was once alive  
And wretched.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Alas! such is our nature! all but aim  
At the same end by pathways not the same;  
Our means, our birth, our nation, and our name,  
Our fortune, temper, even our outward frame,  
Are far more potent over yielding clay  
Than aught we know beyond our little day.

*Byron's Island.*

When we cry out against fate, 'twere well  
We should remember fortune can take nought  
Save what she gave — the rest was nakedness,  
And lusts, and appetites, and vanities,  
The universal heritage, to battle  
With as we may, and least in humblest stations,  
Where hunger swallows all in one low want,  
And the original ordinance, that man  
Must sweat for his poor pittance, keeps all passions  
Aloof, save fear of famine! All is low,  
And false, and hollow — clay from first to last,  
The prince's urn no less than potter's vessel.

*Byron's Two Foscari.*

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,  
'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.  
How little do we know that which we are!  
How less what we may be! the eternal surge  
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge  
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves  
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

*Byron.*

There still are many rainbows in your sky,  
But mine have vanish'd. All, when life is new,  
Commence with feelings warm, and prospects high;  
But time strips our illusions of their hue,  
And one by one, in turn, some grand mistake,  
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the snake.

*Byron.*

A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,  
Fighting, devotion, dust — perhaps a name.

*Byron.*

Love's the first net which spreads its deadly mesh;  
Ambition, avarice, vengeance, glory glue  
The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,  
Where still we flutter on for pence or praise.

*Byron.*

The spell is broke — the charm is flown!  
Thus is it with life's fitful fever;  
We madly smile when we should groan;  
Delirium is our best deceiver.  
Each lucid interval of thought  
Recalls the woes of nature's charter,  
And he that acts as wise men ought,  
But lives — as saints have died — a martyr.

*Byron.*

O love! O glory! what are ye? who fly  
Around us ever, rarely to alight:  
There's not a meteor in the polar sky  
Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight.

Byron.

There are a number of us creep  
Into this world to eat and sleep;  
And know no reason why they're born,  
But merely to consume the corn,  
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,  
And leave behind an empty dish.  
Though crows and ravens do the same,  
Unlucky birds of hateful name,  
Ravens or crows might fill their places,  
And swallow corn and eat carcasses.  
Then if their tombstones when they die,  
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,  
There's nothing better will be said,  
Than that they've eat up all their bread,  
Drunk all their drink and gone to bed.

Dr. Franklin's Paraphrase of Horace.

There never breathes a man who, when his life  
Was closing, might not of that life relate  
Toils long and hard.

Wordsworth.

Life, like a dome of many-colour'd glass  
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

Shelley.

Life went a-maying  
With nature, hope, and poesy,  
When I was young.

Coleridge.

And is not youth, as fancy tells,  
Life's summer prime of joy?  
Ah, no! for hopes too long delayed  
And feelings blasted or betrayed  
Its fabled bliss destroy;  
And youth remembers with a sigh  
The careless days of infancy.

Southey.

There are points from which we can command  
our life;  
When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;  
And coming things, full-freighted with our fate,  
Jut out on the dark offing of the mind.

Bailey's Festus.

Living men look on all who live askance.

Bailey's Festus.

We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not  
breaths—  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most  
lives,  
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

Bailey's Festus.

What is this life, wherein God has founded me,  
But a bright wheel, which burns itself away,  
Benighting even night with its grim limbs,  
When it hath done and fainted into darkness?

Bailey's Festus.

What is life?

A gulf of troubled waters—where the soul,  
Like a vex'd bark, is toss'd upon the waves  
Of pain and pleasure by the wavering breath  
Of passions.

Miss Landon.

Few know of life's beginnings—men behold  
The good achiev'd; the warrior, when his sword  
Flashed red triumph in the noonday sun;  
The poet, when his lyre hangs on the palm;  
The statesman when the crowd proclaim his voice.  
And mould opinion on his gifted tongue;  
They count not life's first steps, and never think  
Upon the many miserable hours  
When hope deferr'd was sickness to the heart.

Miss Landon.

Hard are life's early steps; and but that youth  
Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,  
Men would behold its threshold and despair

Miss Landon.

Life treads on life, and heart on heart—  
We press too close in church and mart,  
To keep a dream or grave apart.

Miss Barrett.

"Life is before ye!"—and as now ye stand  
Eager to spring upon the promised land,  
Fair smiles the way where yet your feet have trod  
But few light steps, upon a flowery sod:  
Round ye are youth's green bowers—and to your  
eyes,  
Tho' horizon's line but joints the earth and skies—  
Daring and triumph, pleasure, fame and joy;  
Friendship unwavering, love without alloy,  
Brave thoughts of noble deeds, and glory won  
Like angels, beckon ye to venture on.

Frances Kemble Butler.

"Life is before ye!"—from the fated road  
Ye cannot: turn then take ye up the load.  
Not yours to tread or leave the unknown way,  
Ye must go o'er it, meet ye what ye may.  
Gird up your souls within you to the deed,  
Angels and fellow-spirits bid ye speed!  
What though the brightness wane, the pleasure  
fade,

The glory dim! Oh not of these is made  
The awful life that to your trust is given,  
Children of God! Inheritors of Heaven!

Frances Kemble Butler.

"Life is before ye!"—Oh, if ye could look  
Into the secrets of that sealed book,  
Strong as ye are with youth, and hope, and faith,  
Ye would sink down, and falter "Give us death!"  
If the dread Sphinx's lips might once unclose,  
And utter but a whisper of the woes  
Which must o'ertake ye in your life-long doom—  
Well might ye cry, "Our cradle be our tomb!"

*Frances Kemble Butler.*

Had but the heart that thrills a three years' boy  
A voice to speak, 't would say that life is joy!  
Note thou the youth whose impulse nought can  
tame,  
That life is action, tongue and limbs proclaim!  
The man whom well-spent years from dread re-  
lease,

Secure in knowledge, tells thee Life is Peace,  
And the grey sage, who smiles beside the grave,  
Knows life is all, and death a dusty slave!

*John Sterling.*

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of time—  
Footprints that, perchance, another,  
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,  
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

*Longfellow.*  
Life is real, life is earnest;  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest;  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Thus bravely live heroic men,  
A consecrated band;  
Life is to them a battle-field,  
Their hearts a holy land.

*Tuckerman.*  
My life is like the summer rose  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scatter'd on the ground—to die!  
Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
As if she wept the waste to see—  
But none shall weep a tear for me.

*R. H. Wilde.*

My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,  
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,  
Restless—and soon to pass away!  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree,  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

*R. H. Wilde.*

My life is like the prints, which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,  
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

*R. H. Wilde*

Life hath but shadows, save a promise given,  
Which lights the future with a fadless ray;  
O touch the sceptre! win a hope in heaven;  
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away!

*Willis G. Clark*

Life mocks the idle hate  
Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself  
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,  
And of the triumph of his ghastly foe  
Makes his own nourishment.

*Bryant's Poems.*

God! thou hast fix'd the date of man,  
—And who would lengthen out the span?  
Enough of pain, of toils and tears  
Meet in the round of seventy years;  
And earth must like a desert spread,  
When all life's flowers are pluck'd or dead.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

Little thinks in the field, you redcloak'd clown,  
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;—  
Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbour's creed hath lent,—  
All are needed by each and one;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Our life is onward—and our very dust  
Is longing for its change, that it may take  
New combinations; that the seed may break  
From its dark thralldom, where it lies in trust  
Of its great resurrection.

*Mrs. E. O. Smith's Poems.*

#### The flow

Of life-time is a graduated scale;  
And deeper than the vanities of power,  
Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ  
A standard measuring its worth for heaven.

*Willis's Poems.*

'T were idle to remember now,  
Had I the heart, my thwarted schemes;  
I bear beneath this alter'd brow  
The ashes of a thousand dreams;  
Some wrought of wild ambition's fingers,  
Some colour'd of Love's pencil well,  
But none of which a shadow lingers,  
And none whose story I could tell.

*Willis's Melanie.*

And such is human life, at best,—  
 A mother's, a lover's, the green earth's breast;  
 A wreath that is form'd of flowerets three,  
 Primrose, and myrtle, and rosemary—  
 A hopeful, a joyful, a sorrowful stave,  
 A launch, a voyage, a whelming wave,  
 The cradle, the bridal-bed, and the grave.

*Anon.*

## LIGHT.

Hail! holy light, offspring of heav'n first-born,  
 Or of the eternal co-eternal beam,  
 May I express the unblam'd? Since God is light,  
 And never but in unapproached light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Before the sun,  
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
 Of God as with a mantle didst invest  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Wor from the void and formless infinite.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

God said—"Let there be light!"  
 Grim darkness felt his might,  
 And fled away;  
 Then startled seas and mountains cold  
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,  
 And cried—"Tis day! 't is day!"  
 "Hail holy light!" exclaim'd  
 The thunderous cloud that flam'd  
 O'er daisies white;  
 And lo! the rose, in crimson dress'd,  
 Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast;  
 And blushing murmur'd—"Light!"

*Ebenezer Elliott.*

Our souls have holy light within,  
 And every form of grief and sin  
 Shall see and feel its fire.

*Ebenezer Elliott.*

When the breaking day is flushing  
 All the East, and light is gushing  
 Upward through the horizon's haze,  
 Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays  
 Spreading, until all above  
 Overflows with joy and love,  
 And below, on earth's green bosom,  
 All is chang'd to light and blossom;  
 Then, O Father!—Thou alone,  
 From the shadow of thy throne,  
 To the sighing of my breast,  
 And its rapture answerest:  
 All my thoughts, with upward winging,  
 Bathe where Thy own light is springing!

*Whittier's Poems.*

Study the light; attempt the high; seek out  
 The soul's bright path; and since the soul is fire  
 Of heat intelligential, turn it aye  
 To the all-Fatherly source of light

*Bailey's Festus.*

Walk

Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast;—  
 There is a hand above will help thee on.

*Bailey's Festus.*

## The shut eye

Is but an intimation to the soul,  
 That thenceforth spreads a wing without control,  
 And seeks its light in immortality;—  
 Beating its upward wing against the sky,

Impatient of the invisible, and still  
 Catching such golden glimpses of the goal,  
 As make new pulses to emotion thrill,  
 And a new spirit waken.

*W. G. Simms.*

## LION.

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,  
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
 To be o'erpower'd.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

What! shall they seek the lion in his den?  
 And fright him there; and make him tremble  
 there?

O let it not be said!

*Shaks. King John.*

A lioness with udders all drawn dry,  
 Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like  
 watch,  
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is  
 The royal disposition of that beast,  
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

*Shaks. As you like n.*

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch  
 That trembles under his destroying paws:  
 And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;  
 And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Poor conquer'd lion — from that haughty glance  
 Still speaks the courage unsubdued by time,  
 And in the grandeur of thy fallen tread  
 Lives the proud spirit of thy burning clime

*O. W. Holmes*

The steel-arm'd hunter view'd thee from afar,  
 Fearless and trackless in thy lonely path!  
 The famish'd tiger clos'd his flaming eye,  
 And crouch'd and panted as thy step went by

*O. W. Holmes*

The weaker, wiser race,  
That wields the tempest and that rides the sea,  
Even in the stillness of thy solitude  
Has taught the lesson of his power to thee.

O. W. Holmes.

### LONDON.

Here the bri'b'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;  
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps;  
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel slaves,  
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;  
That other with a clustering train behind,  
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind!  
This next in court fidelity excels,  
The public rifles, and his country sells.

*Gay's Trivia.*

Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,  
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray;  
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,  
He ne'er deceives — but when he profits by 't.

*Gay's Trivia.*

The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!  
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!  
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!  
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

London! the needy villain's general home,  
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome;  
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,  
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.

*Dr. Johnson's London.*

Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,  
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;  
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,  
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;  
Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
And here a female atheist talks you dead.

*Dr. Johnson's London.*

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,  
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.  
To shops in crowds the draggled females fly,  
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.

*Swift.*

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.  
London! right well thou know'st the day of prayer:  
Then thy source citizen, wash'd artisan,  
And snug apprentice gulp their weekly air.  
Thy coach of hackney, whisky, one-horse chair,  
And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl,  
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow; make repair;  
Till the tir'd jade the wheel forgets to hurl,  
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping

In sight, then lost amidst the forestry  
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;  
A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown  
On a fool's head — and there is London town!

*Byron.*

Dozens  
Of fresh imported, staring country cousins,  
To London come, the wax-work to devour,  
And see their brother beasts within the tow'r.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pinaar.*

### LOVE.

Love is life's end; an end but never ending;  
All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding;  
Love is life's wealth (ne'er spent but ever spending),  
More rich by giving, taking by discarding;  
Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding:  
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove;  
Ah! should'st thou live but once love's sweets t prove,

Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love.

*Spenser's Britain's Idy.*

The joys of love, if they should ever last  
Without affliction or disquietness,  
That worldly chances do among them cast,  
Would be on earth too great a blessedness,  
Liker to heaven than mortal wretchedness;  
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet  
That here on earth is no sure happiness,  
A thousand sours hath temper'd with one sweet,  
To make it seem more dear and dainty, as is meet

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

True he it said, whatever man it said,  
That love with gall and honey doth abound:  
But if the one be with the other weigh'd,  
For every drachm of honey therein found  
A pound of gall doth over it redound.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Such is the pow'r of that sweet passion,  
That it all sordid baseness c'th expel,  
And the refined mind doth newly fashion  
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell  
In his high thought, that would itself excel,  
Which he beholding still with constant sight,  
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light.

*Spenser's Hymn in honour of Love.*

Nor less was she in heart affected,  
But that she masked it with modesty,  
For fear she should of lightness b'e detected.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Love is a celestial harmony  
Of likely hearts, compos'd of stars' consent,  
Which join together in sweet sympathy,  
To work each other's joy and true content,  
Which they have harbour'd since their first descent,  
Out of their heavenly bowers, where they did see  
And know each other here belov'd to be.

*Spenser's Hymn in honour of Beauty.*

Love does reign  
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous war:  
He maketh war, he maketh peace again,  
And yet his peace is but continual jar:  
O miserable men that to him subject are.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Little she ween'd that love he close conceal'd;  
Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeal'd  
When the bright sun his beams thereon doth beat.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

To love,

It is to be all made of sighs and tears,  
It is to be all made of faith and service,  
It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;  
All adoration, duty, and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

Say that you love me not, but say not so  
In bitterness: the common executioner,  
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes  
hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

If thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not lov'd.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

If thou hast not broke from company,  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not lov'd.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
'T is but a peevish boy: — yet he talks well;  
But what care I for words? yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns:  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stop'd, impatiently doth rage;  
But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

U

O dear Phebe,  
If ever (as that ever may be near)  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*Shaks. As you like it*

I pray you do not fall in love with me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
Besides, I like you not.

*Shaks. As you like it*

Wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?  
You are a thousand times a properer man,  
Than she a woman: 't is such fools as you,  
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.

*Shaks. As you like it*

O how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

O gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;  
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,  
There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth!  
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;  
Now, can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,  
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,  
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

As in the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

This weak impress of love is as a figure  
Trenched in ice: which, with an hour's heat,  
Dissolves to water, and doth lose its form.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Hinder not my course;  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

To be in love where scorn is bought with groans  
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,  
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.  
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;  
If lost, why then a grievous labour won.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

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In revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,  
And made them watches of mine own heart's sor-  
row.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

I have done penance for contemning love ;  
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me  
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Fie, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love,  
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,  
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?

O, 't is the curse of love, and still approv'd,  
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Except I be by Silvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale ;  
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,  
There is no day for me to look upon.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

I care not for her, I ;  
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger  
His body for a girl that loves him not.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

For now my love is thaw'd ;  
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Things base and vile, holding no quality,  
Love can transpose to form and dignity.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;  
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Ah me ! for aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

She, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

You thief of love ! what, have you come by night,  
And stol'n my love's heart from him ?

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Helen, I love thee ; by my life, I do ;  
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,  
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

O happy fair !

Your eyes are load-stars, and your tongue's sweet  
air,

More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;  
Being urg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;  
Being vex'd, a sea nourished with lovers' tears :  
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over low'ring ills.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

O brawling love ! O loving hate !  
O any thing, of nothing first create !  
O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !  
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms !  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !  
Still-waking sleep !

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Holy St. Francis ! what a change is here !  
Is Rosaline, whom thou dost love so dear,  
So soon forsaken ? Young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face ;  
Else would a maiden blush baint my cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

O, gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo : but, else, not for the world.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—ay ;  
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say Jove laughs.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour  
light:

But trust me, gentlemen, I'll prove more true,  
Than those that have more cunning.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Sweet, good night!  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd  
night;  
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Come what sorrow can,  
I cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon  
Than love that would seem hid.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

Was not this love, indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed,  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

Reason thus with reason fetter:  
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;  
And with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat (like patience on a monument)  
Smiling at grief.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
Steal with an invisible and subtle stealth,  
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

I cannot love him:  
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant.  
And, in dimensions, and the shape of nature,  
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;  
He might have took his answer long ago.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain:  
But with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every power;  
And gives to every power a double power,  
Above their functions and their offices.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

Love is full of unbefitting strains,  
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;  
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye;  
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

Cupid is a knavish lad,  
Thus to make poor females mad.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!  
A woman that is like a German clock,  
Still a repairing; ever out of frame;  
And never going aright, being a watch,  
But being watch'd that it may still go right.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

Fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden, but a monument.

*Shaks. All's well.*

It were all one,  
That I should love a bright particular star;  
And think to wed it, he is so above me:  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

*Shaks. All's well.*

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still: thus Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows him no more.

*Shaks. All's well.*

This is the very ecstasy of love;  
Whose violent property forebodes itself,  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
As oft as any passion under heaven  
That does afflict our natures.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
The hind that would be mated by the lion,  
Must die for love.

*Shaks. All's well.*

'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table; heart too capable  
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his relics.

*Shaks. All's well.*

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motion of her body.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

Zounds, show me what thou 'lt do!  
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't  
tear thyself?  
Woul'd drink up Nile? eat a crocodile?  
I'll do't.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt I love.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all their quantity of love  
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,  
For out o' doors he went without their helps,  
And to the last, bended their light on me.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

And, he repulsed, (a short tale to make,)  
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;  
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;  
Thence to a lightness: and, by this declension,  
Into the madness wherein now he raves.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute:  
No more.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

So loving to my mother,  
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

All fancy sick she is, and pale of cheer  
With sighs of love.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

A true devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;  
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona*

When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Prosperity's the very bond of love;  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

He says, he loves my daughter;  
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon  
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,  
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
I think there is not half a kiss to choose,  
Who loves another best.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy: were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve; had force and know-  
ledge,  
More than was ever man's—I would not prize them,  
Without her love.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

My love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns  
Have grace and favour in them.

*Shaks. Othello.*

His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,  
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
Even as her appetite shall play the god  
With his weak function.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Excellent wench! perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Shaks. Othello.*

O my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest came such calmness,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death.

*Shaks. Othello.*

These things to hear,  
Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Mine eyes  
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
Mine ears that heard her flattery; nor mine heart,  
That thought her like her seeming; it had been  
vicious,  
To have mistrusted her.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;  
And I lov'd her that she did pity them;  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

*Shaks. Othello.*

I saw Othello's visage in his mind;  
And to his honours, and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

*Shaks. Othello.*

I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's without reason.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

By my modesty,  
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Hence, bashful cunning!  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me!  
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Poor worm! thou art infected!  
This visitation shows.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth  
Let liberty make use of; space enough  
Have I, in such a prison.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

For several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,  
So perfect, and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!

*Shaks. Tempest.*

You have bereft me of all words,  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,  
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Besrew your eyes,  
They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me;  
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—  
And so all yours.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;  
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing words,  
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to  
speak.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Your beauty was the cause of that effect:  
Your beauty which did haunt me in my sleep,  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

When I would pray and think, I think and pray  
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;  
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Ever till now,  
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;  
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,  
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with  
thought.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
I'll weep what's away, and weeping die.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors*

The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldest  
vow

That never words were music to thine ear,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,  
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste  
Unless I spoke, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to  
thee.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd  
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him: but for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:  
For what had he to do to chide at me?

*Shaks. As you like it.*

Myself have often heard him say and swear,—  
That this his love was an eternal plant;  
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

This my mean task would be  
As heavy to me as odious; but  
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,  
And he's composed of harshness!

*Shaks. Tempest.*

A heart full of coldness, a sweet full of  
Bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness,  
Which maketh thoughts have eyes, and hearts  
ears; bred  
By desire, nurs'd by delight, wean'd by jealousy,  
Kill'd by dissembling, buried by  
Ingratitude;—and this is love.

*Lilly's Gallathea.*

The mind is firm,  
One and the same, proceedeth first from weighing,  
And well examining what is fair and good:  
Then what is like in reason, fit in manners;  
That breeds good will; and good will desire of  
union:  
So knowledge first begets benevolence,  
Benevolence breeds friendship; friendship love;  
And where it starts, or steps aside from this,  
It is a mere degenerate appetite,  
A lost oblique, deprav'd affection;  
And bears no mark, or character of love.

*Jonson's New Inn.*

O! I am wounded—not without:  
But angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes,  
Hath shot himself into me, like a flame;  
Where now he flings about his burning heat,  
As in a furnace some ambitious fire,  
Whose vent is stopt.

*Jonson's Volpone.*

Read it, sweet maid, tho' it be done but slightly:  
Who can show all his love, doth love but lightly.

*Daniel's Sonnets.*

Love is a sickness full of woes,  
All remedies refusing;  
A plant that with most cutting grows,  
Most barren with best using.

*Daniel's Hymen's Triumph.*

We sat and sigh'd,  
And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd  
Not what we ail'd; yet something we did ail;  
And yet were well; and yet we were not well:  
And what was our disease we could not tell:  
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: And  
thus

In that first garden of our simpleness  
We spent our childhood: But when years began  
To reap the fruit of knowledge: ah, how then  
Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern  
brow,  
Check my presumption, and my forwardness!  
Yet still would give me flow'rs; still would she  
show  
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

*Daniel's Hymen's Triumph.*

Still I'm thy captive, yet my thoughts are free.  
To be love's bond-man, is true liberty.

*Mardon's Insatiate Countess.*

Equality is no rule in love's grammar:  
That sole unhappiness is left to princes  
To marry blood.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid in the Mill.*

Hear me exemplify love's Latin word;  
As thus: hearts join'd *amore*: Take *a* from thence,  
Then *more* is the perfect moral sense;  
Plural in manners, which in thee do shine  
Saint-like, immortal, spotless and divine:  
Take *m* away, *ore* in beauty's name,  
Craves an eternal trophy to thy fame.

*Middleton's Family Love.*

He that truly loves  
Burns not the day in foolish fantasies;  
And when the lamb, bleating, doth bid good night  
Unto the closing day, then tears begin  
To keep quick tune unto the owl, whose voice  
Shrieks like the bell-man in the lover's ears.

*Thomas Middleton.*

I pray thee love, love me no more,  
Call home the heart you gave me;  
I but in vain that saint adore,  
That can, but will not save me.

*Drayton.*

What thing is love, which naught can countervail?  
Naught save itself, ev'n such a thing is love.  
And worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,  
As lowest earth doth yield to heav'n above.  
Divine is love, and scorneth worldly pelf,  
And can be bought with nothing but with self.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pleasures might my passions move,  
To live with thee and be thy love.  
So fading flowers in every field,  
To winter floods their treasures yield;  
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Love is a god,  
Strong, free, unbounded; and as some define,  
Fears nothing, pitieith none: such love is mine.

*Mason's Muleasses.*

Such is the posie love composes;  
A stinging nettle mix'd with roses.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

Let us love temp'rately; things violent last not;  
And too much dotage rather argues folly,  
Than true affection.

*Massinger's Duke of Milan.*

"Tis nature's second sun,  
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines;  
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,  
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,  
Are given in vain to man; so without love  
All beauties bred in women are in vain,  
All virtues born in men lie buried;  
For love informs them as the sun doth colours:  
And as the sun reflecting his warm beams  
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers;  
So love, fair shining in the inward man,  
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits  
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,  
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

*Chapman's All Fools.*

Like Ixion,

I look on Juno, feel my heart turn to cinders  
With an invisible fire; and yet, should she  
Deign to appear cloth'd in a various cloud,  
The majesty of the substance is so sacred  
I durst not clasp the shadow. I behold her  
With adoration, feast my eye, while all  
My other senses starve; and, oft frequenting  
The place which she makes happy with her pre-  
sence,

I never yet had power, with tongue or pen,  
To move her to compassion, or make known  
What 'tis I languish for; yet I must gaze still,  
Though it increase my flame.

*Massinger's Bashful Lover.*

Love's measure is the mean; sweet his annoys;  
His pleasures life; and his reward all joys.

*John Ford.*

Young men fly, when beauty darts  
Amorous glances at their hearts;  
The fix'd mark gives the shooter aim;  
And ladies' looks have power to maim;  
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,  
Wrapt in a smile, or kiss, love lies:  
Then fly betimes, for only they  
Conquer love that run away.

*Carew.*

T is the caress of ev'ry thing;  
The turtle-dove;  
Both birds and beasts do off'rings bring  
To mighty love:  
"Tis th' angel's joy; the gods' delight; man's  
bliss:  
"Tis all in all: without love, nothing is.

*Heath's Clarestella.*

Mod'rate delight is but a waking dream;  
And of all pleasures love is the supreme:  
And therefore love immod'rate love deserves:  
Excess o'ercomes, but moderation starves.

*Crown's Caligula.*

Love, like od'rous zephyr's grateful breath,  
Repays the flower that sweetness which it bor-  
row'd;  
Uninjuring, uninjur'd, lovers move  
In their own sphere of happiness confess,  
By mutual truth avoiding mutual blame.

*Milton's Comus.*

With thee conversing, I forget all time;  
All seasons and their change, all please alike.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,  
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
On our first father; half her swelling breast  
Naked met his under the flowing gold  
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight,  
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
Smil'd with superior love.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

He on his side

Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

While I sit with thee, I seem in heaven,  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill  
Though pleasant, but thy words, with grace divine  
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st  
Leads up to heaven, is both the way and guide.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,  
Thick overhead with verdant roof embower'd,  
He led her nothing loath; flowers were the couch,  
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Against his powerful knowledge, not deceiv'd,  
But fondly overcome with female charm.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

But now lead on;  
In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
Is to stay here; with thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
Art all things under heaven, all places thou.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Love's of a strangely open simple kind,  
And thinks none sees it, 'cause itself is blina.

*Courtesy.*

A mighty pain to love it is,  
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;  
But of all pains, the greatest pain  
It is to love, but love in vain.

Cowley.

In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
Wherein true love consists not; love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath its seat  
In reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
By which to heav'nly love thou mayst ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

For what can earth produce but love  
To represent the joys above?  
Or who but lovers can converse  
Like angels, by the eye discourse?  
Address and compliment by vision,  
Make love and court by intuition.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles  
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,  
Which sooty chemists stop in holes  
When out of wood they extract coals:  
So lovers should their passion choke,  
That though they burn, they may not smoke.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

All love at first, like gen'rous wine,  
Ferments and frets until 't is fine,  
But when 't is settled on the lee,  
And from the impurer matter free;  
Becomes the richer still the older,  
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

I am fill'd with such amaze,  
So far transported with desire and love,  
My slippery soul flies to you while I speak.

*Rochester's Valentianian.*

She that would raise a noble love, must find  
Ways to beget a passion for her mind;  
She must be that which she to the world would  
seem:

For all true love is grounded on esteem:  
Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart,  
Than all the crooked subtleties of art.

*Buckingham.*

When yet a virgin free and undispos'd,  
I lov'd, but saw you only with my eyes  
I could not reach the beauties of your soul:  
I have liv'd since in contemplation,  
And long experience of your growing goodness;  
What *then was* passion is my judgment now,  
'Tho' all the several changes of your life  
Confirm'd and settled in adoring you.

*Hayne's Fatal Mistake.*

Oh! shun thy passion, as thou would'st thy bane;  
The deadliest foe to human happiness,  
That poisons all our joys, destroys our quiet.  
Love, like a beauteous field at first appears,  
Whose pleasing verdure ravishes the sight;  
But all within the hollow treacherous ground,  
Is nought but caverns of perdition.

*Higgon's Generous Conqueror.*

He full of bashfulness and truth,  
Loved much, hoped little, and desired nought.

*Fairfax.*

Love is that passion which refines the soul;  
First made men heroes, and those heroes gods,  
Its genial fires inform the sluggish mass;  
The rugged soften, and the tim'rous warm;  
Gives wit to fools and manners to the clown.

*Higgon's Generous Conqueror.*

If I but mention him, the tears will fall:  
Sure there's not a letter in his name,  
But is a charm to melt a woman's eye.

*Lee's Alexander.*

Among thy various gifts, great heaven, bestow  
Our cup of love unmix'd: forbear to throw  
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught  
With nauseous grief: for our ill-judging thought  
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;

Or deem'd it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.

*Prior's Henry and Emma.*

Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allow:  
Cupid averse rejects divided vows.

*Prior's Henry and Emma.*

Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,  
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!  
Those 'scape thy anger who refuse thy sway,  
And those are punish'd most who most obey.

*Prior's Soloman.*

O mighty love! from thy unbounded power  
How shall the human bosom rest secure?  
How shall our thoughts avoid the various snare?  
Or wisdom to our caution'd soul declare  
The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,  
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?

*Prior's Soloman.*

Soft love's spontaneous tree, its parted root  
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;  
Whilst each delighted and delighting gives  
The pleasing ecstacy which each receives:  
Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows;  
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,  
And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.  
If angry fate that mutual care denies,  
The fading plant bewails its due supplies;  
With wild despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

*Prior's Soloman*

O yet my mind retains  
That fond beginning of my infant pains.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,  
United cast too fierce a light;  
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,  
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.  
Love is a calmer, gentler joy,  
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;  
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,  
That runs his link full in your face.

*Earl of Dorset.*

Love is a passion  
Which kindles honour into noble acts.

*Dryden's Rival Ladies.*

Love is a child that talks in broken language,  
Yet then he speaks most plain.

*Dryden's Troilus and Cressida.*

I find she loves him much, because she hides it.  
Love teaches cunning even to innocence;  
And where he gets possession, his first work  
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there  
Lie hid, and, like a miser in the dark,  
To feast alone.

*Dryden's Tempest.*

The dove that murmurs at her mate's neglect  
But counterfeits a coyness to be courted.

*Dryden's Amphytrion.*

Love gives esteem, and then he gives desert;  
He either finds equality, or makes it:  
Like death, he knows no difference in degrees,  
But flames and levels all.

*Dryden's Marriage a la Mode.*

There is no satiety of love in thee;  
Enjoy'd, thou still art new: perpetual spring  
Is in thy arms; the ripen'd fruit but falls,  
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,  
And I grow rich by giving.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

My heart's so full of joy,  
That I shall do some wild extravagance  
Of love in public; and the foolish world,  
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

All love may be expelled by other love,  
As poisons are by poisons.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?  
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love?  
Law is to things which to free choice relate;  
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate:  
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,  
Is nature's sanction, and her first degree.

*Dryden.*

When fix'd to one, love safe at anchor rides,  
And dares the fury of the wind and tides;  
But loosing once that hold, to the wide ocean  
borne,  
It drives at will, to every wave or scorn.

*Dryden.*

Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,  
And prowess, to the power of love submit:  
The spreading snare for all mankind is laid;  
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,  
Is hardly granted to the gods above.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Love the sense of right and wrong confounds,  
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's hell,  
And scalding tears, that wore a channel where  
they fell.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

O love! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,  
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,  
Tyrants and thee all fellowship disdain.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

The power of love,  
In earth, and seas, and air, and heaven above,  
Rules unresisted, with an awful nod;  
By daily miracles declar'd a god:  
He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind;  
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Love never fails to master what he finds,  
But works a different way in different minds,  
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.

*Dryden's Cymon and Iphigenia.*

I more joy in thee,  
Than did thy mother when she hugg'd thee first  
And bless'd the gods for all her travail past.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

I had so fixed my heart upon her,  
That wheresoe'er I fram'd a scheme of life  
For time to come, she was my only joy,  
With which I used to sweeten future cares:  
I fancy'd pleasures, none but one who loves  
And doats as I did, can imagine like them.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

My eyes wont lose the sight of thee,  
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,  
Attended on his throne by an his guard  
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspicions.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Curse on this love, this little scare-crow, love;  
That frights fools, with his painted bow of lath,  
Out of their feeble senses.

*Otway's Orphan.*

I'd sooner trust my fortune with a daw,  
That hope at every butterfly it sees,  
Than have to do in honour with a man,  
That sells his virtues for a woman's smiles.

*Otway's Orphan.*

With folded arms, and downcast eyes he stands,  
The marks and emblems of a woman's fool.

*Otway's Caius Marius.*

If it be hopeless love, use generous means;  
And lay a kinder beauty to the wound:  
Take a new infection to the heart,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Otway's Caius Marius.*

Such is love,  
And such the laws of his fantastic empire,  
The wanton boy delights to bend the mighty,  
And scoffs at the vain wisdom of the wise.

*Rowe's Royal Convert.*

Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss;  
Since every other joy, how dear soever,  
Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

And yet this tough impracticable heart  
Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd girl;  
Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures;  
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimpering she,  
Shall make him amble on a gossip's message,  
And take the distaff with a hand as patient  
As e'er did Hercules.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Can I behold thee and not speak my love,  
Ev'n now thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,  
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn;  
Thy softness steals upon my yielding senses,  
Till my soul faints and sickens with desire.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

O love! how are thy precious sweetest moments  
Thus ever cross'd, thus ver'd with disappointments!  
Now pride, now fickleness, fantastic quarrels,  
And sullen coldness, give us pain by turns;  
Malicious meddling chance is ever busy  
To bring us fears, disquiet and delays;  
And ev'n at last, when, after all our waiting,  
Eager we think to snatch the dear-bought bliss,  
Ambition calls us to its sullen cares,  
And honour, stern, impatient of neglect,  
Commands us to forget our ease and pleasures,  
As if we had been made for nought but toil,  
And love were not the business of our lives.

*Rowe's Ulysses.*

I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid  
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes;  
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,  
Were charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Ye sacred pow'rs, whose gracious providence  
Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,  
From their deceitful tongues, their vows and  
flattery;

Still let me pass neglected by their eyes:  
Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,  
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,  
And fatal love may never be my bane.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Pleasure flows streaming from those lovely eyes,  
And with its sweetness overcomes my soul.

*Dennis's Rinaldo and Armida.*

Oh what a traitor is my love,  
That thus unthrones me!  
I see the errors that I would avoid,  
And have my reason still, but not the use of 't.

*Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

Love shall wing the tedious-wasting day;  
Life without love is load; and time stands still,  
What we refuse to him, to death we give;  
And then, then only, when we love, we live.

*Congreve's Bride Mourning.*

Love's but the frailty of the mind,  
When 'tis not with ambition join'd;  
A sickly flame, which, if not fed expires,  
And feeding, wastes its self-consuming fires.

*Congreve*

Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,  
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.

*Addison's Cato.*

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost  
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness:  
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,  
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse:  
I feel it here: my resolution melts.

*Addison's Cato.*

When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love:  
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,  
Sink in the soft captivity together.

*Addison's Cato.*

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?  
Dost thou not circulate thro' all my veins,  
Mingle with life, and form my very soul?

*Young's Busiris.*

Love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,  
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleasures,  
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl.

*Young's Revenge.*

Not all the pride of beauty;  
Those eyes, that tell us what the sun is made of;  
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life;  
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;  
All these posset are nought, but as they are  
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,  
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

*Young's Revenge.*

The maid that loves  
Goes out to sea upon a shatter'd plank,  
And puts her trust in miracles for safety.

*Young's Revenge.*

Alas! my lord, if talking would prevail,  
I could suggest much better arguments,  
Than those regards you threw away on me;  
Your valour, honour, wisdom, prais'd by all:  
But bid physicians talk our veins to temper,  
And with an argument new-set a pulse;  
Then think, my lord, of reasoning into love.

*Young's Revenge.*

O, she was all!  
My fame, my friendship, and my love of arms,  
All stoop'd to her; my blood was her possession:  
Deep in the secret foldings of my heart,  
She liv'd with life, and far the dearer she.

*Young's Revenge.*

But, O those eyes! those murderers! O whence,  
Whence didst thou steal those burning orbs?

From heav'n?  
Thou didst; and 'tis religion to adore them.

*Young's Revenge.*

If love were endless, men were gods; 'tis that  
Does counterbalance travail, danger, pains,—  
'Tis heaven's expedient to make mortals bear  
The light, and cheat them of the peaceful grave.

*Young's Revenge.*

Sure my heart's my own. Each villager  
Is queen of her affections, and can vent  
Her arbitrary sighs where'er she pleases

*Young's Brothers.*

O the soft commerce! O the tender ties,  
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart!  
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the  
soul

Of human joy; and make it pain to live—  
And is it then to live? When such friends part,  
'Tis the survivor dies— My heart, no more!

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Who never lov'd, ne'er suffer'd; he feels nothing,  
Who nothing feels but for himself alone;  
And when we feel for others, reason reels  
O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Our first love murder'd is the sharpest pang  
A human heart can feel.

*Young's Brothers.*

Love's not the effect of reason, or of will,  
Few feel that passion's force because they choose it,  
And fewer yet, when it becomes their duty.

*Elizabeth Haywood's Duke of Brunswick.*

Desire, when young, is easily suppress'd;  
But cherish'd by the sun of warm encouragement,  
Becomes too strong and potent for control:  
Nor yields but to despair, the worst of passions.

*Elizabeth Haywood's Duke of Brunswick.*

I cannot love, to counterfeit is base,  
And cruel too; dissembled love is like  
The poison of perfumes, a killing sweetness.

*Sewell's Sir W. Raleigh.*

Love, strong in wish, is weak in reason, still  
Forming a thousand ills, which ne'er shall be,  
And, like a coward, kills itself to-day,  
With fancy'd grief for fear it die to-morrow.

*Sewell's Sir W. Raleigh.*

O love! how hard a fate is thine!  
Obtain'd with trouble, and with pain preserv'd;  
Never at rest.

*Lansdown's Heroic Love.*

O love! thou bane of the most generous souls!  
Thou doubtful pleasure, and thou certain pain!  
What magic's thine that melts the hardest hearts  
And fools the wisest minds?

*Lansdown's Heroic Love.*

Let the fools,  
Who follow fortune, live upon her smiles;  
All our prosperity is plac'd in love:  
We have enough of that to make us happy.

*Southern's Oroonoko.*

Till now I knew not what it was to love;  
My loose desires deserv'd a fouler name,  
But this fair charmer has refin'd my passions,  
And with her virtue taught me to admire  
The beauties of the mind: therefore, for her  
I will endure the tedious toil of courtship.

*Trap's Abramule.*

O slipp'ry state  
Of human pleasures, fleet and volatile,  
Given us and snatch'd again in one short moment,  
To mortify our hopes, and edge our suff'rings.

*Trap's Abramule.*

Love, that disturbs  
The schemes of wisdom still; that wing'd with  
passion,  
Blind and impetuous in its fond pursuits,  
Leaves the grey-headed reason far behind.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

Oh, that we  
In those blest woods, where first you won my soul,  
Had pass'd our gentle days: far from the toil  
And pomp of courts! Such is the wish of love;  
Of love, that, with delighted weakness, knows  
No bliss and no ambition but itself.  
But in the world's full light, those charming dreams,  
Those fond illusions vanish.

*Thomson.*

My deluded thought  
Runs back to days of love; when fancy still  
Found worlds of beauty ever rising new  
To the transported eye; when flattering hope  
Form'd endless prospects of increasing bliss;  
And still the credulous heart believ'd them all,  
Ev'n more than love could promise.

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

But sure, my friend,  
There is a time for love; or life were vile,  
A tedious circle of unjoyous days  
With senseless hurry fill'd, distasteful, wretched,  
Till love comes smiling in, and brings his sweets,  
His healing sweets, soft cares, transporting joys,  
That make the poor account of life complete,  
And justify the gods.

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

Wilt thou be undone?

Resign the towering thought? the vast design,  
With future glories big? the warrior's wreath?  
The praise of senates? an applauding world?  
All for a sigh? all for a soft embrace?

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?  
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise  
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,  
Ev'n softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

Those fond sensations, those enchanting dreams,  
Which cheat a toiling world from day to day,  
And form the whole of happiness they know.

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

Thus the warm youth,  
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds  
Thro' flowery tempting paths, or leads a life  
Of fever'd rapture or of cruel care:  
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all  
His lively moments running down to waste.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

While in the rosy vale  
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,  
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,  
That, inly thrilling but exalts it more.

*Thomson's Seasons*

Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day  
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon  
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,  
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train  
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,  
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,  
With softened soul, and woos the bird of eve  
To mingle woes with his.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

All nature fades extinct; and she alone  
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,  
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

These are the charming agonies of love,  
Whose misery delights.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

And let the aspiring youth beware of love,  
Of the smooth glance beware; for 't is too late,  
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.  
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame  
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,  
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,  
Still paints the illusive form; the kindling grace,  
The enticing smile; the modest seeming eye,  
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,  
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death,  
And still, false warbling in his cheated ear,  
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on  
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Devoting all

To love, each was to each a dearer self;  
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power  
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd  
The rural day, and talk'd with flowing heart,  
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,  
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,  
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole  
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,  
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Won by the charm  
Of goodness irresistible, and all  
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Love is not in our power,  
Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice:  
We only love where fate ordains we should,  
And, blindly fond, oft slight superior merit

*Frowde's Fall of Saguntum.*

Love, sole lord and monarch of itself,  
Allows no ties, no dictates but its own.  
To that mysterious arbitrary power,  
Reason points out and duty pleads in vain.

*Motley's Imperial Captives.*

What is this subtle searching flame of love,  
That penetrates the tender breast unmask'd,  
And blasts the heart of adamant within;  
As the quick light'ning oft calcines the blade  
Of temper'd steel, and leaves the sheath unhurt.

*Darcy's Love and Ambition.*

Love, like a wren upon the eagle's wing,  
Shall perch superior on ambition's plume,  
And mock the lordly passion in its flight.

*Darcy's Love and Ambition.*

Is passion to be learn'd then? would'st thou make  
A science of affection, guide the heart,  
And teach it where to fix?

*Brooke's Earl of Warwick.*

Love is a passion whose effects are various,  
It ever brings some change upon the soul,  
Some virtue, or some vice, till then unknown,  
Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.

*Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.*

Almighty love! what wonders are not thine!  
Soon as thy influence breathes upon the soul,  
By thee, the haughty bend the suppliant knee,  
By thee, the hand of avarice is opened  
Into profusion; by thy power the heart  
Of cruelty is melted into softness;  
The rude grow tender, and the fearful bold.

*Patterson's Arminius.*

Keen are the pangs  
Of hapless love, and passion unapprov'd:  
But where consenting wishes meet, and vows,  
Reciprocally breath'd, confirm the tie;  
Joy rolls on joy, an inexhausting stream!  
And virtue crowns the sacred scene.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

As love can exquisitely bless,  
Love only feels the marvellous of pain;  
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,  
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

Adieu, for him,  
The dull engagements of the bustling world!  
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!  
And hope, and action! for with her alone,  
By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours,  
Is all he asks, and all that fate can give.

*Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.*

Now love is dwindled to intrigue,  
And marriage grown a money-league.

*Swift's Cadenus and Vanessa.*

Love why do we one passion call,  
When 'tis a compound of them all?  
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,  
In all their equipages meet;  
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,  
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.

*Swift's Cadenus and Vanessa.*

There are in love, the extremes of touch'd desire;  
The noblest brightness! or the coarsest fire!  
In vulgar bosoms vulgar wishes move;  
Nature guides choice, and as men think, they  
love.

In the loose passion men profane the name,  
Mistake the purpose, and pollute the flame:  
In nobler bosoms friendship's form it takes,  
And sex alone the lovely difference makes.

*Aaron Hill.*

O, happy state, when souls each other draw,  
When love is liberty, and nature law:  
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,  
No craving void left aching in the breast;  
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it  
part,

And each warm wish springs mutual from the  
heart.

*Pope's Eloisa*

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,  
That well-known name awakens all my woes.  
Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!  
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear!

*Pope's Eloisa.*

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!  
The dear ideas, where'er I fly, pursue,  
Rise in the grave, before the altar rise,  
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.  
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,  
Thy image steals between my God and me;  
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,  
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.

When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,  
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,  
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,  
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:  
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,  
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

O death, all eloquent! you only prove  
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

*Pope's Eloisa*

Th' impatient wish that never feels repose;  
Desire that with perpetual current flows;  
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;  
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near!

*Falconer's Shipwreck*

Ah! love every hope can inspire;  
It banishes wisdom the while;  
And the lip of the nymph we admire  
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

*Shenstone's Disappointment.*

Where lives the man (if such a man there be)  
In idle wilderness or desert drear,  
To beauty's sacred power an enemy?  
Let foul fiends harrow him; I'll drop no tear.  
I deem that earl by beauty's power unmov'd  
Hated of heaven, of none but hell approv'd;  
O may he never love, O never be belov'd!

*W. Thompson.*

Let us now, in whisper'd joy,  
Evening's silent hours employ:  
Silence best, and conscious shades,  
Please the hearts that love invades;  
Other pleasures give them pain,  
Lovers all but love disdain.

*Dr. Johnson.*

Tir'd with vain joys and false alarms,  
With mental and corporeal strife,  
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,  
And screen me from the ills of life.

*Dr. Johnson.*

"Tis love, combin'd with guilt alone, that melts  
The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth;  
But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,  
And fans the slumbering spark of heavenly fire.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

Know'st thou not yet, when love invades the soul,  
That all her faculties receive his chains;  
That reason gives her sceptre to his hand,  
Or only struggles to be more enslav'd?

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

Why, when the balm of sleep descends on man,  
Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain,  
Soothe the delighted soul with empty bliss?  
To want give affluence, and to slavery freedom?  
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,  
A fancy'd treasure, and a waking dream.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

And love is still an emptier sound,  
The haughty fair one's jest:  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest.

*Goldsmit's Hermit.*

None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair;  
But love can hope where reason would despair.

*Lord Lyttleton.*

Love warms our fancy with enliv'ning fires,  
Refines our genius, and our verse inspires;  
From him Theocritus, on Enna's plains,  
Learn't the wild sweetness of his Doric strains;  
Virgil by him was taught the moving art,  
That charm'd each ear, and soften'd every heart.

*Lord Lyttleton.*

O happy love! where love like this is found!  
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
I've paced much this weary mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me this declare—  
If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the  
evening gale.

*Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night.*

It warms me, it charms me,  
To mention but her name:  
It heats me, it beats me,  
And sets me a' on flame.

*Burns's Epistle to Davie.*

Had we never loved so kindly,  
Had we never loved so blindly,  
Never met or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

*Burns.*

Fain would I speak the thoughts I bear to thee,  
But they do choke and flutter in my throat,  
And make me like a child.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

True love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven.  
It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;  
It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not die;  
It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.

*Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen;  
In hamlets, dances on the green;  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below and saints above;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

*Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Oh, why should man's success remove  
The very charms that make his love?

*Scott's Marmion.*

Oh, blame her not! when zephyrs wake,  
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake;  
When beams the sun, through April's shower,  
It needs must bloom, the violet flower;  
And love, how'er the maiden strive,  
Must with reviving hope revive.

*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

It was but with that dawning morn,  
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn,  
To drown his love in war's wild roar,  
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;  
But he who stems a stream with sand,  
And fetters flame with flaxen band,  
Has yet a harder task to prove—  
By firm resolve to conquer love !

*Scott's Lady of the Lake*

O love, requited love, how fine thy thrills,  
That shake the trembling frame with ecstasy ;  
Ev'n every vein celestial pleasure fills ;  
And inexpressive bliss is in each sigh.

*Sir S. E. Brydges.*

O love ! in such a wilderness as this,  
Where transport and security entwine,  
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,  
And here thou art a god indeed divine ;  
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine,  
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire !  
Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine !  
Nor blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,  
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born love expire.

*Campbell.*

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known,  
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to his own ?  
Who hath not praised while beauty's pensive eye  
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh ?  
Who hath not own'd, with rapture stricken frame,  
The power of grace, the magic of a name.

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Then youth, thou fond believer !  
The wily syren shun :  
Who trusts the dear deceiver  
Will surely be undone !  
When beauty triumphs, ah beware !  
Her smile is hope ! her frown despair !

*Montgomery's Wanderer of Switzerland.*

Did woman's charm thy youth beguile,  
And did the fair one faithless prove ?  
Hath she betray'd thee with her smile,  
And sold thy love ?  
Live ! 'twas a false bewildering fire :  
Too often love's insidious dart  
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,  
But kills the heart.  
Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how dear,  
To gaze on listening beauty's eye !  
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear  
Till she reply.  
A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,  
A brighter maiden faithful prove ;  
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest  
In woman's love.

*Montgomery's Wanderer of Switzerland.*

Lightly thou say'st that woman's love is false,  
The thought is falser far —  
For some of them are true as martyrs' legends,  
As full of suffering faith, of burning love,  
Of high devotion—worthier of heaven than earth ,  
O, I do know a tale !

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Why dost thou wander by this mournful light,  
Feeding sick fancy with the thought that poisons.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her :  
Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms ?  
Or sigh because she smiles on others ?  
Not I, by heaven ! I hold my peace too dear,  
To let it, like the plume upon her cap,  
Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.

*Old Play. Antiquary*

Love's holy flame for ever burneth ;  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ,  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times opprest.  
It here is tried, and purified,  
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest time of love is there

*Southey*

Dost thou deem

It such an easy task from the fond breast  
To root affection out.

*Southey*

Economy in love is peace to nature,  
Much like economy in worldly matter :  
We should be prudent, never live too fast  
Profusion will not, cannot always last.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pinner.*

Ye finer souls,

Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill  
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,  
That beauty gives ; with caution and reserve  
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,  
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares .  
For while the cherish'd poison in your breast  
Ferments and maddens ; sick with jealousy,  
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,  
The wholesome appetites and powers of life  
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loathes  
The genial board; your cheerful days are gone ;  
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is  
fled.

To sighs devoted, and to tender pains.  
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,  
And waste your youth in nursing.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Healths*

Sweet heaven, from such intoxicating charms,  
Defend all worthy breasts! not that I deem  
Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.  
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk  
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,  
Adds bloom to health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds  
A gay, humane, a sweet, and generous grace,  
And brightens all the ornaments of man.  
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd  
With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,  
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,  
Unnerves the body, and unmans the soul.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

The world! ah, Fanny! love must shun  
The path where many rove;  
One bosom to recline upon,  
One heart to be his only one,  
Are quite enough for love.

*Moore.*

Why the world are all thinking about it,  
And as for myself I can swear,  
If I fancied that heaven were without it,  
I'd scarce feel a wish to be there.

*Moore.*

O the days are gone, when beauty bright  
My heart-chain wove;  
When my dream of life, from morn till night,  
Was love, still love!  
New hope may bloom,  
And days may come,  
Of milder, calmer beam,  
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,  
As love's young dream!

*Moore.*

Love will never bear enslaving;  
Summer garments suit him best;  
Bliss itself is not worth having,  
If we're by compulsion blest.

*Moore.*

The time I've lost in wooing,  
In watching and pursuing  
The light, that lies  
In women's eyes,  
Has been my heart's undoing.  
Though wisdom oft has sought me,  
I scorn'd the love she brought me,  
My only books  
Were woman's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me.

*Moore.*

Oh! had we never, never met,  
Or could this heart e'en now forget  
How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,  
Had fate not frown'd so dark between!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Oh! best of delights, as it everywhere is,  
To be near the lov'd one,—what a rapture is his,  
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may  
glide  
O'er the lake of Cashmere, with that one by his  
side!

If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,  
Think, think what a heav'n she must make of  
Cashmere.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Alas — how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love;  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When heaven was all tranquillity.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Fly to the desert, fly with me,  
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;  
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt  
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

She loves — but knows not whom she loves,  
Nor what his race, nor whence he came;—  
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,  
Some beauteous bird without a name,  
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,  
From isles in th' undiscover'd seas,  
To show his plumage for a day  
To wondering eyes, and wing away!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

'T was his own voice — she could not err —  
Throughout the breathing world's extent  
There was but one such voice for her,  
So kind, so soft, so eloquent!  
Oh! sooner shall the rose of May  
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,  
And to some meaner minstrel's lay  
Open her bosom's glowing veil,  
Than love shall ever doubt a tone,  
A breath of the beloved one.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Oh! I would ask no happier bed,  
Than the chill wave my love lies under:  
Sweeter to rest together dead,  
Far sweeter than to live asunder.

*Moore.*

There's not a look, a word of thine,  
My soul hath e'er forgot;  
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,  
Nor giv'n thy locks one graceful twine,  
Which I remember not

*Moore.*

To see thee every day that came,  
And find thee every day the same,  
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear,  
The same benign consoling dear!  
To meet thee early, leave thee late,  
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,  
That now I feel thy love's sweet ray,  
Which came, like sunshine, every day,  
And all my pain, my sorrow \*has'd,  
Shines on a lone and loveless waste.

Moore.

'T was but for a moment—and yet in that time  
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour:  
Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,  
Which wak'd ev'ry feeling at once into flower!

Moore.

Nay, tempt me not to love again,  
There was a time when love was sweet;  
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,  
Our souls had not been slow to meet!  
But, oh! this weary heart hath run  
So many a time the rounds of pain,  
Not e'en for thee, thou lovely one!  
Would I endure such pangs again.

Moore.

Oh! thou shalt be all else to me,  
That heart can feel or tongue can feign;  
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,  
But must not, dare not, love again.

Moore.

In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,  
In crowded hall or lonely bower,  
The business of my soul shall be,  
For ever to remember thee!

Moore.

O magic of love! unembellish'd by you,  
Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue?  
Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,  
Like the vista that shines through the eye to the  
heart?

Moore.

That happy minglement of hearts,  
Where, chang'd as chemic compounds are,  
Each with its own existence parts,  
To find a new one, happier far!

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

Oh what, while I could hear and see  
Such words and looks, was heaven to me?  
Though gross the air on earth I drew,  
'T was blessed, while she breath'd it too;  
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,  
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

Love was to his impassion'd soul  
Not, as with others, a mere part  
Of his existence, but the whole—  
The very life-breath of his heart.

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

V

Man, while he loves, is never quite deprav'd,  
And woman's Triumph, is a lover sav'd.

*Hon. G. Lamb.*

Oh! who the exquisite delight can tell,  
The joy which mutual confidence imparts,  
Or who can paint the charm unspeakable  
Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts?  
In vain assail'd by fortune's envious darts,  
Their mitigated woes are sweetly shar'd,  
And doubled joy reluctantly departs:  
Let but the sympathising heart be spar'd,  
What sorrow seems not light, what peril is not  
dar'd?

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

Oh! never may suspicion's gloomy sky  
Chill the sweet glow of fondly trusting love!  
Nor ever may he feel the scowling eye  
Of dark distrust his confidence reprove!  
In pleasing error may I rather rove,  
With blind reliance on the hand so dear,  
Than let cold prudence from my eyes remove  
Those sweet delusions, where no doubt, nor fear,  
Nor foul disloyalty, nor cruel change appear.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

Oh, who art thou who darest of love complain?  
He is a gentle spirit and injures none!  
His foes are ours; from them the bitter pain,  
The keen, deep anguish, the heart-rending groan,  
Which in his milder reign are never known.  
His tears are softer than the April showers,  
White-handed innocence supports his throne;  
His sighs are sweet as breath of earliest flowers,  
Affection guides his steps, and peace protects his  
bowers.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

When pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,  
And the gay hours on downy wing advance;  
Oh! then, 't is sweet to hear the lip of truth  
Breathe the soft vows of love, sweet to entrance  
The raptur'd soul by intermingling glance  
Of mutual bliss; sweet amid roseate bowers,  
Led by the hand of love, to weave the dance,  
Or unmolested crop life's fairy flowers,  
Or bask in joy's bright sun through calm un-  
clouded hours.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

When vex'd by cares and harass'd by distress,  
The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,  
Let love, consoling love! still sweetly bless,  
And his assuasive balm benignly shed:  
This downy plumage o'er thy pillow spread,  
Shall lull thy weeping sorrows to repose:  
To love the tender heart hath ever fled,  
As on its mother's breast the infant throws  
Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

Oh! most ador'd! Oh! most regretted love!  
Oh! joys that never must again be mine,  
And thou, lost hope, farewell! — Vainly I rove,  
For never shall I reach that land divine,  
Nor ever shall thy beams celestial shine  
Again upon my sad unheeded way!

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

Oh you, for whom I write! whose hearts can melt  
At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,  
You know what charm, unutterably felt,  
Attends the unexpected voice of Love!  
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,  
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,  
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;  
You best can tell the raptures Psyche feels  
When love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen  
seals.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

Oh! have you never known the silent charm  
That undisturb'd retirement yields the soul,  
Where no intruder might your peace alarm,  
And tenderness have wept without control,  
While melting fondness o'er the bosom stole?  
Did fancy never, in some lonely grove,  
Abridge the hours which must in absence roll!  
Those pensive pleasures did you never prove,  
Oh, you have never lov'd! You know not what is  
love!

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

Man may despoil his brother man of all  
That's great or glittering—kingdoms fall—hosts  
yield—

Friends fail—slaves fly—and all betray, and  
more  
Than all, the most indebted—but a heart  
That loves without self-love! 'Tis here! now  
prove it.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Peace! I have sought it where it should be found,  
In love—with love too—which perhaps deserve'd  
it;

And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart—  
A weakness of the spirit—listless days,  
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep,  
Have come upon me.

*Byron's Heaven and Earth.*

Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even  
He who made the earth and love, had soon to grieve  
Above its first and best inhabitants.

*Byron's Heaven and Earth.*

My Adah! let me call thee mine,  
Albeit thou art not: 'tis a word I cannot  
Part with, although I must from thee.

*Byron's Heaven and Earth,*

Let none think to fly the danger,  
For soon or late love is his own avenger.

*Byron.*

He who hath lov'd not, here would learn that love,  
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows  
That tender mystery, will love the more,  
For this is love's recess, where vain men's woes  
And the world's waste hath driven him far from  
those,

For 't is his nature to advance or die;  
He stands not still, but or decays or grows  
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie  
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Oh love! no habitant of earth thou art—  
An unseen scrapp, we believe in thee,  
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart;  
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see,  
The naked eye, thy form as it shall be;  
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,  
Even with its own desiring phantasy,  
And to a thought such shape and image given,  
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd—wae-  
ried—wrung—and riven.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Oh! I envy those  
Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,  
Who never feel the void, the wandering thought  
That sighs o'er visions—such as mine hath  
wrought.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With angels shar'd, by Alla given,  
To lift from earth our low desire.  
Devotion wafts the mind above,  
But heaven itself descends in love;  
A feeling from the god-head caught,  
To wean from self each sordid thought;  
A ray of him who form'd the whole:  
A glory circling round the soul!

*Byron's Giaour.*

Love will find its way  
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey,  
And if it dares enough 't were hard  
If passion met not some reward.

*Byron's Giaour.*

The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
Their love can scarce deserve the name:  
But mine was like the lava flood  
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.

*Byron's Giaour.*

To love the softest hearts are prone,  
But such can ne'er be all his own;  
Too timid in his woes to share,  
Too meek to meet, or brave despair:  
And sterner hearts alone can feel  
The wound that time can never heal.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Thus passions fire and woman's art,  
Can turn and tame the sternest heart;  
From these its form and tone are ta'en,  
And what they make it, must remain,  
But break—before it bend again.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Ours too the glance none saw beside;  
The smile none else might understand;  
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,  
The pressure of the thrilling hand.

*Byron.*

Then there were sighs the deeper for suppression,  
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,  
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,  
Trembling, when met, and restlessness when left.

*Byron.*

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride  
Had quench'd at length my boyish flame;  
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,  
My heart in all, save hope, the same.

*Byron.*

Man's love is of man's life a thing, a part,  
'T is woman's whole existence; man may range  
The court, the camp, church, vessel, and the mart,  
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange;  
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart;  
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;  
Men have all these resources, we but one—  
To love again, and be again undone.

*Byron.*

Alas! the love of women! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
And if 'tis lost, life has no more to bring  
To them but mockeries of the past alone.

*Byron.*

Upon his hand she laid her own—  
Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,  
And shot a chillness to his heart,  
Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.

*Byron's Siege of Corinth.*

Yes—it was love—if thoughts of tenderness,  
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,  
Unmov'd by absence, firm in every clime,  
And yet—oh more than all! untired by time,  
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,  
Could render sullen were she near to smile,  
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent  
On her one murmur of his discontent;  
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness  
part,  
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;  
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove—  
If there be love in mortals—this was love!

*Byron's Corsair.*

And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet grief,  
Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief  
Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,  
And vain e'en mepace—silent to the last;  
She told nor whence nor why she left behind  
Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.  
Why did she love him? curious fool! be still—  
Is human love the growth of human will?  
To her he might be gentleness; the stern  
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,  
And when they love, your smilers guess not how  
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.

*Byron's Lara*

All the stars of heaven,  
The deep blue moon of night, lit by an orb  
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world—  
The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous coming—  
His setting indescribable, which fills  
My eyes with pleasant tears as I beheld  
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him  
Along the western paradise of clouds—  
The forest shade—the green bough—the bird's  
voice,  
The vesper bird's—which seems to sing of love,  
And mingles with the song of cherubim,  
As the day closes over Eden's walls—  
All these are nothing, to my eyes and heart,  
Like Adah's face: I turn from earth to heaven  
To gaze on it.

*Byron's Cain.*

The all-absorbing flame  
Which, kindled by another, grows the same,  
Wrapt in one blaze; the pure, yet funeral pile,  
Where gentle hearts, like Bramins, sit and smile.

*Byron.*

With thee, all toils are sweet; each clime hath  
charms;  
Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms.  
*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*  
Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest  
For thee and thine, this world were all too fair!  
How could we thence be wean'd to die without  
despair?

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

They sin who tell us love can die:  
With love all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity;  
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;  
Earthly these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they have their birth,  
But Love is indestructible;  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

*Southern*

Mightier far  
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony distract,  
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's  
breast.

Wordsworth.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;  
'T will make a thing endurable, which else  
Would overset the brain, or break the heart.

Wordsworth.

I love thee, and I feel  
That on the fountain of my heart a seal  
Is set to keep its waters pure and bright  
For thee.

Shelley.

In many ways does the full heart reveal  
The presence of the love it would conceal.

Coleridge.

Love is a superstition that doth fear  
The idol which itself has made

Sir Thomas Overbury.

God gives us love. Something to love  
He lends us; but when love is grown  
To ripeness, that on which it throve  
Falls off, and love is left alone.

Tennyson.

Let no one say that there is need  
Of time for love to grow;  
Ah no! the love that kills indeed  
Despatches at a blow.

Lord Holland.

Love is a pearl of purest hue,  
But stormy waves are round it,  
And dearly may a woman rue  
The hour that first she found it.

Miss Landon.

It is a fearful thing  
To love as I love thee; to feel the world—  
The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world—  
A blank without thee. Never more to me  
Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seeming. Now,  
I have no hope that does not dream for thee;  
I have no joy that is not shar'd by thee;  
I have no fear that does not dread for thee;  
All that I once took pleasure in—my lute,  
Is only sweet when it repeats thy name;  
My flowers, I only gather them for thee;  
The book drops listless down, I cannot read,  
Unless it is to thee; my lonely hours  
Are spent in shaping forth our future lives,  
After my own romantic fantasies.  
He is the star round which my thoughts revolve  
Like satellites.

Miss Landon's Poems.

Love is of heavenly birth,  
But turns to death on touching earth.

Miss Landon.

Love! thou art not a king alone,  
Both slave and king thou art!  
Who seeks to sway, must stoop to own  
Thy kingdom of the heart.

The New Timon.

To say he lov'd,  
Was to affirm what oft his eye avouch'd,  
What many an action testified, and yet,  
What wanted confirmation of his tongue.

J. Sheridan Knowles.

Love not—love not—the thing you love may  
change,

The rosy lips may cease to smile on you;  
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,  
The heart still warmly beat, and not for you.

Mrs. Norton.

Oh! love, love well, but only once! for never shall  
the dream

Of youthful hope return again on life's dark rolling  
stream.

Mrs. Norton

Into my heart a silent look  
Flash'd from thy careless eyes,  
And what before was shadow, took  
The light of summer skies.

The first-born love was in that look;  
The Venus rose from out the deep  
Of those inspiring eyes.

Bulwer's Poems.

There's a love which, born  
In early days, lives on through silent years,  
Nor ever shines but in the hour of sorrow,  
When it shows brightest—like the trembling light  
Of a pale sunbeam breaking o'er the face  
Of the wild waters in their hour of warfare.

Frances Kemble Butler—Francis I

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love;  
The taint of earth, the odour of the skies,  
Is in it.

Bailey's Festus

Oh! love is like the rose,  
All a month it may not see,  
Ere it withers where it grows.

Bailey's Festus

But lov'd he never after? Came there none  
To roll the stone from his sepulchral heart,  
And sit in it an angel?

Bailey's Festus

,  
Love is a sorry slave,  
And a sad master.

Simms's Poems.

The sick soul,  
That burns with love's delusions, ever dreams,  
Dreading its losses. It for ever makes  
A gloomy shadow gather in the skies,  
And clouds the day; and, looking far beyond  
The glory in its gaze, it sadly sees  
Countless privations, and far-coming storms,  
Shrinking from what it conjures.

*Simms's Poems.*

Then crush, e'en in the hour of birth  
The infant buds of love,  
And tread the growing fire to earth  
Ere 'tis dark in clouds above.  
Cherish no more a cypress tree  
To shade thy future years,  
Nor nurse a heart-flame that must be  
Quench'd only with thy tears.

*Halleck's Poems.*

Love has perish'd:— hist, hist, how they tell,  
Beating pulse of mine, his funeral knell!  
Love is dead! ay, dead and gone!  
Why should I be living on?

*Mrs. E. O. Smith's Poems.*

Give me to love my fellow, and in love,  
If with none other grace to chaunt my strain,  
Sweet key-note of soft cadences above,  
Sole star of solace in life's night of pain;  
Chief gem of Eden, fractur'd in the fall  
That ruin'd two fond hearts and tarnish'd all!

*Ralph Hoyt.*

Our love came as the early dew  
Comes unto drooping flowers;  
Dropping its first sweet freshness on  
Our life's dull, lonely hours:  
As each pale blossom lifts its head,  
Reviv'd with blessings nightly shed,  
By summer breeze and dew,—  
Oh! thus our spirits rose beneath  
Love's gentle dews and living breath,  
To drink of life anew!

*Mrs. R. S. Nichols.*

She had mark'd  
The silent youth, and with a beauty's eye  
Knew well she was belov'd; and though her light  
And bounding spirit still was wild and gay,  
And sporting in the revel, yet her hours  
Of solitude were visited by him  
Who look'd with such deep passion.

*Percival.*

Unhappy he, who lets a tender heart,  
Bound to him by the ties of earliest love,  
Fall from him by his own neglect, and die,  
Because it met no kindness.

*Percival.*

Love's altar oft is kindled by the ray  
That beams from gratitude.

*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

Love's reign is eternal,  
The heart is his throne,  
And he has all seasons  
Of life for his own.

*G. P. Morris*

O, he's accurst from all that's good,  
Who never knew Love's healing power;  
Such sinner on his sins must brood,  
And wait alone his hour.  
If stranger to earth's beauty—human love,  
There is no rest below, nor hope above.

*Dana*

If we love one another,  
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-  
chances may happen.

*Longfellow's Evangeline.*

True love is at home on a carpet,  
And mightily likes his ease,—  
And true love has an eye for a dinner,  
And starves beneath shady trees.  
His wing is the fan of a lady,  
His foot's an invisible thing,  
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,  
And shot from a silver string.

*Willis's Poems.*

Love knoweth every form of air,  
And every shape of earth,  
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,  
Like thought's mysterious birth.

*Willis's Poems.*

Love  
Has lent life's wings a rosy hue;  
But, ah! Love's dyes were caught above;  
They brighten—but they wither too.

*Willis's Poems.*

Ask me not why I should love her:  
Look upon those soul-full eyes!  
Look while mirth or feeling move her,  
And see there how sweetly rise  
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast  
Which is of innocence the nest—  
Which, though each joy were from it fled,  
By truth would still be tenanted!

*Hoffman's Poems.*

Oh, early love, too fair thou art  
For earth,—too beautiful and pure;—  
Fast fade thy day-dreams from the heart,  
But all thy waking woes endure.

*Mrs. Whitman.*

## LOVERS.

Thus warred he long time against his will,  
Till that through weakness he was forc'd at last  
To yield himself unto the mighty ill,  
Which as a victor proud gan ransack fast  
His inward parts, and all his entrails wast,  
That neither blood in face, nor life in heart,  
It left, but both did quite dry up and blast,  
As piercing leven, which the inner part  
Of every thing consumes, and calcineth by art.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

She greatly gan enamoured to wax,  
And with vain thoughts her falsed fancy vex:  
Her fickle heart conceived hasty fire,  
Like sparks of fire that fall in slender flex,  
That shortly burnt into extreme desire,  
And ransack'd all her veins with passion entire.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Sad, sour, and full of fancies frail  
She grew, yet wist she neither how nor why;  
She wist not (silly maid) what she did aile,  
Yet wist she was not well at ease perdy,  
Yet thought it was not love but some melancholy.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Nor aught it mote the noble maid avail,  
Nor slake the fury of her cruel flame,  
But that she still did waste, and still did wait,  
That through long languor, and heart burning  
brame,

She shortly like a pined ghost became.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

The gnawing envy, the heart fretting fear,  
The vain surmises, the distrustful shows,  
The false reports that flying tales do bear,  
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,  
The feigned friends, the unassured foes,  
With thousands more than any tongue can tell,  
Do make a lover's life a witch's hell.

*Spenser's Hymn in honour of Love.*

The rolling wheel, that runneth often round,  
The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;  
And drizzling drops, that often do redound,  
Firmest flint doth in continuance wear:  
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear,  
And long entreaty, soften her hard heart,  
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,  
Or look with pity on my painful smart:  
But when I plead, she bids me play my part;  
And when I weep, she says tears are but water;  
And when I sigh, she says I know the art;  
And when I wail, she turns herself to laughter;  
So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,  
While she as steel and flint doth still remain.

*Spenser.*

Humble'd with fear and awful reverence,  
Before the footstool of his majesty,  
Throw thyself down, with trembling innocence,  
Nor dare look up with corruptible eye  
On the dread face of that great deity,  
For fear, lest if he chance to look on thee,  
Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

*Spenser*

Lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be  
Than other men's, and in dear love's delight  
See more than any other eyes can see.

*Spenser*

Lovers and madmen have such soothing brains,  
Such sharp fantasies, that they apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream*

Such as I am, all true lovers are;  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save, in the constant image of the creature  
That is belov'd.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night*

Then, the lover;  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.

*Shaks. As you like it*

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not lov'd.

*Shaks. As you like it*

A lover may bestride the gossamours  
That idle in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet*

It is my soul, that calls upon my name;  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet*

Now it is about the very hour  
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me  
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,  
Unless it be to come before their time;  
So much they spur their expedition.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Pr'ythee why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Pr'ythee why so pale?  
Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,  
This cannot take her;  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her:—  
The devil take her.

*Sir John Suckling.*

A lover is the very fool of nature,  
Made sick by his own wantonness of thought,  
His fever'd fancy.

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

Thus would he wile his lonely hours away  
Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he wanted;  
Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,  
Could yield his spirit that for which it panted,  
A bosom whereon he his head might lay,  
And hear the heart beat with the love it granted.

*Byron.*

Instead of poppies, willows  
Wav'd o'er his couch; he meditated, fond  
Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish sleep,  
And make the worldling sneer, the youngling weep.  
*Byron.*

Ah! I remember well (and how can I  
But evermore remember well) when first  
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was  
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sigh'd  
And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd  
Not what we all'd—yet something we did ail;  
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,  
And what was our disease we could not tell.  
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look, and thus  
In that first garden of our simpleness  
We spent our childhood. But when years began  
To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah, how then  
Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern  
brow,  
Check my presumption and my forwardness;  
Yet still would give me flowers, still would me  
show

What she would have me, yet not have me know.  
*Charles Lamb.*

And had he not long read  
The heart's hush'd secret, in the soft dark eye  
Lighted at his approach, and on the cheek,  
Colouring all crimson at his lightest look?  
*Miss Landon.*

They parted as all lovers part;—  
She with her wrong'd and breaking heart;  
But he rejoicing to be free,  
Bounds like a captive from his chain,  
And wilfully believing she  
Hath found her liberty again;  
Or if dark thoughts will cross his mind,  
They are but clouds before the wind.  
*Miss Landon.*

Never thread was spun so fine,  
Never spider stretch'd the line,  
Would not hold the lovers true  
That would really swing for you.

*O. W. Holmes.*

Tell me not of a soft-sighing lover;  
Such things may be had by the score;  
I'd rather be bride to a rover,  
And polish the rifle he bore.

*Eliza Cook*

This hand hath oft been held by one  
Who now is far away;  
And here I sit and sigh alone,  
Through all the weary day.

*Bailey's Festus*

They never lov'd as thou and I,  
Who minister'd the moral,  
That aught which deepens love can lie  
In true love's lightest quarrel.  
They never knew, in times of fear,  
*The safety of Affection,*  
Nor sought, when angry Fate drew near,  
Love's Altar for protection;—  
They never knew how kindness grows  
A vigil and a care,  
Nor watch'd beside the heart's repose  
In silence and in prayer.

*Bulwer's Poems.*

For weaker loves be storms enough  
To frighten back Desire;  
We have no need of gales so rough  
To fan our steadier fire.

*Bulwer's Poems.*

Our love it ne'er was reckon'd,  
Yet good it is and true;  
It's half the world to me, dear,  
It's all the world to you!

*Hood*

Let us love now, in this our fairest youth,  
When love can find a full and fond return.

*Percival*

### LUST.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,  
His body lean and meagre as a rake,  
And skin all wither'd like a dried rook;  
Thereto as cold and dreary as a snake,  
That seem'd to tremble evermore and quake.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Lust is, of all the frailties of our nature,  
What most we ought to fear; the headstrong beast  
Rushes along, impatient of the course;  
Nor hears the rider's call, nor feels the rein.

*Roxe's Royal Convert.*

Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust,  
Is meanly selfish; when resisted, cruel;  
And, like the blast of pestilential winds,  
Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms.

*Milton's Comus*

But when lust,  
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
But most by lewd and lavish arts of sin,  
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
The divine property of her first being.

Milton's *Comus*.

I know the very difference that lies  
'Twixt hallow'd love and base unholy lust;  
I know the one is as a golden spur,  
Urging the spirit to all noble aims;  
The other but a foul and miry pit,  
O'erthrowing it in midst of its career.

Fanny Kemble Buller.—*Francis I.*

### LUXURY.

There, in her den, lay pompous luxury,  
Stretch'd out at length; no vice could boast such  
high  
And genial victories as she had won:  
Of which proud trophies there at large were shown,  
Besides small states and kingdoms ruined,  
Those mighty monarchies, that had o'erspread  
The spacious earth, and stretch'd their conquering  
arms  
From pole to pole, by her ensnaring charms  
Were quite consum'd: there lay imperial Rome,  
That vanquish'd all the world, by her o'ercome:  
Fetter'd was th' old Assyrian lion there;  
The Grecian leopard, and the Persian bear;  
With others numberless, lamenting by:  
Examples of the power of luxury.

May's *Henry II.*

It is a shame, that man, that has the seeds  
Of virtue in him, springing unto glory,  
Should make his soul degenerous with sin,  
And slave to luxury; to drown his spirits  
In lees of sloth; to yield up the weak day  
To wine, to lust, and banquets.

Marmion's *Holland's Leaguer*.

O luxury! thou curs'd by heaven's decree,  
How ill-exchang'd are things like these for thee!  
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown,  
Roast of a florid vigour not their own:  
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,  
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;  
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,  
*Down* down, they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,  
Conquests, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,  
And ease and luxury! O luxury,  
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,  
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?  
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!  
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave  
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!  
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes  
Th' unfathomable gulf where Asher lies  
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high boasting Cham;  
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous  
Greece;  
And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

Dyer's *Ruins of Rome*.

War destroys men, but luxury mankind  
At once corrupts; the body and the mind.

Crown's *Caligula*.

Fell luxury! more perilous to youth  
Than storms or quicksands, poverty or chains.

Hannah More's *Belshazzar*.

Sofas 't was half a sin to sit upon,  
So costly were they; carpets every stitch  
Of workmanship so rare, they made you wish  
You could glide o'er them like a golden fish.

Byron.

I cannot spare the luxury of believing  
That all things beautiful are what they seem.

Halleck

### MADNESS.

If a phrenzy do possess the brain,  
It so disturbs and blots the form of things,  
As fantasy proves altogether vain,  
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Sir John Davis.

This is mere madness:  
And thus awhile the fit will work on him:  
When that the golden couplets are disclos'd,  
His silence will sit drooping.

Shaks. *Hamlet*.

Ecstasy!  
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And make as healthful music: It is not madness  
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which madness  
Would gambol from.

Shaks. *Hamlet*.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place:  
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen.

Shaks. *Hamlet*

Alas! how is't with you?  
That you do bend your eyes on vacancy,  
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue,  
sword;  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,  
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

I am not mad; — I would to heaven I were!  
For then, 't is like I should forget myself;  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!

*Shaks. King John.*

I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity.

*Shaks. King John.*

Alack, 't is he; why, he was met even now  
As mad as the next sea; singing aloud,  
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,  
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckow flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

How stiff is my vile sense,  
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! better I were distract:  
So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs,  
And woes, by wrong imagination, lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest  
There is another comfort than this world,  
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

There is a pleasure in being mad,  
Which none but madmen know.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

He raves, his words are loose  
As heaps of sand, and scattering wide from sense:  
So high he's mounted on his airy throne,  
That now the wind has got into his head,  
And turns his brains to phrensy.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

O this poor brain! ten thousand shapes of fury  
Are whirling there, and reason is no more.  
*Fielding's Eurydice.*

His brain is wrecked —

For ever in the pauses of his speech  
His lip doth work with inward mutterings  
And his fixed eye is riveted fearfully  
On something that no other sight can spy.  
*Maturin's Bertram.*

She looked on many a face with vacant eye,  
On many a token without knowing what;  
She saw them watch her without asking why,  
And reck'd not who around her pillow sate;  
Not speechless, though she spoke not; not a sigh  
Relieved her thoughts, dull silence and quick chat  
Were tried in vain by those who served; she gave  
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

*Byron.*

Every sense

Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense;  
And each frail fibre of her brain  
(As bow-strings, when relaxed by rain,  
The erring arrow launch aside)  
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and wide.

*Byron's Parisina.*

This wretched brain gave way,  
And I became a wreck, at random driven,  
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Gentle as angel's ministry  
The guiding hand of love should be,  
Which seeks again those chords to bind

Which human woe hath rent apart —  
To heal again the wounded mind,  
And bind anew the broken heart.

The hand which tunes to harmony  
The cunning harp whose strings are riven,  
Must move as light and quietly

As that meek breath of summer heaven,  
Which woke of old its melody; —  
And kindness to the dim of soul,

Whilst aught of rude and stern control  
The clouded heart can deeply feel,  
Is welcome as the odours fanned

From some unseen and flowery land,  
Around the weary seaman's keel.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## MAN.

His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, — *This is a man!*

*Shaks. Julius Caesar*

See, what a grace was seated on his brow:  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A station, like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.  
*Shaks. Hamlet.*

If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

He was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion  
Ty'd all the kingdom; simony was fair play;  
His own opinion was his law. I' th' presence  
He would say untruths; and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle  
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:  
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;  
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as  
summer.  
*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

His nature is too noble for the world:  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's  
    his mouth:  
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

But we all are men,  
In our own natures frail; and capable  
Of our flesh, few are angels.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

His years but young, but his experience old;  
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe  
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)  
He is complete in feature, and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,  
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,  
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt right royal;  
The spacious world cannot again afford.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

By his light,  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

In speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,  
He was the mark and glass, copy, and book,  
That fashion'd others.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day, for melting charity:  
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

By my hopes,  
(This present enterprise set off his head,)  
I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
To grace this latter age with nobler deeds.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

However we may praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,  
Than women's are.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

Man is a vagabond both poor and proud,  
He treads on beasts who give him clothes and  
    food;  
But the gods catch him wheresoe'er he lurks,  
Whip him, and set him to all painful works:  
And yet he brags he shall be crown'd when dead.  
Were ever princes in a Bridewell bred?

*Crown.*

For some philosophers of late here,  
Write, men have four legs by nature,  
And that 'tis custom makes them go  
Erroneously upon but two. *Butler's Hudibras.*

Man was mark'd  
A friend in his creation to himself,  
And may with fit ambition conceive  
The greatest blessings, and the brightest honours  
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them  
The right and noble way.

*Massinger's Guardian.*

Man is supreme lord and master  
Of his own ruin and disaster;  
Controls his fate, but nothing less  
In ord'ring his own happiness:  
For all his care and providence  
Is too, too feeble a defence  
To render it secure and certain  
Against the injuries of fortune;  
And oft, in spite of all his wit,  
Is lost with one unlucky hit,  
And ruin'd with a circumstance,  
And mere punctilio of chance.

*Massinger's Guardian.*

His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd  
Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of heav'n on all his ways;  
While other animals unactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Eternal deities,  
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,  
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,  
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;  
Why is the race of human kind your care,  
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?  
He with the rest is liable to pain,  
And like the sheep, his brother beast, is slain.  
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,  
All these he must, and guiltless of, endure;  
Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail,  
When the good suffer, or the bad prevail?  
What worse to wretched virtue could befall,  
If fate or giddy fortune govern'd all?

Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate:  
Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create;  
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,  
And your commands, not our desires, fulfil;  
Then, when the creature is unjustly slain,  
Yet after death at least he feels no pain;  
But man, in life surcharg'd with woe before,  
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Men are but children of a larger growth;  
Our appetites are apt to change as theirs,  
And full as craving too, and full as vain.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

Man is but man, inconstant still, and various!  
There's no to-morrow in him like to-day!  
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain,  
Make him think honestly the present hour;  
The next a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts  
May mount aloft.

*Dryden*

O inconstant man!

How will you promise! how will you deceive!  
*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Trust not a man: we are by nature false,  
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant;  
When a man talks of love, with caution hear him,  
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Men are not still the same; our appetites  
Are various, and inconstant as the moon,  
That never shines with the same face again:  
'T is nature's curse never to be resolv'd,  
Busy to-day in the pursuit of what  
To-morrow's eldest judgment may despise.

*Southern's Disappointment*

Drive me, O drive me from that traitor, man!  
So I might 'scape that monster, let me dwell  
In lions' haunts, or in some tiger's den:  
Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd rock,  
That bellies out, just dropping in the ocean:  
Bury me in the hollow of its womb:  
Where, starving on my cold and flinty bed,  
I may from far, with giddy apprehension,  
See infinite fathoms down the rumbling deep;  
Yet not e'en there, in that vast whirl of death,  
Can there be found so terrible a ruin  
As man! false man! smiling, destructive man

*Ley*

Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief  
From daily trouble and continued grief;  
The hope of joy deliver to the wind,  
Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind  
Free and familiar with misfortune grow,  
Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe;

By weakening toil an hoary age o'ercome,  
See thy decrease, and hasten to the tomb.

*Prior's Solomon.*

But do these worlds display their beams, or guide  
Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride?  
Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span,  
A moment thy duration, foolish man!  
As well may the minutest emmet say,  
That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way;  
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood  
Was destin'd only for his walk and food;  
The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast  
That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast  
The craggy rock projects above the sky,  
That he in safety at its foot may lie;  
And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,  
Only to quench his thirst, and blanch his shell.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years  
To babbling ignorance, and empty fears;  
To pass the riper period of his age,  
Acting his part upon a crowded stage;  
To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares,  
To open dangers, and to secret snares;  
To malice, which the vengeful foe intends,  
And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Brutes find out where their talents lie;  
A bear will not attempt to fly;  
A founder'd horse will oft debate,  
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;  
A dog by instinct turns aside  
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide;  
But man we find the only creature  
Who, led by folly, combats nature;  
Who, when she loudly cries—forgive,  
With obstinacy fixes there;  
And, where his genius least inclines,  
Absurdly bends his whole designs.

*Swift on Poetry.*

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew  
From nature, I believe them true;  
They argue no corrupted mind  
In him: the fault is in mankind.

*Swift.*

Vain human kind! fantastic race!  
Thy various follies who can trace?  
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,  
Their empire in our hearts divide.

*Swift.*

This vast and solid earth, that blazing sun,  
Those skies, thro' which it rolls, must all have end.  
What then is man? the smallest part of nothing.

*Young's Revenge.*

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!  
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!

*Young's Paraphrase of Job.*

Father of mercies! why from silent earth  
Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth?  
Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,  
And make a thankless present of thy light?  
Push into being a reverse of thee,  
And animate a clod with misery?

*Young's Last Day.*

O what a miracle to man is man,  
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy! what dread!  
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!  
What can preserve my life! or what destroy?  
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;  
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
How passing wonder He, who made him such!  
Who centred in our make such strange extremes.  
From different natures marvellously mixt,  
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!  
Distinguishing link in being's endless chain!  
Midway from nothing to the Deity!  
A beam ethereal, sully'd, and absorpt!  
Tho' sully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine!  
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!  
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!  
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!  
A worm! a god!

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

All promise is poor dilatory man,  
And that thro' ev'ry stage: when young indeed,  
In full content, we, sometimes, nobly rest,  
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,  
As dutious sons, our fathers were more wise.  
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;  
At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
In all the magnanimity of thought  
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Heav'n's sovereign saves all beings, but himself,  
That hideous sight,—a naked human heart.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Man, know thyself! All wisdom centres there:  
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

'T is vain to seek in men for more than man.  
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,  
Experience damps our triumph.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:  
Judge we, in their caparisons, of men?

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Let business vex him, avarice blind,  
Let doubt and knowledge rack mankind,  
Let error act, opinion speak,  
And want afflict, and sickness break,  
And anger burn, dejection chill,  
And joy distract, and sorrow kill,  
Till, arm'd by care, and taught to mow,  
Time draws the long destructive blow.

*Parnell's Allegory on Man.*

Mankind one day serene and free appear;  
The next, they're cloudy, sullen and severe;  
New passions, new opinions still excite;  
And what they like at noon, they leave at night.  
They gain with labour what they quit with ease;  
And health, for want of change, becomes disease:  
Religion's bright authority they dare,  
And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.  
They counsel others, but themselves deceive,  
And though they're cozen'd still, they still believe.  
So false their censure, fickle their esteem,  
This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.

*Garth.*

Not always actions show the man; we find  
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind;  
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,  
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:  
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,  
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the  
great:  
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,  
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:  
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,  
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

In vain the sage with retrospective eye,  
Would from th' apparent "what," conclude the  
"why,"

Infer the motive from the deed, and show,  
That which we chanc'd, was what we meant to do.  
Behold if fortune or a mistress frowns,  
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns;  
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,  
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:  
The same adust complexion has impell'd  
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

See the same man in vigour, in the gout;  
Alone, in company: in place, or out;  
Early at business, and at hazard late;  
Mad at a fox-chase, wise in a debate;  
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;  
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,  
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

What crops of wit and honesty appear  
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!  
See anger, zeal, and fortitude supply;  
Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;  
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,  
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;  
Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,  
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;  
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,  
But what will grow on pride or grow on shame.  
This nature gives us (let it check our pride,)  
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd;  
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,  
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.  
The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,  
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:  
The same ambition can destroy or save,  
And make a patriot as it makes a knave.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Know nature's children all divide her care;  
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.  
While man exclaims, "see all things for my use!"  
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:  
And just as short of reason he must fall,  
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,  
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:  
For some, his interest prompts him to provide,  
For some his pleasure, yet for more his pride:  
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy  
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.  
That very life his learned hunger craves,  
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;  
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,  
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:  
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,  
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.  
The creature had his feast of life before;  
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er!

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

See him from nature rising slow to art!  
To copy instinct there was reason's part:  
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake —  
Go, from the creatures thy instructions take;  
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield  
Learn from the beasts the physics of the field,  
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;  
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave.  
Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Behold the child by nature's kindly law  
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;  
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as empty quite;  
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;  
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age;  
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;  
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

When the proud steed shall know why man  
restrains  
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;  
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,  
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;  
Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend  
His actions, passions, being's use and end;  
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why  
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Know then thyself; presume not God to scan:  
The proper study of mankind is man.  
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,  
A being darkly wise and rudely great,  
With too much knowledge for the sceptic's side,  
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,  
He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest;  
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Superior beings when of late they saw  
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,  
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

A man so various that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;  
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,  
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long.  
But in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks, that died in thinking;  
Bless'd madman, who could every hour employ  
In something new to wish, or to enjoy!  
In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art,  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert. *Spectator.*

What is the mind of man? A restless scene  
Of vanity and weakness; shifting still,  
As shift the lights of our uncertain knowledge;  
Or as the various gale of passion breathes.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Thus they rejoice, nor think  
That with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil  
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Man, who madly deems himself the lord  
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.  
This sacred truth, by sour experience taught,  
Thou must have learnt, when, wandering all alone,  
Each bird, each insect, flitting thro' the sky,  
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Allure the people;

Train them by every art: poise every temper:  
Avarice will sell his soul: buy that and mould it.  
Weakness will be deluded; these grow eloquent.  
Is there a tottering faith? grapple it fast  
By flatt'ry: and profusely deal thy favours.  
Threaten the guilty. Entertain the gay.  
Frighten the rich. Find wishes for the wanton:  
And reverence for the godly;—let none 'scape  
thee.

*Hill's Merope.*

Men are machines, with all their boasted freedom,  
Their movements turn upon some favourite passion;  
Let art but find the foible out,  
We touch the spring, and wind them at our  
pleasure. *Brooke's Gustavus Vasa*

The way to conquer men is by their passions;  
Catch but the ruling foible of their hearts,  
And all their boasted virtues shrink before you.

*Tolson's Earl of Warwick.*

Man's feeble race what ills await,  
Labour and penury, the racks of pain,  
Disease and sorrow's sweeping train,  
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate.

*Gray's Progress of Poesy.*

How vain the ardour of the crowd,  
How low, how little are the proud,  
How indigent the great!

*Gray's Spring.*

How few are found with real talents bless'd,  
Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.  
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray,  
All hunt for fame; but most mistake the way.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

Then what is man? and what man seeing this,  
And having human feelings, does not blush  
And hang his head, to think himself a man.

*Couper's Task.*

I remember as her bier  
Went to the grave, a lark sprung up aloft,  
And soar'd amid the sunshine calling  
So full of joy, that to the mourner's ear,  
More mournfully than dirge or passing bell,  
His joyful carol came, and made us feel  
That of the multitude of beings, none  
But man was wretched!

*Southern's Joan of Arc.*

The million flit as gay,  
As if created only like the fly  
That spreads his metley wings in th' eye of noon,  
To sport their season, and be seen no more.

*Couper's Task.*

Ah, why, all righteous father, didst thou make  
This creature, man? why wake the unconscious  
dust  
To life and wretchedness? O better far  
Still had he slept in uncreated night,  
If this be the lot of being! Was it for this  
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast  
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image  
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?  
For this dominion given him absolute  
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign  
Supreme in woe.

*Porteus's Death.*

Affliction one day as she hark'd to the roar  
Of a stormy and struggling billow,  
Drew a beautiful form on the sand of the shore  
With the branch of a weeping willow.  
Jupiter, struck with the noble plan,  
As he roam'd on the verge of the ocean,  
Breach'd on the figure, and calling it man,  
Endued it with life and with motion.  
A creature so glorious in mind and in frame,  
So stamp'd with each parent's impression,  
Between them a point of contention became,  
Each claiming the right of possession.  
He is mine, says affliction, I gave him his birth,  
I alone am his cause of creation;  
The materials were furnish'd by me, answer'd  
earth;

I gave him, said Jove,—animation.  
The gods all assembled in solemn divan,  
After hearing each claimant's petition,  
Pronounced a definitive verdict on man,  
And thus settled his fate's disposition.  
Let affliction possess her own child till the woes  
Of life seem to harass and goad it;  
After death—give his body to earth whence it rose,  
And his spirit to Jove who bestow'd it.

*Sheridan.*

The mind of man is vastly like a hive;  
His thoughts so busy ever—all alive!  
But here the simile will go no further;  
For bees are making honey, one and all;  
Man's thoughts are busy in producing gall,  
Committing as it were self-murder.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Man's an ass I say;  
Too fond of thunder, lightning, storm and rain:  
He hides the charming cheerful ray  
That spreads a smile on hill and plain.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

And in that rock are shapes of shells, and forms  
Of creatures in old worlds, of nameless worms,  
Whose generations lived and died ere man,  
A worm of other class, to crawl began.

*Crabbe.*

Again attend!—and see a man whose cares  
Are nicely plac'd on either world's affairs,—  
Merchant and saint; 'tis doubtful if he knows  
To which account he most regard bestows.

*Crabbe*

O man! while in thy early years,  
How prodigal of time!  
Misspending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime!  
Alternate follies take the sway;  
Licentious passions burn;  
With tenfold force give nature's law,  
That man was made to mourn.

*Burns*

The hunting tribes of earth and air,  
Respect the brethren of their birth;  
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,  
Less cruel chase to each assigned;  
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,  
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;  
The slow hound wakes the fox's lair,  
The grey-hound presses on the hare;  
The eagle pounces on the lamb,  
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;  
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,  
Their likeness and their lineage spare,  
Man, only, mars kind nature's plan,  
And turns the fierce pursuit on man.

*Scott's Rokeby*

And even the wisest, do the best they can,  
Have moments, hours, and days, so unprepared,  
That you might "brain them with their lady's fan."  
And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,  
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,  
And why and wherefore no one understands.

*Byron*

He knew himself a villain—but he deemed  
The rest no better than the thing he seemed;  
And scorned the best as hypocrites who hid  
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.  
He knew himself detested, but he knew  
The hearts that loathed him crouched and creaked  
too.  
Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt  
From all affection and from all contempt.

*Byron's Corsair*

True they had vices—such are nature's growths—  
But only the barbarian's—we have both.

*Byron's Corsair*

Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep,—for here  
There is such matter for all feeling:—Man!  
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Born to be plough'd with years, and sown with  
cares,  
And reap'd by death, lord of the human soil.  
*Byron's Heaven and Earth.*

Maturer manhood now arrives,  
And other thoughts come on,  
But with the baseless hopes of youth,  
Its generous warmth is gone;  
Cold, calculating cares succeed  
The timid thought, the wary deed,  
The full realities of truth;  
Back on the past he turns his eye,  
Remembering, with an envious sigh,  
The happy dreams of youth.  
So reaches he the latter stage  
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,  
With feeble step and slow;  
New ills that latter stage await,  
And old experience learns too late,  
That all is vanity below.

*Southey's Poems.*

Once in the flight of ages past,  
There liv'd a man:—and who was he?  
—Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,  
That man resembled thee.

*James Montgomery.*

'Tis man's pride,  
His highest, worthiest, noblest boast,  
The privilege he prizes most,  
To stand by helpless woman's side.

*Mrs. Holford's Margaret of Anjou.*

Yes, thou mayst sneer, but still I own  
A love that spreads from zone to zone:  
No time the sacred fire can smother!  
Where breathes the man, I hail the brother.  
Man! how sublime,—from Heaven his birth—  
The God's bright Image walks the earth!  
And if, at times, his footstep strays,  
I pity where I may not praise.

*Bulwer's Poems.*

Learn more reverence—not for rank or wealth,—  
that needs no learning;  
That comes quickly—quick as sin does! ay, and  
often leads to sin;  
But for Adam's seed, MAN! Trust me, 'tis a clay  
above your scorning,  
With God's image stamp'd upon it, and God's  
kindling breath within.

*Miss Barrett's Poems.*

Let us think less of men and more of God,

*Bailey's Festus.*

Man is one:  
And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel,  
With a gigantic throb athwart the sea;  
Each others' rights and wrongs; thus are we men.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Man crouches and blushes,  
Absconds and conceals;  
He creepeth and peepeth,  
He palters and steals;  
Infirm, melancholy,  
Jealous glancing around;  
An oaf, an accomplice,  
He poisons the ground.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Profounder, profounder,

Man's spirit must dive:

To his aye-rolling orbit

No goal will arrive.

The heavens that now draw him

With sweetness untold,

Once found,—for new heavens

He spurneth the old.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

By misery unrepell'd, unwaved

By pomp or power, thou seest a MAN

In prince or peasant—slave or lord—

Pale pricst or swarthy artisan.

*Whittier's Poems.*

Through all disguise, form, place or name

Beneath the flaunting robe of sin,

Through poverty and squalid shame,

Thou lookest on the man within:

On man, as man, retaining yet,

Howe'er debas'd, and soil'd, and dim,

The crown upon his forehead set—

The immortal gift of God to him.

*Whittier's Poems*

Man on his brother's heart hath trod —

Man is man's mortal foe!

Man is antagonist to God —

This only do I know!

*A. J. H. Duganne.*

O mighty brother-soul of man,

Where'er thou art, in low or high,

Thy skyey arches with exulting span

O'er-roof infinity.

*James Russell Lowell.*

All that hath been majestical

In life or death, since time began,

Is native in the simple heart of all,

The angel-heart of man.

*James Russell Lowell.*

Boy's pleasures are for boyhood—its best cares

Befit us not in our performing years.

*W. G. Simms*

Manhood at last! — and, with its consciousness,  
Are strength and freedom; freedom to pursue  
The purposes of hope — the godlike bliss  
Born in the struggle for the great and true!  
And every energy that should be mine,  
This day I dedicate to its object, — Life!  
So help me Heaven, that never I resign  
The duty which devotes me to the strife.

W. G. Simms.

The soul of man  
Createth its own destiny of power;  
And as the trial is intenser here,  
His being hath a nobler strength in Heaven.  
*Willis's Poems.*

Many a man, still young, though wisely sad,  
Paces the sweet old shadows with a sigh,  
The spirits are so mute to manhood's ear  
That tranc'd the boy with music.

*Willis's Poems.*

Thou hast the secret strange  
To read that hidden book, the human heart;  
Thou hast the ready writer's practis'd art;  
Thou hast the thought to range  
The broadest circle intellect hath ran —  
And thou art God's best work — an honest man.  
*\* Willis's Poems.*

### MARRIAGE.

From that day forth, in peace and joyous bliss  
They liv'd together long without debate;  
Nor private jars, nor spite of enemies,  
Could shake the safe assurance of their states.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Nothing shall assuage  
Your love but marriage: for such is  
The tying of two in wedlock, as is  
The tuning of two lutes in one key: for  
Striking the strings of the one, straws will stir  
Upon the strings of the other; and in  
Two minds link'd in love, one cannot be  
Delighted, but the other rejoiceth.

*Lilly's Sappho and Phaon.*

Marriage is a matter of more worth,  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.  
*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I.*

What is wedlock forced but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I.*

The instances, that second marriage move,  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

But earlier happy is the rose distillid,  
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Mistress, know yourself; down on your knees  
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear, —  
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

Her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

For know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumspection, and confine  
For the sea's worth.

*Shaks. Othello.*

'T is not to make me jealous,  
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from my own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear.

*Shaks. Othello.*

No sweet aspersions shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,  
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
That you shall hate it both; therefore take heed.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

When the priest  
Should ask — if Catharine should be his wife,  
Ay, by gogs-wounds, quoth he; and swore so loud  
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;  
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,  
That down fell priest and book, and book and  
priest;  
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold;  
And sacred love is basely bought and sold:  
Wives are grown traffic, marriage is a trade,  
And when a nuptial of two hearts is made,  
There must of moneys too a wedding be,  
That coin, as well as men, may multiply.

*Randolph.*

The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,  
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,  
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,  
Eternity of pleasures.

*John Ford's Broken Heart.*

Take thus much of my counsel. Marry not  
In haste; for she that takes the best of husbands,  
Puts on a golden fetter: for husbands  
Are like to painted fruit, which promise much,  
But still deceive us, when we come to touch them.

*Cupid's Whirligig.*

How many shepherds' daughters, who in duty  
To gripling fathers have enthrall'd their beauty,  
To wait upon the gout, to walk when pleases  
Old January halt! O that diseases  
Should link with youth! she that hath such a mate,  
Is like two twins, born both incorporate;  
Th' one living, th' other dead: the living twin  
Must needs be slain through noisomeness of him  
He carries with him: such are their estates,  
Who merely marry wealth, and not their mates.

*Brown's Pastorals.*

The hour of marriage ends the female reign!  
And we give all we have to buy a chain;  
Hire men to be our lords, who were our slaves;  
And bribe our lovers to be perjur'd knaves.  
O, how they swear to heaven and the bride,  
They will be kind to her, and none beside;  
And to themselves, the while in secret swear,  
They will be kind to ev'ry one but her!

*Crown's English Friar.*

How near am I to happiness  
That earth exceeds not? not another like it.  
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,  
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man  
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air  
Of blessings, when I come but near the house;  
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!  
The violet-bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock  
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,  
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight  
To cast their modest odours.

*Middleton's Women beware Women.*

I for any man to match above his rank  
Is but to sell his liberty.

*.Massinger.*

What do you think of marriage?  
I take't, as those that deny purgatory:  
It locally contains or heaven or hell;  
There's no third place in it.

*Webster.*

Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
Reigns here and revels.

*Rowley's Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Tempting gold alone  
In this our age more marriages completes  
Than virtue, merit, or the force of love.  
'T is not th' external sweetness of the face,  
The inward excellency of a virtuous mind,  
The just behaviour and the graceful mien,  
With all th' endowment nature can bestow,  
Can please the wretch whose riches are his god;  
Who'd rather ransack Indian mines for gold,  
Than revel in some matchless beauty's arms:  
For which may he never taste the joy it yields;  
But as a Midas wallowing in his store,  
Let him curs'd be amid his heaps of wealth.

*Wandesford.*

Not in court amours,  
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings  
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain  
But our destroyer, foe to God and man.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety  
In paradise of all things common else!

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother first were known.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,  
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounced,  
Present or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild:  
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine  
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes  
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;  
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

For wedlock without love, some say,  
Is but a lock without a key;  
It is a kind of rape to marry  
One that neglects, nor cares not for ye;  
For what does make it ravishment,  
But being against the mind's consent?

*Butler's Hudibras.*

O horror! horror! after this alliance,  
Let tigers match with hinds, and wolves with  
sheep;  
And every creature couple with its foe.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

All of a tenour was their after-life,  
No day discolour'd with domestic strife ;  
No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,  
Secure repose, and kindness undeciv'd.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

This is the way all parents prove,  
In managing their children's love ;  
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,  
As if th' were bur'ing of the dead ;  
Cast earth to earth, as in'the grave,  
To join in wedlock all they have.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

When you would give all worldly plagues a name,  
Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife !  
But a new married wife's a teeming mischief,  
Full of herself: Why what a deal of horror  
Has that poor wretch to come, that married yes-  
terday.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Marriage to maids is like a war to men ;  
The battle causos fear, but the sweet hopes  
Of winning at the last, still draws 'em in.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

And now your matrimonial Cupid,  
Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.  
For story and experience tell us  
That man grows old and woman jealous.  
Both would their little ends secure ;  
He sighs for freedom, she for power :  
His wishes tend abroad to roam,  
And hers to domineer at home.

*Prior's Alma.*

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,  
From its decline determin'd to recede ?  
Did I but purpose to embark with thee  
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,  
While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,  
And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails ;  
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,  
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar ?  
No, Henry, no : one sacred oath has tied  
Our loves ; one destiny our life shall guide,  
Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide !

*Prior's Henry and Emma.*

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience know  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below.

*Cotton.*

Oh ! for a curse upon the cunning priest,  
Who conjur'd us together in a yoke  
That galls me now.

*Southern's Disappointment.*

Are we not one ? are we not join'd by heav'n ?  
Each interwoven with the other's fate ?  
Are we not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers,  
Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,  
But roll into the sea one common flood ?

*Roxe's Fair Penitent.*

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,  
Whose temper betters by the futher's side ;  
Unlike the rest that double human care,  
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share :  
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance !  
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.

*Parnell's Hesiod.*

A broad too kind, at home 'tis steadfast hate,  
And one eternal tempest of debate.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

I've heard my honest uncle often say,  
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray  
For the maist thrifty man could never get  
A weel-stor'd room, unless his wife wad let.

*Allan Ramsay.*

O marriage ! marriage ! what a curse is thine,  
Where hands alone consent and hearts abhor.

*Hill's Alzira.*

Wedded love is founded on esteem,  
Which the fair merits of the mind engage,  
For those are charms which never can decay ;  
But time which gives new whiteness to the swan,  
Improves their lustre.

*Fenton's Mariamne.*

Oh speak the joy ! ye whom the sudden tear  
Surprises often, when you look around,  
And nothing strikes the eye but sights of bliss,  
All various nature pressing on the heart,  
And elegant sufficiency, content ;  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven.  
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;  
And thus their moments fly.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

But happy they ! the happiest of their kind !  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'T is not the coarsest tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love .  
Where friendship full exerts her softest power  
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;

Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence : for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ?  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish,  
Or in the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,  
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,  
To think how mony counsels sweet,  
How mony lengthen'd sage adviccs,  
The husband frae the wife despises !

*Burns.*

Ev'n in the happiest choice, where fav'ring heaven  
Has equal love and easy fortune given,—  
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done ;  
The prize of happiness must still be won :  
And, oft, the careless find it to their cost,  
The lover in the husband may be lost ;  
The graces might, alone, his heart allure ;  
They and the virtues, meeting must secure

*Lord Lyttleton.*

Oh friendly to the best pursuits of man,  
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,  
Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd !  
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets,  
Though many boast thy favours, and affect  
To understand and choose thee for their own.

*Couper's Task.*

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss  
Of paradise that has survived the fall !

*Couper's Task.*

Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms  
She smiles, appearing as in truth she is,  
Heav'n-born and destined to the skies again.  
Thou art not known where pleasure is adored.  
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist  
And wand'ring eye, still leaning on the arm  
Of novelty, her fickle frail support ;  
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,  
And finding in the calm of truth-tied love  
Joy that her stormy raptures never yield.

*Couper's Task.*

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,  
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;  
Each season look'd delightful as it past,  
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.  
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life  
They never roam'd ! secure beneath the storm,  
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,  
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm  
O' pride each bud of joy industrious to deform.

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,  
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate :  
Love keeps a modest distance, is divine,  
Obliging, and says ev'ry thing that's fine.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Across the threshold led,  
And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed,  
His house she enters, there to be a light  
Shining within, when all without is night ;  
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasure, and his cares dividing !

*Rogers's Human Life.*

O we do all offend —  
There's not a day of wedded life, if we  
Count at its close the little, bitter sum  
Of thoughts, and words, and looks unkind and  
froward,  
Silence that chides and woundings of the eye —  
But prostrate at each other's feet, we should  
Each night forgiveness ask.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Full well we know that many a favourite air,  
That charms a party, fails to charm a pair.  
And as Augusta play'd, she look'd around,  
To see if one was dying at the sound.  
But all were gone — a husband, wrapt in gloom,  
Stalk'd careless, listless, up and down the room.

*Crabbe.*

A something, light as air — a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken —  
Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this has shaken.  
And ruder winds will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words begin ;  
And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day ;  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said ;  
Till fast declining, one by one,  
The sweetesses of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds, — or like the stream,  
That smiling left the mountain's brow,  
As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
Yet ere it reach'd the plain below,  
Breaks into floods, and parts for ever.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh*

Although my heart, in earlier youth,  
Might kindle with more wild desire,  
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth  
Much more than it has lost in fire ;  
The flame now warms my inmost core,  
That then but sparkled on thy brow :  
And though I seem'd to love thee more,  
Yet oh, I love thee better now.

*Moore*

The pure, open, prosperous love,  
That, pledg'd on earth, and seal'd above,  
Grows in the world's approving eyes,  
In friendship's smile, and home's caress;  
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties  
Into one knot of happiness.

Moore.

To cheer thy sickness, watch thy health,  
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,  
Or stand with smile unmurmuring by,  
And lighten half thy poverty.

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

Few—none—find what they love or could have  
lov'd,  
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong  
Necessity of loving, have remov'd  
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,  
Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

The kindest and the happiest pair  
Will find occasion to forbear;  
And something, ev'ry day they live,  
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

*Couper's Mutual Forbearance.*

On thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers  
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew;  
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers;  
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

*Rogers's Poems.*

Say, shall I love the fading beauty less,  
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly  
mine?  
No—come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless;  
In youth, in age, thine own—for ever thine.

*A. A. Watt.*

I bless thee for kind looks and words  
Shower'd on my path like dew,  
For all the love in those deep eyes,  
A gladness ever new!  
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied,  
But in kindly tones of cheer;  
For every spring of happiness  
My soul hath tasted here!

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

She turn'd—and her mother's gaze brought back  
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.  
Oh! hush the song, and let her tears  
Flow to the dream of her early years!  
Holy and pure are the drops that fall,  
When the young bride goes from her father's hall;  
She goes unto love yet untried and new—  
She parts from love which hath still been true.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

I bless thee for the noble heart,  
The tender and the true,  
Where mine hath found the happiest rest  
That e'er fond woman's knew;  
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,  
For my own, my treasur'd share,  
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,  
In thy sorrow and thy care.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

And if division come, it soon is past,  
Too sharp, too strange an agony to last!  
And like some river's bright, abundant tide,  
Which art or accident had forc'd aside,  
The well-springs of affection gushing o'er,  
Back to their natural channels flow once more.

*Mrs. Norton.*

Oh! married love!—each heart shall own,  
Where two congenial souls unite,  
Thy golden chains inlaid with down,  
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendour bright.

*Langhorne.*

But if no radiant star of love,  
Oh, Hymen, smile upon thy rite,  
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,  
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

*Langhorne.*

Then come the wild weather—come sleet or come  
snow,  
We will stand by each other, however it blow;  
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,  
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

*Longfellow.—From the German.*

While other doublets deviate here and there,  
What secret handcuff binds that pretty pair?  
Compactest couple! pressing side to side,—  
Ah! the white bonnet—that reveals the bride!

*O. W. Holmes.*

Together should our prayers ascend;  
Together would we humbly bend,  
To praise the Almighty name;  
And when I saw her kindling eye  
Beam upward in her native sky,  
My soul should catch the flame.

*Levi Frisbie*

I saw her, and I lov'd her—  
I sought her, and I won;  
A dozen pleasant summers,  
And more, since then have run.  
And half as many voices  
Now prattling by her side,  
Remind me of the autumn  
When she became my bride.

*Thomas Mackellar.*

The parent love the wedded love includes,  
The one permits the two their mutual moods,  
The two each other know 'mid myriad multitudes.

*S. Margaret Fuller.*

Not for the summer-hour alone,  
When skies resplendent shine,  
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,  
Our hearts and hands we twine;  
But for those stern and wintry days  
Of peril, pain, and fear,  
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make  
This earthly journey drear.

*Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.*

Not for this span of life alone,  
Which as a blast doth fly,  
And like the transient flower of grass,  
Just blossom, droop, and die;  
But for a being without end,  
This vow of love we take;  
Grant us, oh God! one home at last,  
For our Redeemer's sake.

*Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.*

### MEETING.

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,  
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: welcome:  
A curse begin at very root of his heart,  
That is not glad to see thee!

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

As a long-parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting!  
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

It gives me wonder, great as my content,  
To see you here before me.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

I swear:

By the simplicity of Venus' doves!  
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers lovers!  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence;  
Else who could bear it?

*Rowe's Tamerlane*

Absence, with all its pains,  
Is by this charming moment wip'd away.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

When lovers meet in adverse hour,  
'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower,  
A watery ray an instant seen,  
Then darkly closing clouds between.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

It is the hour when they  
Who love us are accustom'd to descend  
Through the deep clouds o'er rocky Ararat!  
How my heart beats!

*Byron's Heaven and Earth.*

And doth not a meeting like this make amends  
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—  
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,  
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?  
Though haply o'er some of your brows as o'er mine,  
The snow fall of time may be stealing—what then?  
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,  
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

*Anon.*

There's not a fibre in my trembling frame  
That does not vibrate when thy step draws near,  
There's not a pulse that throbs not, when I hear  
Thy voice, thy breathing, nay thy very name.

*Frances Kemble Butler.*

And must they meet first in a careless crowd?  
This was a moment's grief.

*Miss Landon.*

The morning blush was lighted up by hope,—  
The hope of meeting her.

*Miss Landon.*

Ah me!  
The world is full of meetings such as this—  
A thrill, a voiceless challenge and reply—  
And sudden partings after!

*Willis's Poems.*

I have said I would not meet him—  
Have I said the words in vain?  
Sunset burns along the hill-tops,  
And I'm waiting here again:  
But my promise is not broken,  
Though I stand where once we met;  
When I hear his coming footsteps,  
I can fly him even yet.

*Phaebe Carey.*

I will 'not wait his coming  
He will surely come once more;  
Though I said I would not meet him,  
I have told him so before.

*Phaebe Carey.*

## MELANCHOLY.

Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee  
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?  
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth ?  
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone ?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,  
And giv'n thy treasures and my rights of thee  
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy ?

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

O melancholy !

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish carrack  
Might eas'liest harbour in ?

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

I have neither the scholar's melancholy,  
Which is emulation ; nor the musician's,  
Which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's,  
Which is pride ; nor the soldier's, which is  
Ambition ; nor the lawyer's, which is politic ;  
Nor the lady's, which is nice ; nor the lover's,  
Which is all these : but it is a melancholy  
Of mine own ; compounded of many simples,  
Extracted from many objects, and, indeed,  
The sundry contemplation of my travels ;  
In which my often ruminations wraps me  
In a most hum'rous sadness.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

That melancholy,  
Though ending in distraction, should work  
So far upon a man as to compel him  
To court a thing that hath nor sense, nor being,  
Is unto me a miracle.

*Massinger's Duke of Milan.*

Melancholy

Is not, as you conceive, an indisposition  
Of body, but the mind's disease ; so ecstasy,  
Fantastic dotage, madness, frenzy, rapture,  
Of mere imagination, differ partly  
From melancholy ; which is briefly this :  
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharg'd  
With fear and sorrow ; first begat i' th' brain,  
The seal of reason, and from thence, derived  
As suddenly into the heart, the seat  
Of our affection.

*John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.*

But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,  
Hail, divinest melancholy !  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
And therefore to our weaker view,  
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue.

*Milton's Il Penseroso.*

These pleasures, melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

*Milton's Il Penseroso.*

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the power  
Of philosophic melancholy comes !  
His near approach, the sudden starting tear,  
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,  
The softened feature, and the beating heart,  
Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.  
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !  
Inflames imagination ; thro' the breast  
Infuses every tenderness ; and far  
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

There is a mood  
(I sing not to the vacant and the young,)  
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,  
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies.

*Dyer's Ruins of Rome.*

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,  
Pale melancholy sat retir'd,  
And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul.

*Collins's Passions.*

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all  
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,  
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,  
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,  
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind :  
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly  
To the pure soul by fancy's fire refin'd !  
Ah, what is mirth, but turbulence unholly,  
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly  
melancholy !

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

Melancholy is a fearful gift ;  
What is it but the telescope of truth ?  
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,  
And brings life near in utter darkness,  
Making the cold reality too real.

*Byron.*

Melancholy  
Sits on me, as a cloud along the sky,  
Which will not let the sun-beams through, nor yet  
Descend in rain, and end ; but spreads itself  
'Twixt heaven and earth, like envy between man  
And man — an everlasting mist.

*Byron.*

Go, you may call it madness, folly, —  
You shall not chase my gloom away ;  
There's such a charm in melancholy,  
I would not, if I could, be gay !

*Rogers.*

Ah, there are moments for us here, when, seeing  
Life's inequalities, and woe, and care,  
The burdens laid upon our mortal being  
Seem heavier than the human heart can bear.

*Phaebe Carew.*

There is a shadow on my heart  
I cannot fling aside.

*Alice Carey.*

A shade hath pass'd  
Athwart my brightest visions here;  
A cloud of darkest gloom hath wrapp'd  
The remnant of my brief career;  
No song, no echo can I win,  
The sparkling fount hath dried within.

*Margaret Davidson.*

Strange that the love-lorn heart will beat  
With rapture wild amid its folly;—  
No grief so soft, no pain so sweet  
As love's delicious melancholy.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

I shrink from the embitter'd close  
Of my own melancholy tale:  
'T is long since I have wak'd my woes—  
And nerve and voice together fail!  
The throb beats faster at my brow,  
My brain feels warm with starting tears,  
And I shall weep—but heed not thou!  
'T will soothe awhile the ache of years!  
The heart transfix'd—worn out with grief—  
Will turn the arrow for relief.

*Willis's Melanie.*

Blame not, if oft in melancholy mood  
This theme too far such fancy hath pursued,  
And if the soul that with high hope should beat,  
Turns to the gloomy grave's unblest retreat.

*Robert Sands.*

As the drain'd fountain, fill'd with autumn leaves,  
The field swept naked of its garner'd sheaves;  
So wastes at noon the promise of our dawn,  
The springs all choking, and the harvest gone.

*O. W. Holmes.*

There is no music in this life  
That sounds with happy laughter solely;  
There's not a string attun'd to mirth,  
But has its chord of melancholy.

*Thomas Hood.*

### MEMORY.

We will revive those times, and in our memories  
Preserve, and still keep fresh, like flowers in water,  
Those happier days; when at our eyes our souls  
Kindled their mutual fires, their equal beams  
Shot and return'd, 'till link'd and twin'd in one,  
They chain'd our hearts together.

*Denham's Sophy.*

I had memory been lost with innocence,  
We had not known the sentence, nor th' offence:  
'T was his chief punishment, to keep in store,  
The sad remembrance what he was before.

*Denham.*

None grow so old,  
Not to remember where they hid their gold;  
From age such art of memory we learn:  
To forget nothing what is our concern:  
Their interest no priest, nor sorcerer  
Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philosopher;  
No understanding, memory can want,  
Where wisdom studious industry doth plant.

*Denham.*

Come, flattering memory! and tell my heart  
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art  
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,  
Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.

*Lytleton.*

O remembrance!  
Why dost thou open all my wounds again?

*Lee's Theodosius*

A confus'd report pass'd thro' my ears;  
But full of hurry, like a morning dream,  
It vanish'd in the bus'ness of the day.

*Lee's Oedipus.*

Thinking will make me mad: why must I think,  
When no thought brings me comfort?

*Southern's Fatal Marriage.*

Thought is damnation! 'T is the plague of devils  
To think on what they are!

*Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.*

Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame  
Forgets one feature of the nymph he loved.

*Shenstone.*

Ask the faithful youth  
Why the cold urn of her, whom long he lov'd,  
So often fills his arms; so often draws  
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour  
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?  
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds  
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego  
That sacred hour when, stealing from the noise  
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes  
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,  
And turns his tears to rapture.

*Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.*

O memory! thou fond deceiver,  
Still importunate and vain,  
To former joys recurring ever,  
And turning all the past to pain;  
Thou, like the world, th' oppress oppressing,  
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!  
And he who wants each other blessing,  
In thee must ever find a foe.

*Goldsmith.*

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impression deeper makes  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

Burns.

And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain.

*Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Through the shadowy past,  
Like a tomb-searcher, memory ran,  
Lifting each shroud that time had cast  
O'er buried hopes.

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

On this dear jewel of my memory  
My heart will ever dwell, and fate in vain  
Possessing that, essay to make me wretched.

*Lord John Russell's Don Carlos.*

The intrepid Swiss, that guards a foreign shore,  
Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliffs no more;  
If chance he hears that song, so sweetly wild,  
Which on those hills his infant hours beguiled ;  
Melts at the long-lost scenes, that round him rise,  
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Rogers.

It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,  
Like some wild melody.

*Rogers's Italy.*

But ever and anon of griefs subdued.  
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,  
Scarce seen but with fresh bitterness imbibed ;  
And slight withal may be the thing whi'l bring  
Back on the heart the weight which it could fling  
Aside for ever : it may be a sound —  
A tone of music — summer's eve — or spring,  
A flower — the wind — the ocean — which shall  
wound,

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are  
darkly bound ;

And how and why we know not, nor can trace  
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,  
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface  
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,  
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,  
When least we deem of such, calls up to view  
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,  
The cold — the chang'd — perchance the dead —  
anew,

The mourn'd, the lov'd, the lost — too many ! yet  
how few !

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

But in that instant, o'er his soul  
Winters of memory seem'd to roll,  
And gather in that drop of time  
A life of pain, an age of crime.  
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,  
Such moment pours the grief of years.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Alas ! the heedlessness of all around  
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

*Byron's Lara.*

Joy's recollection is no longer joy,  
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide  
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,  
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,  
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—  
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,  
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,  
Deceiv'd for a moment, we'll think them still ours,  
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once  
more.

Anon.

A pen — to register ; a key —  
That winds through secret wards ;  
Are well assign'd to Memory  
By allegoric Bards.

*Wordsworth.*

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain ;  
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !  
Each stamps its image as the other flies !

*Rogers's Pleasures of Memory.*

Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form  
Has borne the buffet of the mountain storm :  
And who will first his fond impatience meet ?  
His faithful dog's already at his feet !

*Rogers's Pleasures of Memory.*

Sweet memory, wafted by the gentle gale,  
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,  
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,  
Blest with far greener shades, far lovelier flowers.

*Rogers's Pleasures of Memory.*

Hail, memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine,  
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine !  
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
And place and time are subject to thy sway !

*Rogers's Pleasures of Memory.*

That heart, methinks,  
Were of strange mould, which kept no cherish'd  
print  
Of earlier, happier times, when life was fresh,  
And love and innocence made holyday :

Or, that own'd  
No transient sadness, when a dream, a glimpse  
Of fancy touch'd past joys.

*Hillhouse.*

Memories on memories ! to my soul again  
There come such dreams & vanish'd love and  
bliss,

That my wrung heart, though long injur'd to pain,  
Sinks with the fulness of its wretchedness

*Phæbe Carey.*

Ah, tell me not that memory  
Sheds gladness o'er the past:  
What is recall'd by faded flowers  
Save that they do not last?  
Were it not better to forget,  
Than but remember and regret?

*Miss Landon.*

Number the riches by thy memory hoarded,  
Relics of joys thy by-past years have known,—  
How many *real* things are there recorded?

How much *true* light was o'er thy pathway  
thrown

*Mrs. Embury.*

### MERCY.

Some clerks no doubt in their deviceful art,  
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,  
To weet mercy, be of justice part,  
Or drawn forth from her by divine entreat:  
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,  
And meriteth to have as high a place,  
Sith in the Almighty's everlasting seat,  
She first was bred and born of heavenly race,  
From thence poured down on men by influence  
of grace.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Earthly power doth then show likkest gods,  
When mercy seasons justice.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—  
That in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace,  
As mercy does

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;  
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Merciful heaven!

I'hou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,  
Than the soft myrtle.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

How would you be,  
If he, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge as you do? O, think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made!

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?  
Draw near them then in being merciful,  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

*Shaks. Titus Andronicus.*

If little faults proceeding on distemper,  
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,  
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and  
digested,  
Appear before us?

*Shaks. Henry V.*

I am an unable suitor to your virtues;  
For pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Say — pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:  
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;  
No word, like pardon, for kings' mouths so sweet.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

The mercy that was quick in us but late,  
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:  
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
As dogs upon their masters worrying them.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

'T is well known, that whiles I was protector,  
Pity was all the fault that was in me;  
For I should melt at an offender's tears,  
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

*Shaks. Henry V. Part II.*

Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:  
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

The greatest attribute of heaven is mercy;  
And 't is the crown of justice, and the glory,  
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Lover's Progress.*

Great minds erect their never-failing trophies  
On the firm base of mercy; but to triumph  
O'er a suppliant, by base fortune captiv'd,  
Argues a bastard conquest.

*Massinger's Emperor of the East.*

O think! think upward on the thrones above:  
Disdain not mercy, since they mercy love;  
If mercy were not mingled with their pow'r,  
This wretched world could not subsist an hour.

*Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

Wretched, by ev'ry passion led,  
Born sinful, and to many errors bred,  
Has use of mercy still; and does esteem  
Creation a less work, than to redeem.

*Sir W. Davenant on the Restoration.*

He that's merciful  
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.

*Randolph's Muse's Looking-glass.*

Less pleasure take brave minds in battle won  
Than in restoring such as are undone:  
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,  
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

*Waller, to my Lord Protector.*

On picy humanity is built,  
And on humanity much happiness.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

"T is mercy! mercy!

The mark of heav'n impress'd on human kind,  
Mercy, that glads the world, deals joy around;  
Mercy that smooths the dreadful brow of power,  
And makes dominion light; mercy that saves,  
Binds up the broken heart, and heals despair.

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

In mercy and justice both,  
Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel,  
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

O mercy, heav'nly born! Sweet attribute!  
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power!  
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,  
On rocks of adamant, it stands secure,  
And braves the storm beneath.

*Somerville's Chase.*

Let usurpation, that eternal slave  
To fear, the tyrant's greater tyrant, dye  
Her thirsty purple deep in native blood:  
The lawful prince, by daring to forgive,  
Asserts the great prerogative of heav'n,  
And proves his claim divine.

*Jeffery's Edwin.*

Hate shuts her soul when dove-eyed Mercy pleads.  
*Sprague's Poems.*

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,  
But God will never.

*Couper's Task.*

Spider! thou need'st not run in fear about  
To shun my curious eyes:  
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out—  
Lest thou should'st eat the flies;  
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight,  
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see;  
For there is one who might  
One day roast me.

*Southey.*

Of God she sung, and of the mild  
Attendant mercy, that beside  
His awful throne for ever smil'd,  
Ready with her white hand to guide  
His bolts of vengeance to their prey—  
That she might quench them on their way!

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

— The world would be lonely,  
The garden a wilderness left to deform,  
If the flowers but remember'd the chilling winds  
only,  
And the fields gave no verdure, for fear of the  
storm.

*Charles Swain.*

## MERIT.

Who shall go about  
To cozen fortune and be honourable  
Without the stamp of merit! let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that dear honour  
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!  
How many then should cover, that stand bare?  
How many be commanded, that command?  
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
From the true seed of honour? and how much  
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
To be new varnish'd?

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong  
it,  
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom;  
When it deserves with characters of brass  
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,  
And raze of oblivion.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

There's a proud modesty in merit!  
Averse from asking, and resolv'd to pay  
Ten times the gifts it asks.

*Dryden's Cleomenes.*

Be thou the first true merit to befriend,  
His praise is lost who waits till all command.

*Pope.*

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays,  
Who deserves well, needs not another's praise.

*Heath.*

Merit like his, the fortune of the mind,  
Beggars all wealth.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*  
Unrivall'd as thy merit, be thy fame.

*Tickets.*

## MESSENGER.

With that he gave his able horse the head,  
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so,  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

One of my fellows had the speed of him :  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive;  
Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France.  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

*Shaks. King John.*

Pr'ythee, say on ;  
The sitting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim  
A matter from thee : and a birth indeed,  
Which throes thee much to yield.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love ;  
A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

I must go send some better messenger ;  
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,  
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,  
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

I go, I go ; look, how I go ;  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen  
locks ;

News from all nations lumbering at his back,  
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,  
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern  
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn ;  
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.  
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,  
Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief  
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;  
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.

*Couper's Task.*

The Tartar lighted at the gate,  
But scarce upheld his fainting weight ;  
His swarthy visage spake distress,  
But this might be from weariness :  
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,  
But these might be from his courser's side ;  
He drew the token from his vest,  
Angel of death ! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest !

*Byron's Giaour.*

## MIND.

Sordid and dunghill  
Minds, compos'd of earth, in that gross element  
Fix all their happiness ; but purer spirits,  
Purg'd and refin'd, shake off that clog of  
Human frailty.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Elder Brother.*

Retir'd thoughts enjoy their own delights,  
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye ;  
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,  
A brief wherein all miracles scumm'd lie,  
Of fairest forms, and sweetest shapes the store,  
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them  
more.

*Southwell.*

Hail, horrors ! hail,  
Infernall world, and thou, profoundest hell,  
Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings  
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and  
heaven !)

The living fountains in itself contains  
Of beauteous and sublime : here, hand in hand,  
Sit paramount the graces ; here enthron'd,  
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,  
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.

*Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.*

Look then abroad through nature, to the range  
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,  
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;  
And speak, O man, does this capacious scene  
With half that kindling majesty dilate  
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose  
Rofulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,  
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm  
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,  
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud  
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,  
And bade the father of his country hail?  
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,  
And Rome again is free!

*Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.*

The immortal mind, superior to his fate,  
Amid the outrage of external things,  
Firm as the solid base of this great world,  
Rests on his own foundation. Blow, ye winds!  
Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempests on!  
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!  
Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire  
Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene,  
The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck;  
And ever stronger as the storms advance,  
Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,  
Where nature calls him to the destin'd goal.

*Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.*

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,  
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought!  
Constant attention wears the active mind,  
Blots out her pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.

*Churchill.*

For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,  
That those who think, must govern those who toil;  
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach  
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.

*Goldsmit's Traveller.*

Mind, despatch'd upon the busy toil,  
Should range where Providence has blessed the  
soil;

Visiting every flow'r with labour meet,  
And gathering all her treasures sweet by sweet,  
She should imbue the tongue with what she sips,  
And shed the balmy blessing on the lips,  
That good diffus'd may more abundant grow,  
And speech may praise the pow'r that bids it flow.

*Couper's Conversation.*

Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in vain  
We would against them make the flesh obey—  
The spirit in the end will have its way.

*Byron.*

Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,  
And hands obey—our hearts are still our own.

*Byron.*

The gaudy glass of fortune only strikes  
The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise,  
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

The mind doth shape itself to its own wants,  
And can bear all things.

*Joanna Baillie's Rayner.*

By earth, and hell, and heaven,  
The shroud of souls is riven,  
Mind, mind alone  
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!  
Earth's deepest night, from this blest hour,  
The night of mind is gone.

*Ebenezer Elliott.*

The mind within me panted after mind,  
The spirit sigh'd to meet a kindred spirit,  
And in my human heart there was a void,  
Which nothing but humanity could fill.

*James Montgomery.*

Mind's command o'er mind,  
Spirit's o'er spirit, is the clear effect  
And natural action of an inward gift,  
Given of God.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Yet millions never think a noble thought;  
But with brute hate of brightness bay a mind  
Which drives the darkness out of them, like hounds.

*Bailey's Festus.*

The mind is as the face—for who goes forth  
In public walks without a veil at least?  
'T is this constraint makes half life's misery.

*Miss Landon.*

Time has small pow'r  
O'er features the mind moulds. Roses where  
They once have bloom'd a fragrance leave behind;  
And harmony will linger on the wind;  
And suns continue to light up the air,  
When set; and music from the broken shrine,  
Breathes, it is said, around whose altar-stone  
His flower the votary has ceas'd to twine:—  
Types of the beauty that, when youth is gone,  
Breathes from the soul whose brightness mocks  
decline.

*George Hill.*

With mind her mantling cheek must glow,  
Her voice, her beaming eye must show  
An all-inspiring soul.

*Levi Fribbie.*

It is sure,  
Stamped by the seal of nature, that the well  
Of mind, where all its waters gather pure,  
Shall with unquestioned spell all hearts allure.  
Wisdom enshrined in beauty—Oh! how high  
The order of that loveliness.

*Percival's Poem.*

The mind  
Forges from knowledge an archangel's spear,  
And with the spirits that compel the world,  
Conflicts for empire.

*Willis's Poems.*

What's the brow  
Or the eye's lustre, or the step of air,  
Or colour, but the beautiful links that chain  
The mind from its rare element?

*Willis's Poems.*

Woe, woe, to all who grind  
Their brethren of a common Father down!  
To all who plunder from the immortal mind  
Its bright and glorious crown!

*Whittier's Poems.*

### MIRTH.

And therein sate a lady fresh and fair,  
Making sweet solace to herself alone:  
Sometimes she sung as loud as lark in air,  
Sometimes she laugh'd that nigh her breath was  
gone.

Yet was there not with her else any one  
That to her might move cause of merriment:  
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,  
She could devise; and thousand ways invent  
To feed her foolish humour and vain jolliment.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

A merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

Let me play the fool:  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;)  
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

'T is ever common,  
That men are merriest when they are from home.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Come, thou goddess fair and free,  
In heav'n yclept Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing mirth.

*Milton's L'Allegro.*

Haste thee, my nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

*Milton's L'Allegro.*

Come and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastic toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
The mountain nymph, sweet liberty.

*Milton's L'Allegro.*

These delights, if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

*Milton's L'Allegro.*

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;  
And ev'ry grin so merry, draws one out.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

O spirits gay, and kindly heart!  
Precious the blessings ye impart!

*Joanna Baillie.*

He is so full of pleasant anecdote,  
So rich, so gay, so poignant in his wit,  
Time vanishes before him as he speaks,  
And ruddy morning through the lattice peeps.

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

— But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch — so full of mirth,  
The overflowing of an innocent heart; —  
It haunts me still.

*Rogers*

While her laugh, full of life, without any control  
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her  
soul.

And where it most sparkled, no glance could dis  
cover,

In lip, cheek or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,  
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun

*Moore.*

Merry books, once read for pastime,  
If ye dar'd to read again,  
Only memories of the last time  
Would swim darkly up the brain!

*Miss Barrett's Poems*

The merry heart, the merry heart,  
Of heaven's gift I hold thee best;  
And they who feel its pleasant throbs,  
Though dark their lot, are truly blest.—

From youth to age it changes not,  
In joy and sorrow still the same;

When skies are dark, and tempests scowl,  
It shines a steady beacon flame.

It gives to beauty half its power,  
The nameless charms worth all the rest —

The light that dances o'er a face,  
And speaks of sunshine in the breast.

If Beauty ne'er have set her seal,  
It well supplies her absence too,

And many a cheek looks passing fair,  
Because a merry heart shines through.

*New England Magazine, Vol. I*

Such excess  
Of mirth's exuberance visits not for good.

*Miss Landon's Poems.*

— Do n't you know that people wont employ  
A man who wrongs his manliness by laughing  
like a boy?

And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon  
a shoot,  
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its  
root!

*O. W. Holmes.*

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,  
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!

*Whittier.*

I look upon the fading flowers  
Thou gavest me, lady, in thy mirth,  
And mourn, that with the perishing hours  
Such fair things perish from the earth;

For thus, I know, the moment's feeling  
Its own light web of life unweaves,  
The dearest trace from memory stealing,  
Like perfume from their dying leaves —

The thought that gave it, and the flower,  
Alike the creatures of an hour.

And thus it better were, perhaps —  
For feeling is the nurse of pain,  
And joys that linger in their lapse  
Must die at last — and so are vain.

*Willis.*

Often, often have I lifted  
To my lip the cup of mirth,  
When the beautiful and gifted  
Crowded round the festal hearth.

*W. H. C. Hosmer.*

A little of thy merriment,  
Of thy sparkling, light content,  
Give me, my cheerful brook, —  
That I may still be full of glee  
And gladsomeness where'er I be,  
Though fickle fate hath prison'd me  
In some neglected nook.

*James Russell Lowell.*

### MISCHIEF.

O mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

He that may hinder mischief,  
And yet permits it, is an accessory.

*Freeman's Imperiale.*

Mischief that may be help'd, is hard to know;  
And danger going on still multiplies.  
Where harm hath many wings, care arms too late.

*Lord Brooke's Alaham.*

Ah, me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,  
To think how modest worth neglected lies;  
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn  
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,  
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise.

*Shenstone*

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,  
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;  
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,  
And she who means no mischief, does it all.

*A. Hill.*

### MISER.

The miser lives alone, abhorr'd by all  
Like a disease, yet cannot so be 'scap'd,  
But, canker-like, eats through the poor men's  
hearts

That live about him: never has commerce  
With any but to ruin them: his house  
In hospitable as the wilderness,  
And never look'd upon but with a curse.  
He hoards in secret places of the earth,  
Not only bags of treasure, but his corn;  
Whose every grain he prizes 'bove a life;  
And never prays at all but for dear years.

*May's Old Couple*

Good morning to the day; and next my gold;  
Open the shrine that I may see my saint:  
Hail the world's soul and mine; more than glad is  
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun,  
Peep through the horns of the celestial ram,  
Am I to view thy splendour, dark'ning his;  
That lying here amongst my other hoards,  
Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day,  
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled  
Unto the centre.

*Ben Jonson*

He that toils and labours hard  
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,  
Is from the use of all debarr'd.  
And though he can produce more spankers,  
Than all the usurers and bankers,  
Yet after more and more he hankers;  
And after all his pains are done,  
Has nothing he can call his own  
But a mere livelihood alone.

*Butler.*

Now thanks to heaven  
For blessings chainless in the rich man's keeping.  
Wealth that the miser cannot hide away!  
Buy, if they will, the invaluable flower —  
They cannot store its fragrance from the breeze.  
Wear, if they will, the costliest gem of Ind —  
It pours its light on every passing eye!

*Willis's Poems*

Unnumber'd maladies man's joints invade,  
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;  
But unextinguish'd avarice still remains,  
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;  
He turns with anxious heart and crippled hands,  
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;  
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

*Dr. Johnson.*

O, may I with myself agree,  
And never covet what I see,  
Content me with an humble shade,  
My passions tamed, my wishes laid,  
For while our wishes wildly roll,  
We banish quiet from the soul:—  
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,  
And misers gather wealth and care.

*John Dyer.*

### MISFORTUNE.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

'T is easy to accuse  
Whom fortune hath made faulty by their fall;  
They who are vanquished, may not refuse  
The titles of reproach they're charg'd withal.  
*Daniel's Cleopatra.*

Nothing is a misery,  
Unless our weakness apprehend it so:  
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves  
In any thing that's manly, than to make  
Ill fortune as contemptible to us,  
As it makes us to others.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

I pray, sir, deal with men in misery,  
Like one that may himself be miserable:  
Insult not too much upon my wretchedness;  
The noble minds still will not, when they can.

*Heywood's Royal King.*

Misfortune brings  
Sorrow enough: 't is envy to ourselves,  
To augment it by prediction.

*Habbington's Queen of Arragon.*

The thrifty heav'ns mingle our sweets with gall,  
Lest being glutted with excess of good,  
We should forget the giver.

*Thomas Rawlins's Rebellion.*

From this unhappy palace let us fly!  
But whither shall we leave our misery?  
Who to the unfortunate will kind appear?  
The wretched are unwelcome ev'ry where.

*Crown's Andromache.*

O mortals, short of sight, who think the past  
O'erblown misfortunes shall still prove the last.  
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,  
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;  
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,  
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

*Young.*

Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;  
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.  
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,  
But rises in demand for her delay;  
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,  
To sting thee more and double thy distress.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Misfortune does not always wait on vice;  
Nor is success the constant guest of virtue.

*Havard's Regulus.*

And even should misfortune come,  
I, here who sit, ha' met wi' some,  
An's thankfu' for them yet;  
They gie the wit of age to youth,  
They let us ken oursel;  
They mak us see the naked truth,  
The real guid an' ill.

*Burns's Poems.*

The furrows of long thought dried up in tears.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we may  
bless.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

The quivering flesh, though torture-torn, may live,  
But souls, once deeply wounded, heal no more.

*Ebenezer Elliott.*

A malady  
Prays on my heart, that medicine cannot reach,  
Invincible and cureless.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

I may not weep—I cannot sigh,  
A weight is pressing on my breast;  
A breath breathes on me witheringly,  
My tears are dry, my sighs suppress.

*Willis's Poems*

### MOB.

They praise, and they admire they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;  
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,  
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

When both were parted on the sudden,  
With hideous clamour, and a loud one,  
As if all sort of noise had been  
Contracted into one loud din;  
Or that some member to be chosen,  
Had got the odds above a thousand,  
And, by the greatness of his noise,  
Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

The scum  
That rises upmost, when the nation boils.  
*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Some popular chief,  
More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo  
And in a trice the bellowing herd come out;  
The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricadoed:  
And one and all's the word: true cocks o' th'  
game!

They never ask for what, or whom they fight;  
But turn 'em out, and show 'em but a foe;  
Cry liberty, and that's a cause for quarrel.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

These slaves,  
These wide-mouth'd brutes, that bellow thus for  
freedom;  
O how they run before the hand of power,  
Flying for shelter into every brake!  
*Otway's Caius Marius.*

Ah! can you bear contempt? the venom'd tongue  
Of those whom ruin pleases? the keen sneer,  
The rude reproaches of the rascal herd;  
Who for the self-same actions, if successful,  
Would be as grossly lavish in your praise?

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Inconstant, blind,  
Deserting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;  
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd  
Their headlong fury, but, of him depriv'd,  
Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.

*Thomson's Liberty.*

Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,  
And oft'ner chang'd their principles than shirt.  
*Young's Epistle to Mr. Pope.*

The multitude unaw'd is insolent;  
Once seiz'd with fear, contemptible and vain.  
*Mallet's Mustapha.*

What, dare the ungrateful miscreants thus return  
The many favours of my princely grace?  
'T is ever thus: indulgence spoils the base;  
Raising up pride, and lawless turbulence,  
Like noxious vapours from the fulsome marsh,  
When morning shines upon it.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

Then rose on air  
Loud shouts of joy mix'd wildly strange  
With voice of weeping and of prayer,  
Expressive of their blessed change  
From death to life, from fierce to kind,  
From all that sinks to all that elevates the mind.

*Joanna Baillie*

All upstarts, insolent in place,  
Remind us of their vulgar race.

*Gay*

And the brute crowd, whose envious zeal  
Huzzas each turn of Fortune's wheel,  
And loudest shouts when lowest lie  
Exalted worth, and station high.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,  
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!  
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
And fickle as a changeful dream;  
Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
And fierce as frenzy's fever'd blood.  
Thou many-headed monster-thing,  
O who would wish to be thy king!

*Scott's Lady of the Lake*

Thus look'd he proudly on the vulgar crew,  
Whom statutes govern, and whom fears subdue.

*Crabbe*

Each pull'd different ways with many an oath,  
"Arcades ambo," id est—blackguards both.

*Byron*

These slaves, whom I have nurtur'd, pamper'd, fed,  
And swell'n with peace, and gorg'd with plenty,  
till

They reign themselves—all monarch in their  
mansions—

Now swarm forth in rebellion, and demand  
His death, who made their lives a jubilee.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

The good old Rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple Plan  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.

*Scott — Rob Roy*

## MODESTY.

In the modesty of fearful duty,  
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream*

Her looks do argue her replete with modesty

*Shaks*

The blushing beauties of a modest maid.

*Dryden's Ovid*

Methinks the rose \* \* \* \* \*  
 Is the very emblem of a maid:  
 For when the west wind courts her gently,  
 How modestly she blows, and paints the sun  
 With her chaste blushes; when the north comes  
 near her,  
 Rude and impatient, then like chastity  
 She locks her beauties in her bud again,  
 And leaves him to base briars.

*Rowley's Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Sure 'twas his modesty. He might have thriven  
 Much better possibly, had his ambition  
 Been greater much. They oftentimes take more  
 pains  
 Who look for pins, than those who find out stars.

*John Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

That modest grace subdu'd my soul,  
 That chastity of look which seems to hang,  
 A veil of purest light o'er all her beauties,  
 And by forbidding most inflames desire.

*Young's Busiris.*

Merit was ever modest known.

*Gay.*

Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
 The more desirable, or, to say all,  
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd;  
 I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,  
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd  
 My pleaded reason.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain  
 Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,  
 And bear the marks upon a blushing face  
 Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace.  
 Our sensibilities are so acute,  
 The fear of being silent makes us mute.

*Couper's Conversation.*

True modesty is a discerning grace,  
 And only blushes in the proper place;  
 But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,  
 Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed t' appear:  
 Humility the parent of the first,  
 The last by vanity produc'd and nurs'd.

*Couper's Conversation.*

The crimson glow of modesty o'er-spread  
 Her cheek, and gave new lustre to her charms.

*Dr. Thomas Franklin.*

Still, from the sweet confusion, some new grace  
 Blushed out by stealth, and languish'd in her face.

*Eusden's Ovid.*

The meek mountain daisy, with delicate crest,  
 And the violet whose eye told the heaven of her  
 breast.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The violet droops its soft and bashful brow,  
 But from its heart, sweet incense fills the air;  
 So rich within—so pure without—art thou,  
 With modest mien and soul of virtue rare!

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Heaven help me! how could I forget  
 To beg of thee, dear violet!

Some of thy modesty!

*James Russell Lowell.*

### MOON. MOONLIGHT.

This night methinks is but the day-light sick,  
 It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,  
 Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

In such a night, did

Young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;  
 Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
 And ne'er a true one.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

The moon, the governess of floods,  
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
 That rheumatic diseases do abound:  
 And, through this distemperature, we see  
 The seasons alter.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The neighbouring moon  
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid-heaven,  
 With borrow'd light her countenance triflorn,  
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

The queen of night  
 Shines fair with all her virgin stars about her.

*Otway's Caius Marius.*

The queen of night, whose large command  
Rules all the sea, and half the land,  
And over moist and crazy brains,  
In high spring tide, at midnight reigns,  
Was now declining to the west,  
To go to bed and take her rest.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,  
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.  
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild  
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,  
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,  
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,  
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there;  
There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,  
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezers-cases.  
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,  
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound;  
The courtiers' promises, and sick men's prayers,  
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,  
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,  
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

The queen of night  
Round us pours a lambent light:  
Light that seems but just to show  
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.

*Dr. Johnson.*

My own lov'd light,  
That every soft and solemn spirit worships,  
That lovers love so well—strange joy is thine,  
Whose influence o'er all tides of soul hath power,  
Who lend'st thy light to rapture and despair;—  
The glow of hope and wan hue of sick fancy  
Alike reflect thy rays: alike thou lightest  
The path of meeting or of parting love—  
Alike on mingling or on breaking hearts  
Thou smil'st in throned beauty!

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Sweet moon! if like Crotona's sage,  
By any spell my hand could dare  
To make thy disk its ample page.  
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;  
How many a friend, whose careless eye  
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,  
Should smile upon thy orb to meet  
The recollection, kind and sweet,  
The reveries of fond regret,  
The promise, never to forget,  
And all my heart and soul would send  
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend!

*Moore.*

O such a blessed night as this,  
I often think if friends were near,  
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss  
Upon the moonlight scenery here!

*Moore.*

'Twas one of those delicious nights,  
So common in the climes of Greece,  
When day withdraws but half his lights,  
And all is moonshine, balm and peace!

*Moore.*

And be their rest unmov'd  
By the white moonlight's dazzling power:  
None, but the loving and belov'd,  
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

*Moore.*

The moon arose; she shone upon the lake,  
That lay one smooth expanse of silver light;  
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast,  
Upon their hollows and their hidden glens,  
A blacker depth of shade.

*Southey's Madoc.*

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,  
Wasted around their rich perfume!  
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,  
The aspens slept beneath the calm;  
The silver light, with quivering glance,  
Play'd on the water's still expanse,—  
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway  
Could rage beneath the sober ray.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

The silver light, which, hallowing tree and tower,  
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,  
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws  
A loving languor which is not repose.

*Byron.*

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,  
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul  
To open all itself, without the power  
Of calling wholly back its self-control.

*Byron.*

And thou did'st shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity  
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,  
As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries;  
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
And making that which was not, till the place  
Became religion and the heart ran o'er  
With silent worship.

*Byron.*

How calmly gliding through the dark blue sky  
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,  
Through thinly scatter'd leaves and boughs grotesque,  
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope,  
Here o'er the chesnut's fretted foliage, grey

And massy, motionless they spread; here shine  
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night  
Their chasms; and there the glittering argenty  
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.  
A lovelier, purer light than that of day  
Rests on the hills; and, oh, how awfully  
Into the deep and tranquil firmament  
The summits of Anseva rise serene;  
The watchman on the battlements partakes  
The stillness of the solemn hour, and feels  
The silence of the earth; the endless sound  
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,  
Which in that brightest moonlight well nigh  
quenched  
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth  
Of yonder sapphire infinite are seen,  
Draw on with elevating influence  
Toward eternity the attempered mind:  
Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,  
And to the virgin mother silently  
Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

*Southey's Don Roderick.*

Now let us with a spell invoke  
The full-orb'd moon to grieve our eyes.  
Not bright, not bright, but with a cloud  
Lapp'd all about her, let her rise  
All pale and dim as if from rest  
The ghost of the late buried sun  
Had crept into the skies.

*Thomas Hood.*

The moon! she is the source of sighs,  
The very face to make us sad;  
If but to think in other times  
The same calm quiet look she had.

*Thomas Hood.*

See

The moon is up, it is the dawn of night;  
Stands by her side one bold, bright, steady star;  
Star of her heart, and heir to all her light,  
Whereon she looks so proudly, mild and calm,  
As though she were the mother of that star.

*Bailey's Festus.*

O moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din,  
The while they feel thine airy fellowship:  
Thou dost bless every where with silver lip,  
Kissing dead things to life.

*John Keats.*

Wha' is there in thee, moon, that thou should'st  
move  
My heart so potently? When yet a child  
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smil'd.  
Thou seem'dst my sister; hand in hand we went  
From evr to morn across the firmament.

*John Keats.*

O moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees  
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in.

*John Keats.*

The moon! the moon! oh, tell me, do ye love her  
placid ray?  
Do ye love the shining starry train that gathers  
round her way?  
Oh, if ye do, go watch her when she climbs above  
the main,  
While her full transcript lives below upon the  
crystal plain!  
While her soft light serenely falls, and rising  
billows seem  
Like sheets of silver spreading forth to meet her  
hallow'd beam!

*Miss Eliza Cook's Poems.*

Myriads have sung thy praise,  
Fair Dian, virgin goddess of the skies!  
And myriads will raise  
Their songs while time yet onward flies,  
To thee, chaste prompter of the lover's sighs,  
And of the minstrel's lays;  
But still exhaustless as a theme  
Shall be thy name  
While lives immortal Fame—  
As when to people the first poet's dream,  
Thy inspiration came.

*Mrs. E. C. Kinney.*

The moon is sailing o'er the sky,  
But lonely all as if she pin'd  
For somewhat of companionship,  
And felt it were in vain she shin'd.  
Earth is her mirror, and the stars  
Are as the court around her throne;  
She is a beauty and a queen,—  
But what of this? she is alone.

*Miss Landon.*

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high,  
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky;  
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,  
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light.

*T. K. Hervey.*

There is no grave in all the earth  
That moonlight hath not seen;  
It gazeth cold and passionless  
Where agony hath been;  
And it is well: that changeless ray  
A deeper thought should throw,  
When mortal love pours forth its tide  
Of unavailing woe;  
It teacheth us no shade of grief  
Can touch the starry sky,  
That all our sorrow liveth here—  
The glory is on high!

*Mrs. J. T. Worthington.*

The shadows of the ruin lay  
Heavy and black athwart his way;—  
Long, leaning shapes that frowning took  
The forms of foes he ill could brook;  
Save where, between the rifted rocks,  
The moonbeams, dropt in silver blocks,  
Were sleeping — yet he scarce would dare,  
To set his darkening footstep there,  
And mar the beauteous light that brought  
Sweet fancies to his troubled thought.

*Mrs. Hale.*

The rising moon has hid the stars,  
Her level rays, like golden bars  
Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between,  
And silver white the river gleams,  
As if Diana, in her dreams,  
Had dropt her silver bow  
Upon the meadows low.

*Longfellow.*

The full-orb'd moon has reach'd no higher  
Than yon old church's mossy spire,  
And seems, as gliding up the air,  
She saw the fane; and pausing there,  
Would worship, in the tranquil night,  
The Prince of Peace — the Source of light,  
Where man for God prepar'd the place,  
And God to man unveils his face,  
Her tribute all around is seen;  
She bends and worships like a queen!  
Her robe of light and beaming crown  
In silence she is casting down.

*Miss Gould's Poems.*

Above, the overhanging banks  
Were lin'd by trees in broken ranks,  
And moonlight falling gently down,  
Set with rich pearls each emerald crown.

*William C. H. Hosmer.*

Suns may darken,—heaven be bow'd—  
Still unchanged shall be,—  
Soul-deep — here — that moonlit cloud  
To which I look'd with THEE.

*Miss Barrett.*

## MORNING.

At last the golden oriental gate  
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair;  
And Phoebus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,  
Came dancing forth shaking his dewy hair,  
And hurl'd his glist'ring beams through gloomy  
air.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of  
light;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Look, love, what envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder cast:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

But soft! what light through yonder window  
breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!  
How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love!

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III*

The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,  
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

*Shaks. Much Ado about Nothing.*

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and  
there,

Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,  
That in crossways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

When the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders, and in outrage, bloody hire;  
But when from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their  
backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

*Shaks. Richard II*

The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton.

*Shaks. King John.*

Yon grey lincs,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.  
*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!  
It riseth slowly, as her sullen car  
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it!  
She is not rosy-finger'd, but swol'n black!  
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood;  
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,  
As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day!  
It does not look as it would have a hail  
Or health wish'd in it as on other morns.

*Jonson's Catiline.*

Yet hath the morning sprinkled through the clouds  
But half her tincture; and the sail of night  
Sticks still upon the bosom of the air.

*Chapman's Humorous Day's Mirth.*

Is not yon gleam the shudd'ring morn that lakes,  
With silver tincture, the east verge of heaven?

*Marston's Antonio and Melida.*

See the dapple grey coursers of the morn,  
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,  
And chase it through the sky.

*Marston's Antonio and Melida.*

Now 'gins the fair dew-dabbling blushing morn  
To open to the earth heav'n's eastern gates,  
Displaying, by degrees, the new-born-light,  
The stars have trac'd their dance; and unto night  
Now bid good-night:

The young day's sentinel, the morning-star,  
Now drives before him all his glitt'ring flock,  
And bids them rest within the fold unseen;  
Till with his whistle Hesperus calls them forth.  
Now Titan up, and ready, calls aloud,  
And bids the rolling hours bestir them quick,  
And harness up his prancing foaming steeds,  
To hurry out the sun's bright chariot:  
O now I hear their trampling feet approach!  
Now, now I see that glorious lamp to dart  
His nearer beams, and all be-paint with gold  
The over-peeping tops of highest hills.

*Hawkins's Apollo Shroving.*

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,  
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws  
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

*Milton's May Morning.*

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.  
*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Awake,

My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair  
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

The birds,

Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
After a night of storm &c ruinous,  
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

*Milton's Paradise Regained*

See Aurora puts on her crimson blush,  
And with resplendent rays gilds o'er the top  
Of yon aspiring hill! the pearly dew  
Hangs on the rose-bud's top; and, knowing it  
Must be anon exhal'd, for sorrow shrinks  
Itself into a tear.

*Lewis Sharp's Noble Stranger*

The rosy-finger'd morn did there disclose  
Her beauty, ruddy as a blushing bride,  
Gilding the marigold, painting the rose,  
With Indian chrysolites her cheeks were dy'd.

*Baron*

The sun had long since, in the lap  
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,  
And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
From black to red began to turn.

*Bulwer's Hudibras*

Sullen, methinks, and slow the morning breaks,  
As if the sun were listless to appear,  
And dark designs hang heavy on the day.

*Dryden's Duke of Guise.*

The morning lark, the messenger of day,  
Saluted in her song the morning grey;  
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,  
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight;  
He with his tepid rays the rose renew'd,  
And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Now from night's womb the glorious day breaks  
forth,  
And seems to kindle from the setting stars.

*Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.*

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach  
Appearing show'd the ruddy morn's approach.  
The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door,  
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.  
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,  
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.  
The small-coal-man was heard with cadence deep,  
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep;  
Duns at his lordship's gate begin to meet;  
And brick-dust Moll has scream'd through half a  
street.

The turnkey now his flock returning sees,  
Duly let out at nights to steal for fees;  
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,  
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

*Swift.*

See! the night wears away, and cheerful morn,  
All sweet and fresh, spreads from the rosy east;  
Fair nature seems reviv'd, and e'en my heart  
Sits light and jocund at the day's return.

*Rowe's Royal Convert.*

The morning lowers, and heavily in clouds  
Brings on the day, the great, the important day,  
Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.

*Addison's Cato.*

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,  
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose.

*Parnell's Hermit.*

But now the clouds in airy tumults fly;  
The sun emerging opes the azure sky;  
A fresher green the smiling leaves display,  
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day.

*Parnell's Hermit.*

Hail to the joyous day! with purple clouds  
The whole horizon glows. The breezy spring  
Stands loosely floating on the mountain-top,  
And deals her sweets around. The sun too seems,  
As conscious of my joy, with brighter beams,  
To gild the happy world

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,  
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky  
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze  
Looks gaily fierce o'er all the dazzling air.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines  
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,  
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.  
And now the morning sun dispels the fog;  
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;  
And hung on every spray, on every blade  
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Now flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
Melts into limpid air the light-rais'd clouds,  
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills,  
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd  
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems  
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews  
At first faint glimmering in the dappled east;  
Till far o'er ether spreads the wid'ning glow;  
And, from before the lustre of her face,  
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd  
step,

Brown night retires; young day pours in apace,  
And opens all the luwry prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.

*Thomson's Seasons*

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day  
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and  
high;

Infinite splendour! wide investing all.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

O'er yonder eastern hill the twilight pale  
Walks forth from darkness; and the god of day,  
With bright Astræa seated by his side,  
Waits yet to leave the ocean.

*Akenside.*

'T is morning, and the sun with ruddy orb  
Ascending fires the horizon.

*Couper's Task.*

But who the melodies of morn can tell?  
The wild brook babbling down the mountain's  
side;

The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;  
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried  
In the lone valley, echoing far and wide  
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;  
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;  
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,  
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

Day takes his daily turn,  
Rising between the gulfy dells of night,  
Like whiten'd billows on a gloomy sea.

*Joanna Baillie's Orra*

Day glimmer'd in the east, and the white moon  
Hung like a vapour in the cloudless sky.

*Rogers's Italy*

Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,  
The sun comes forth, and, like a god,  
Rides through rejoicing heaven.

*Southey's Thalaba*

Far in the chambers of the west,  
The gale had sighed itself to rest;  
The moon was cloudless now and clear  
But pale and soon to disappear.  
The thin grey clouds waxed dimly light  
On Brusleton and Houghton height,  
And the rich dale, that eastward lay,  
Waited the wakening touch of day,  
To give its woods and cultured plain,  
And towers and spires, to light again.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air  
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,  
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,  
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;  
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance;  
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;  
Gilded on battled tower the warder's lance;  
And warning student pale to leave his pen,  
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of  
men.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

What various scenes, and, O! what scenes of woe!  
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!  
The severed patient, from his pallet low,  
Through crowded hospital beholds it stream;  
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,  
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,  
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;  
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,  
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his  
feeble wail.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

Blest power of sunshine! genial day!  
What balm, what life is in thy ray;  
To feel thee is such real bliss,  
That had the world no joy but this,  
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet—  
It were a world too exquisite.  
For man to leave it for the gloom,  
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

But mighty nature bounds as from her birth,  
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;  
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,  
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.

*Byron's Lara.*

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains  
curl'd  
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.

*Byron's Lara.*

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
And living as if earth contained no tomb—  
And glowing into day

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

I now, an early riser, love to hail  
The dreamy struggles of the stars with light,  
And the recovering breath of earth, sleep-drown'd.  
Awakening to the wisdom of the sun,  
And life of light within the tent of Heaven;  
To kiss the feet of morning as she walks  
In dewy light along the hills, while they,  
All odorous as an angel's fresh-cull'd crown,  
Unveil to her their bounteous loveliness.

*Bailey's Festus.*

A night had pass'd away among the hills,  
And now the first faint tokens of the dawn  
Show'd in the east. The bright and dewy star  
Whose mission is to usher in the morn,  
Look'd through the cool air like a blessed thing  
In a far purer world. I had wak'd  
From a long sleep of many changing dreams,  
And now in the fresh forest air I stood  
Nerv'd to another day of wandering.

*Percival's Poems*

Throw up the window! 'T is a morn for life  
In its most subtle luxury. The air  
Is like a breathing from a rarer world;  
And the south wind is like a gentle friend,  
Parting the hair so softly on my brow.  
It has come over gardens, and the flowers  
That kiss'd it are betray'd; for as it parts,  
With its invisible fingers my loose hair,  
I know it has been trifling with the rose,  
And stooping to the violet. There is joy  
For all God's creatures in it.

*Willis's Poems.*

I had awoke from an unpleasant dream,  
And light was welcome to me. I look'd out  
To feel the common air, and when the breath  
Of the delicious morning met my brow,  
Cooling its fever, and the pleasant sun  
Shone on familiar objects, it was like  
The feeling of the captive who comes forth  
From darkness to the cheerful light of day.

*Willis's Poems.*

Wake, slumberer! morning's golden hours  
Are speeding fast away;  
The sun has wak'd the opening flowers,  
To greet the new-born day,  
The deer leaps from his leafy haunt;  
Fair gleams the breezy lake;  
The birds their matin carols chaunt—  
All Nature cries, awake!

*Epes Sargent.*

'T is beautiful, when first the dewy light  
Breaks on the earth! while yet the scented air  
Is breathing the cool freshness of the night.  
And the bright clouds a tint of crimson wear.

*Elizabeth M. Chandler.*





MEYER'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
LITERATURE

The morning comes, but brings no sun;  
The sky with storm is overrun;  
And here I sit in my room alone,  
And feel, as I hear the tempest moan,  
Like one who hath lost the last and best,  
The dearest dweller from his breast!

*T. Buchanan Read.*

### MOTHER.

Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd  
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;  
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating; Fortune's blows,  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
    crave  
A noble calmness. You were us'd to load me  
With precepts that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

The mother, in her office, holds the key  
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin  
Of character, and makes the being who would be  
    a savage,  
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.  
Then crown her Queen o' the world.

*Old Play.*

Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss,  
Gives and receives all bliss,—fullest when most  
Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,  
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!  
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink!

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

There is none

In all this cold and hollow world, no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within  
A mother's heart!

*Mrs. Hemans's Siege of Valencia.*

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

I miss thee, my mother, when young health has  
fled,  
    And I sink in the languor of pain,  
Where, where is the arm that once pillow'd my  
head,  
    And the ear that once heard me complain?  
Other hands may support me, gentle accents may  
fall—

For the fond and the true are still mine:  
I've a blessing for each; I am grateful to all,—  
    But whose care can be soothing as thine?

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

I miss thee, my mother! thy image is still  
    The deepest impress'd on my heart,  
And the tablet so faithful in death must be chill,  
    Ere a line of that image depart.

*Eliza Cook's Poems*

Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!  
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!  
The love of many prayers, and many tears,—  
Which changes not with dim declining years—  
The only love, which, on this teeming earth,  
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth.

*Mrs. Norton's Dream.*

Ah! bless'd are they for whom, 'mid all their  
    pains,  
That faithful and unalter'd love remains;  
Who, life wreck'd round them—hunted from their  
    rest—

And by all else forsaken or distress'd—  
Claim in one heart, their sanctuary and shrine —  
As I, my mother, claim'd my place in thine!

*Mrs. Norton.*

She was my friend—I had but her—no more,  
No other upon earth—and as for heaven,  
I am as they that seek a sign, to whom  
No sign is given. My mother! Oh, my mother!

*Taylor's Edwin the Fair.*

Would, Mother, thou couldst hear me tell  
    How oft, amid my brief career,  
For sins and follies lov'd too well,  
    Hath fallen the free, repentant tear.  
And, in the waywardness of youth,  
    How better thoughts have given to me  
Contempt for error, love for truth,  
    'Mid sweet remembrances of thee.

*James Aldrich*

She led me first to God;  
Her words and prayers were my young spirit's  
    dew—

For when she us'd to leave  
    The fireside every eve,

I knew it was for prayer that she withdrew.  
    How often has the thought  
    Of my mourn'd mother brought

Peace to my troubled spirit, and new power  
    The tempter to repel!

Mother, thou knowest well  
That thou hast bless'd me since my natal hour.

*John Pierpont*

My mother!—manhood's anxious brow  
    And sterner cares have long been mine.  
Yet turn I to thee fondly now,

    As when upon thy bosom's shrine  
My infant griefs were gently hush'd to rest,  
    And thy low whisper'd prayers my slumber bless'd;

*George W. Bethune*

I ve por'd o'er many a yellow page  
Of ancient wisdom, and have won,  
Perchance, a scholar's name — but sage  
Or bard have never taught thy son  
Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth,  
As those his mother's faith shed on his youth.

*George W. Bethune.*

A mother's love — how sweet the name!

What is a mother's love?  
— A noble, pure, and tender flame,  
Enkindled from above,  
To bless a heart of earthly mould;  
The warmest love that can grow cold;  
This is a mother's love.

*James Montgomery.*

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,  
For her new-born babe beside her lies;  
Oh, heaven of bliss! when the heart o'erflows  
With the rapture a mother only knows!

*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Our little ones inquire of me, where is their mother  
gone? —

What answer can I make to them, except with  
tears alone:  
For if I say, to heaven — then the poor things  
wish to learn,  
How far is it, and where, and when their mother  
will return.

*Albert Pike.*

Yes, I have left the golden shore,  
Where childhood 'midst the roses play'd:  
Those sunny dreams will come no more,  
That youth a long bright Sabbath made.  
Yet while those dreams of memory's eye  
Arise in many a glittering train,  
My soul goes back to infancy,  
And hears my mother's song again!

*Willis Gaylord Clark.*

And while my soul retains the power  
To think upon each faded year,  
In every bright or shadow'd hour,  
My heart shall hold my mother dear.  
The hills may tower — the waves may rise,  
And roll between my home and me;  
Yet shall my quenchless memories  
Turn with undying love to thee.

*Willis Gaylord Clark.*

Mother! dear mother! the feelings nurst  
As I hung at thy bosom, *clung round thee first.*  
"I was the earliest link in love's warm chain —  
"I' is the only one that will long remain:  
And as year by year, and day by day,  
Some friend still trusted drops away,  
Mother! dear mother! *oh! dost thou see*  
*How the shorten'd chain brings me nearer thee?*

*Willis's Earlier Poems.*

Number thy lamps of love, and tell me now  
How many canst thou re-light at the stars,  
And blush not at their burning? One—one only —  
Lit while your pulses by one heart kept time,  
And fed with faithful fondness to your grave —  
(Though sometimes with a hand stretch'd back  
from heaven)

Steadfast through all things — near when most  
forgot —

And with its finger of unerring truth  
Pointing the lost way in thy darkest hour —  
One lamp — *thy mother's love* — amid the stars  
Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before  
The throne of God burn through eternity —  
Holy — as it was lit and lent thee here.

*Willis's Poems.*

Dear mother, of the thousand strings which waken  
The sleeping harp within the human heart,  
The longest kept in tune, though oft forsaken,  
Is that in which the mother's voice hath part:  
Her still, small voice, which e'en the careless ear  
Turneth with reverence deep and pure delight to  
hear.

*Mrs. E. J. Eames.*

My mother! at that holy name  
Within my bosom there's a gush  
Of feeling which no time can tame,  
A feeling which for years of fame  
I would not, could not crush!

*George P. Morris*

When we see the flower seeds wasted  
From the nurturing mother tree,  
Tell we can, wherever planted,  
What the harvesting will be;  
Never from the blasting thistle  
Was there gather'd golden grain,—  
Thus the seal the child receiveth  
From its mother will remain.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

Earth held no symbol, had no living sign  
To image forth the mother's deathless love;  
And so the tender care the righteous prove,  
Bencath the ever-watching Eye divine,  
Was given as type to show how pure a shrine  
The mother's heart was hallow'd from above;  
And how her mortal hopes must intertwine  
With hopes immortal; — and she may not move  
From this high station which her Saviour seal'd,  
When in maternal arms he lay reveal'd.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

O wondrous power! how little understood, —  
Entrusted to the mother's mind alone,  
To fashion genius, form the soul for good,  
Inspire a West, or train a Washington!

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

Sweet mother! you fear while no longer you guide  
me,  
The Past will be lost in the Present's gay show;  
But ah! whether joy or misfortune betide me,  
I love you too dearly your love to forego!

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

And still, when the chill wing of woe darkens  
o'er me,  
I am grateful its shadow extends not to thee;  
While if praise thrill my heart or if joy smile be-  
fore me,  
I sigh—"Could she know it, how glad she would  
be!"  
Sweet mother! too fondly your darling you cher-  
ish'd,  
For me to forget you wherever I go;—  
Ah no! not till memory's power has perish'd;  
I love you too dearly to turn from you so!

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

I am one who hold a treasure  
And a gem of wondrous cost;  
But I mar my heart's deep pleasure  
With the fear it may be lost.  
Oh! for some heavenly token,  
By which I may be sure  
The vase shall not be broken—  
Dispers'd the essence pure.  
Then spoke the angel of mothers  
To me in gentle tone,  
"Be kind to the children of others,  
And thus deserve thine own."

*Mrs. Julia W. Howe.*

The mothers of our Forest-Land!  
Stout-hearted dames were they;  
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,  
And join the border-fray:  
They shrank not from the foeman—  
They quail'd not in the fight—  
But cheer'd their husbands through the day,  
And sooth'd them through the night.

*William D. Gallagher.*

The mothers of our Forest-Land  
Their bosoms pillow'd men!  
And proud were they by such to stand,  
In hammock, fort or glen;  
To load the sure old rifle—  
To run the leaden ball—  
To watch a battling husband's place,  
And fill it should he fall:  
No braver dames had Sparta,  
No nobler matrons Rome—  
Yet who or lauds or honours them,  
Even in their own green home?

*William D. Gallagher.*

Thou art not mine — upon thy sweet lip lingers  
Thy mother's smile—  
And while I press thy soft and baby fingers  
In mine the while—  
In the deep eyes so trustfully upraising  
Their light to mine—  
I deem the spirit of thy mother gazing  
To my soul's shrine.  
They ask me with their meek and soft beseeching  
A mother's care—  
They ask a mother's kind and patient teaching—  
A mother's prayer—  
Not mine—yet dear to me—fair fragrant blossom  
Of a fair tree—  
Crush'd to the earth in life's first glorious summer—  
Thou 'rt dear to me,  
Child of the lost, the buried, and the sainted,  
I call thee mine—  
Till fairer still with tears and sin untainted —  
Her home be thine.

*Mrs. Welby*

### MOUNTAINS.

Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,  
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon and night,  
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable;  
Who first beholds the Alps — that mighty chain  
Of mountains, stretching on from east to west,  
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal,  
As to belong rather to heaven than earth —  
But instantly receives into his soul  
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,  
A something that informs him 'tis a moment  
Whence he may date henceforward and forever?

*Rogers's Italy*

A herdsman on the lonely mountain top,  
Oh then how beautiful, how bright appear'd  
The written promise! Early had he learn'd  
To revernce the volume that displays  
The mystery, the life that cannot die;  
But in the mountains he did feel his faith!

*Wordsworth*

The whispering air  
Sends inspiration from the mountain heights.

*Wordsworth*

Above me are the Alps,  
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacld in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And thron'd eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow.  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits, or to show  
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave man  
man below.

*Byron's Childe Harold*

He who first met the highland's swelling blue,  
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue;  
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,  
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.

*Byron's Island.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;  
They crown'd him long ago  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow,  
Around his waist are forests brac'd,  
The Avalanche in his hand.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Mountains have fallen,  
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock  
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up  
The ripe green vallies with destruction's splinters;  
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,  
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made  
Their fountains find another channel.

*Byron's Manfred.*

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!  
Thou hast made thy children mighty  
By the touch of the mountain sod.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

There is a wakening on the mighty hills,  
A kindling with the spirit of the morn!  
Bright gleams are scatter'd from the thousand rills,  
And a soft visionary hue is born

On the young foliage worn.

By all the embosom'd woods—a silvery green,  
Made up of spring and dew, harmoniously serene.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

I stand upon my native hills again,  
Broad, round, and green, that in the summer  
sky,

With garniture of waving grass and grain,

Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie,  
While deep the sunless glens are scoop'd between,  
Where brawlo'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

*Bryant's Poems.*

Here mountain on mountain exultingly throws  
Through storm, mist, and snow, its bleak crags  
to the sky;

In their shadow the sweets of the valley repose,  
While streams, gay with verdure and sunshine  
steal by.

*William Peter.*

These mountains, piercing to the sky

With their eternal cones of ice,—

Change not, but still remain as ever,

Unwasting, deathness and sublime,

And will remain while lightnings quiver,

Or stars the hoary summits climb,

Or roll the thunder-chariot of eternal Time.

*Albert Pike.*

My mountain home, my mountain home!

Though vallies fairer lie,

My spirit pines amid their bloom—

It shuts me from the sky;

The mountains holier visions bring

Than e'er in vales arise,

As brightest sunshine bathes the wing

That's nearest to the skies.

*Mrs. Hale.*

### MOURNING.

We must all die!

All leave ourselves, it matters not where, when,  
Nor how, so we die well: and can that man that  
does so

Need lamentation for him? children weep,

Because they have offended, or for fear;

Women, for want of will and anger: is there

In noble man, that truly feels both poises

Of life and death, so much of this set weakness,

To drown a glorious death in child and woman.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentine.*

They truly mourn, that mourn without a witness.

*Baron's Mirza.*

What though no friends in sable weeds appear,

Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,

And bear about the mockery of woe,

To midnight dances and the public show!

*Pope.*

Many, my friend, have mourn'd for thee,

And yet shall many mourn,

Long as thy name on earth shall be

In sweet remembrance borne;

For while thine absence they deplore,

'T is for themselves they weep,

That they behold thy face no more.

*James Montgomery.*

Thou art lost to me forever,—I have lost thee,

Isadore,

Thy head will never rest upon my loyal bosom  
more.

Thy tender eyes will never more gaze fondly into  
mine,

Nor thine arms around me lovingly and trustingly  
entwine.

Thou art dead and gone, loving wife,—thy heart  
is still and cold,—

And I at one stride have become most comfortless  
and old;

Of our whole world of love and song, thou wast the  
only light,

A star, whose setting left behind, ah! me, how dark  
a night!

Thou are lost to me, forever, Isadore.

*Albert Pike.*

Oh! thou who dry'st the mourners' tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to thee!  
The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone;  
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

*Moore's Poems.*

A voice upon the prairies,  
A cry of woman's woe  
That minglith with the autumn blast  
All fitfully and low;  
It is a mother's wailing:  
Hath earth another tone  
Like that with which a mother mourns  
Her lost, her only one?

*Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.*

## MURDER.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:  
Cut off even in the blossom of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanneal'd;  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account,  
With all my imperfections on my head.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

He took my father grossly, full of bread;  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;  
And how his credit stands, who knows, save heaven?  
But in our circumstance and course of thought,  
'Tis heavy with him.

*Shake. Hamlet.**I will work him*

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:  
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;  
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,  
And call it accident.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's sum-  
mons,  
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be  
done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell!  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark.  
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he  
lives;

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

One cry'd, God bless us, and Amen, the other;  
As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,  
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,  
When they did say, God bless us.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

The bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan: for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

This Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear, in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against  
The deep damnation of his taking off.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?  
But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Safe in a ditch he lies,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

I am in blood

Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

If the assissination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success; that but this blow  
Might be the lie-all, and the end-all, here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

I will have blood, they say; blood will have blood :  
Stones have been known to move, and trees to  
    speak;  
Augurs, and understood relations, have  
By magot-pies, and coughs, and rooks, brought  
    forth  
The secret'st man of blood.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Will all Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will  
    rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,  
Making the green one, red.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,  
That ever yet this land was guilty of:  
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did stubborn  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness, and mild compassion,  
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

The great king of kings  
Hath in the table of his law commanded,  
That thou shalt do no murder; wilt thou then  
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull;—  
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;  
And I would have it suddenly perform'd,  
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop  
    tears:  
I like you lads;—about your business straight;  
Go, go, despatch.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived in the tide of times.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
To do no contriv'd murder, I lack iniquity  
Sometimes, to do me service: nine or ten times  
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the  
    ribs

*Shaks. Othello.*

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!  
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,  
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
And fiends will snatch at it.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,  
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch.  
Could not a worm, an adder do so much?  
An adder did it; for with deadlier tongue  
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!  
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!  
You have no children, butchers! if you had,  
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

This is the man should do the bloody deed;  
The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast.

*Shaks. King John.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind.

*Shaks. King John.*

See, his face is black and full of blood;  
His eye-balls further out, than when he liv'd;  
Staring full-ghastly, like a strangled man;  
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with strug-  
    gling:

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd  
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.  
Look on the sheets; his hair, you see is sticking;  
His well-proportion'd beard, made rough and rug-  
    ged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd:  
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here:  
The least of all these signs are probable.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part II.*

Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dics:  
The gods on murd'rers fix revengeful eyes.

*Chapman's Widow's Tears.*

Blood hath strange organs to discourse withal;  
It is a clam'rous orator, and then  
Ev'n nature will exceed herself, to tell  
A crime, so thwarting nature.

*Gomersall's Lodovic Sforza.*

Judgment itself would scarce a law enact  
Against the murd'rer, thinking it a fact  
That man 'gainst man would never dare commit;  
Since the worst things of nature do not it.

*Goffe's Orestes.*

Murder itself is past all expiation,  
The greatest crime that nature doth abhor.

*Goffe's Orestes.*

Other sins only speak, murder shrieks out.  
The element of water moistens the earth,  
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

*Webster.*

Is there a crime  
Beneath the roof of heaven, that stains the soul  
Of man, with more infernal hue, than damn'd  
Assassination.

*Cibber's Caesar in Egypt.*

Twice it call'd, so loudly call'd,  
With horrid strength, beyond the pitch of nature;  
And murder! murder! was the dreadful cry.  
A third time it return'd with feeble strength,  
But o' the sudden ceas'd, as though the words  
Were smother'd rudely in the grapp'l'd throat,  
And all was still again, save the wild-blast  
Which at a distance growl'd—  
Oh! it will never from my mind depart!  
That dreadful cry, all i' the instant still'd.

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

Villains,

I know you both, ye are slaves that for a ducat  
Would rend the screaming infant from the breast,  
To plunge it in the flames:  
Yea, draw your keen knives 'cross a father's throat,  
And carve with them the bloody meal ye earn'd.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Aye, heaven and earth do cry, impossible,  
The shuddering angels round the eternal throne,  
Veiling themselves in glory, shriek, impossible,  
But hell doth know it true.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Hear thou, and hope not—if by word or deed,  
Yea, by invisible thought, unutter'd wish,  
Thou hast been ministrant to this horrid act—  
With full collected force of malediction  
I do pronounce unto thy soul—despair.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Cease, triflers; would you have me feel remorse,  
Leave me alone—nor cell, nor chain, nor dungeon,  
Speaks to the murderer with the voice of solitude,

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Oh! thou dead  
And everlasting witness! whose unsinking  
Blood darkens earth and heaven! what thou now  
art,  
I know not! but if thou sees't what I am,  
I think thou wilt forgive him, whom his God  
Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul—farewell!

*Byron's Cain.*

Still as a tomb the ship keeps on;  
Nor sound nor stirring now.

Hush, hark! as from the centre of the deep—  
Shrieks—fiendish yells! They stab them in their  
sleep!

*Dana's Buccaneer.*

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,  
The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,  
The panting, throttled prayer for life,  
The dying's heaving sigh,  
The murd'rer's curse, the dead man's fix'd, still  
glare,  
And fears, and death's cold sweat—they all are  
there!

*Dana's Buccaneer*

—“I know thou com'st for me,”

Lee's spirit to the spectre said;

“I know that I must go with thee—

Take me not i' the dead!

I'm weak and faint. O, let me stay!”

“Nay, murd'rer, rest nor stay for thee !”

*Dana's Buccaneers*

### MUSIC.

Effsoons they heard a most melodious sound,  
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,  
Such as at once might not on living ground,  
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:  
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,  
To rede what manner of music that might be;  
For all that pleasing is to living ear,  
Was there consorted in one harmony;  
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

But soon the eyes rendered the ears their right;  
For such strange harmony he seem'd to hear,  
That all his sensos flock'd into his ear,  
And every faculty wish'd to be seated there.

*Spenser's Britain's Idæ.*

Give me some music; music moody food  
For us that trade in love.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

This music mads me, let it sound no more;  
For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,  
In me, it seem'd, it will make wise men mad.

*Shaks. Richard II*

If music be the food of love, play on,  
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night*

That strain again; it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing, and giving odour.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night*

Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain :  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with  
    bone,  
Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

This music crept by me upon the waters;  
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,  
With its sweet air.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Preposterous ass! that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies, or his usual pain?

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends:  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;  
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones;  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Once I was upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Music so softens and disarms the mind,  
That not an arrow does resistance find.  
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,  
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes.  
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd  
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

*Waller.*

I'll think no more on 't;  
Give me some music; look that it be sad.

*Dryden.*

✓ Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.

*Congreve's Mourning Bride.*

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might  
Deny her nature and be never more,  
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death.

*Milton's Comus.*

Often our seers and poets have confess'd,  
That music's force can tame the furious breast;  
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar, restrain  
His rage; the lion drop his crested mane,  
Attentive to the song; the lynx forget  
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.  
Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?  
Else music, sure, may human cares appease.

*Prior's Solomon.*

E'en rage itself is cheer'd with music:  
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,  
Calls back past joys, and warms us irto transport.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd,  
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.  
Aerial music in the warbling wind,  
At distance rising oft, by small degrees  
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees  
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,  
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:  
Entangl'd deep in its enchanting snares,  
The list'ning heart forgot all duties and all cares.

*Thomson's Castle of Indolence.*

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?  
Who up the lofty diapason roll  
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
Then let them down again into the soul?  
Now rising love they fann'd, now pleasing dole  
They breath'd in tender musings through the  
heart;

As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:  
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art.

*Thomson's Castle of Indolence.*

Ask me no more, whither does haste  
The nightingale, when May is past,  
For in your sweet dividing throat  
She winters and keeps warm her note.

*Carew*

How music charms?  
How metre warms?  
Parent of actions good and brave!  
How vice it tames?  
And worth inflames?  
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

*Young*

Though cheerfulness and I have long been  
strangers,  
Harmonious sounds are still delightful to me,  
There's sure no passion in the human soul,  
But finds its food in music.

*Lillo's Fatal Curiosity.*

By music, minds an equal temper know,  
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low :  
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,  
Music her soft persuasive voice applies ;  
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,  
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.  
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,  
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :  
Melancholy lifts her head,  
Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
List'ning envy drops her snakes ;  
Intestine wars no more our passions wage,  
And giddy fancies hear away their rage.

*Pope's Cecilia.*

O music, sphere descended maid,  
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !

*Collins's Passions.*

Music resembles poetry : in each  
Are nameless graces, which no method teach,  
And which a master's hand alone can reach !

Pope.

I do remember, too,  
She told me of a mermaid once, that lay  
Along the scoop'd side of a hollow wave,  
Singing such dulcet music, that the ear,  
Like a woo'd damsel, trembled with delight.

*Sir A. Hunt's Julian.*

Perhaps the breath of music  
May prove more eloquent than my poor words :  
It is the medicine of the breaking heart.

*Sir A. Hunt's Julian.*

How soft the music of those village bells,  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet ! now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again and louder still,  
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on.  
With easy force it opens all the cells  
Where mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard  
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,  
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.

*Couper's Task.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,  
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd  
With melting airs of martial, brisk or grave.  
Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.

*Couper's Task.*

Yet what is music, and the blended power  
Of voice with instruments of wind and string ?  
What but an empty pageant of sweet noise ?  
'Tis past : and all that it has left behind  
Is but an echo dwelling in the ear  
Of the toy-taken fancy, and beside,  
A void and countless hour life's brief day

Crouse.

But hark ! the village clock strikes nine — the  
chimes  
Merrily follow, tuneful to the sense  
Of the pleased clown attentive, while they make  
False measur'd melody on crazy bells.  
O wondrous power of modulated sound !  
Which like the air (whose all obedient shape  
Thou mak'st thy slave) canst subtilely pervade  
The yielded avenues of sense, unlock  
The close affections, by some fairy path  
Winning an easy way through every ear,  
And with thine unsubstantial quality  
Holding in mighty chains the hearts of all ;  
All, but some cold and sullen temper'd spirits,  
Who feel no touch of sympathy or love.

Crouse.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?  
Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !  
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt  
Of solitude and melancholy born ?  
He needs not woo the muse ; he is her scorn ;  
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;  
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or mourn,  
And delve for life in mammon's dirty mine ;  
Sneak with the scoundrel fox or grunt with gluton  
swine.

*Beattie's Minstrel*

I was a wild and wayward boy,  
My childhood scorn'd each childish toy.  
Retir'd from all, reserv'd, and coy,  
To musing prone,  
I woo'd my solitary joy,  
My harp alone.  
Ambition's dream I've seen depart,  
Have read of penury the smart,  
Have felt of love the venom'd dart  
When hope was flown :  
Yet rests one solace to my heart,—  
My harp alone.

*Scott's Rokeby*

So far was heard the mighty knell,  
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,  
Spread his broad nostrils to the wind,  
Listed before, aside, behind ;  
And quak'd among the mountain fern,  
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

*Scott's Marmion.*

'The sound, upon the fitful gale,  
In solemn wise did rise and fail,  
Like that wild harp, whose magic toce  
Is waken'd by the winds alone.

*Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast;  
Bids every passion revel or be still;  
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves;  
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair—  
That power is music.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,  
Expels diseases, softens every pain,  
Subdues the rage of poison and of plague.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Whose story is so pleasing, and so sad,  
The swains have turn'd it to a plaintive lay,  
And sing it as they tend their mountain sheep.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

I thank thee; this shall be our daily song,  
It cheers my heart, although these foolish tears  
Seem to disgrace its sweetness.

*Joanna Baillie's Beacon.*

Anon through every pulse the music stole,  
And held sublime communion with the soul,  
Wrung from the copest breast the imprison'd sigh,  
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye.

*Montgomery's World before the Flood.*

Music!—O how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should feeling ever speak  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?  
Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
Love's are e'en more false than they;  
Oh! 't is only music's strain  
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

*Moore.*

"This must be the music," said he, "of the spears,  
For I'm blest if each note of it does n't run  
through one!" *Moore's Fudge Family.*

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,  
Of all that look'd so rapturous then;—  
Not wither'd, lost—Oh! pray thee, cease,  
I cannot bear these sounds again.

*Moore.*

Here paus'd he, while the music, now less near,  
Breath'd with a holier language on his ear,  
As though the distance, and that heav'nly ray  
Through which the sounds came floating, took  
away

All that had been too earthly in the lay.  
O could he listen to such sounds unmov'd,  
And by that light — nor dream of her he lov'd!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
And mine are the murmuring dying notes,  
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
And melt in the heart as instantly!  
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,  
Refines the bosom it trembles through,  
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,  
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

But the gentlest of all, are those sounds full of  
feeling,  
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing—  
Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching  
power

Of a lute, and a sigh, in the magical hour.  
*Moore.*

Oh! that I were  
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying,  
With the blust tone that made me!

*Byron's Manfred.*

'T is sweet to hear  
At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep.  
*Byron.*

There's music in the sighing of a reed;  
There's music in the gushing of a rill;  
There's music in all things, if men had ears;  
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

*Byron.*

It rose, that chaunted mournful strain,  
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:  
'T was musical, but sadly sweet,  
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,  
And take a long unmeasur'd tone,  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

*Byron's Siege of Corinth.*

The convent bells are ringing,  
But mournfully and slow;  
In the grey square turret swinging,  
With a deep sound, to and fro:  
Heavily to the heart they go!

*Byron's Parisina.*

And there are songs and quavers, roaring, hum-  
ming,  
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.  
*Byron's Beppo.*

To hear him, you'd believe  
An ass was practising recitative.  
*Byron.*

Music, where soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory.  
*Shelley.*

That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height,  
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;  
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!  
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

*Wordsworth—Power of Music.*

Blest be the song that brightens

The blind man's gloom.

Song lifts the languid oar  
And bids it aptly fall, with chime  
That beautifies the fairest shore.

*Wordsworth.*

And yonder lattice, where thick vine-leaves  
Are canopy, a maiden leans—she has caught  
A shadow—and she sees a well-known form  
Amid those trees, and, with her hair flung back,  
She listens to his song—‘*The song she loved.*’

*Rogers.*

Music! why thy power employ  
Only for the sons of joy?  
Only for the smiling guests  
At natal or at nuptial feasts?  
Rather thy lenient numbers pour  
On those whom secret griefs devour;  
And with some softly-whisper'd air  
Smooth the brow of dumb despair.

*Warton, from Euripides.*

Bring music, stir the brooding air  
With an ethereal breath!

Bring sounds my struggling soul to bear  
Up from the couch of death!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

By what strange spell

Is it, that ever, when I gaze on flowers,  
I dream of music?

*Mrs. Hemans.*

It was my evil star above,

Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;

It was not song that taught me love,

But it was love that taught me song.

*Miss Landon's Poems.*

The music was

Of divine stature—strong to pass!  
And those who heard it understood  
Something of life in spirit and blood—  
Something of Nature's fair and good.

*Miss Barrett's Poems.*

There's music in the forest leaves,  
When summer winds are there,

And in the laugh of forest girls,

That braid their sunny hair.

The first wild bird that drinks the dew,

From violets of the spring,

Has music in his song, and in

The fluttering of his wing.

*Halleck.*

There's something in  
The shape of harps as though they had been made  
By music.

*Bailey's Festus*

Oh, nature first was fresh to men,  
And wanton without measure;  
So youthful and so flexible then,  
You mov'd her at your pleasure.  
Twang out, my fiddle! shake the twigs!  
And make her dance attendance;  
Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs,  
And schirrous roots and tendons.

'T is vain! in such a brassy age  
I could not move a thistle;  
The very sparrows in the hedge  
Scarce answer to my whistle;  
Ah, had I liv'd when song was great,  
And legs of trees were limber,  
And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,  
And fiddled in the timber!

*Tennyson's Poems.*

The words that bear a mission high,  
If music-hallow'd, never die!

*Mrs. Hale's Poems*

The Songs that flow'd on Zion's Hill  
Are chanted in God's Temple still,  
And to the eye of faith unfold  
The glories of His House of old.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems*

A mystery this—but who can see  
The soft south wind that sways the tree,  
And warms its vital flood to flow,  
And wakes its folded buds to blow?  
Even thus the Power of Music, felt,  
The soul is sway'd, the heart will melt,  
Till Love and Hope so bless the Hours,  
Life's dial-plate is mark'd by flowers.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

The Father spake! In grand reverberations  
Through space roll'd on the mighty music-tide,  
While to its low, majestic modulations  
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems*

And wheresoever, in His rich creation,  
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or sou'  
'T is but the faint and far reverberation  
Of that grand tune to which the planets roll!

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems*

Rich, though poor!  
My low-roof'd cottage is this hour a heaven.  
Music is in it—and the song she sings,  
That sweet-voic'd wife of mine, arrests the ear  
Of my young child, awake upon her knee.

*Willis's Poems*

## NAME.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Romeo, doff thy name;  
And for that name which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in Cæsar?  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,  
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great?

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

I do beseech you,  
(Chiefly, that I may set it in my prayers,)  
What is your name?

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Good name in man or woman dear—  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce  
Of that serene companion — a good name,  
Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,  
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.

*Wordsworth — Sonnet.*

My hopes are with the dead; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity:  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

*Southey.*

I breathe the dear and cherished name,  
And long-lost scenes arise;  
Life's glowing landscape spreads the same,—  
The same Hope's kindling skies.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

I thy name Mary, maiden fair?  
Such should, methinks, its music be;  
The sweetest name that mortals bear,  
Were best befitting thee;  
And she, to whom it once was given,  
Was half of earth, and half of heaven

*O. W. Holmes's Poems.*

Oh! never breathe a dead one's name,  
When those who lov'd that one are nigh;  
It pours a lava through the frame  
That chokes the breast and fills the eye.

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

Oh never breathe a lost one's name  
To those who call'd that name their own;  
It only stirs the smouldering flame  
That burns upon a charnel stone.

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

He that is ambitious for his son, should give him  
untried names,  
For those have serv'd other men, haply may  
injure by their evils;  
Or otherwise may hinder by their glories; there-  
fore set him by himself,  
To win for his individual name some clear praise.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,  
The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,  
To my fond fancy, MARY, seem to borrow  
Celestial halos from thy gentle name.

*H. T. Tuckerman.*

Call me pet names, dearest! Call me thy bird,  
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word,  
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming  
of flight,

That tenderly sings there in loving delight!  
Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word,—  
Call me pet names, dearest! Call me thy bird!

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

Land of the West! though passing brief

The record of thine age,  
Thou hast a name that darkens all  
On history's wide page!

Let all the blasts of fame ring out—  
Thine shall be louder far:

Let others boast their satellites —  
Thou hast the planet star!

Thou hast a name whose characters  
Of light shall ne'er depart;

"Tis stamp'd upon the dullest brain,  
And warms the coldest heart;

A war-cry fit for any land  
Where freedom's to be won:

Land of the West! it stands alone —  
It is thy Washington!

*Miss Eliza Cook's Poems.*

## NATURE.

Nature is motion's mother,  
The spring whence order flows; that all directs,  
And knits the cause with th' effects.

*Jonson's Masques.*

Oh, noble strain!  
O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!  
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:  
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Nature hath made nothing so base, but can  
Read some instruction to the wisest man.

*Aley'n's Crescye.*

Nature is impartial,  
And in her work of man, prefers not names  
Of ancestors; she sometimes forms a piece  
For admiration from the basest earth,  
That holds a soul; and to a beggar's issue  
Gives those perfections make a beauty up;  
When purer moulds, polish'd and gloss'd with titles,  
Honours and wealth bestow upon their bloods  
Deform'd impressions, objects only fit  
For sport or pity.

*Nabb's Tottenham Court.*

In contemplation of created things  
By steps we may ascend to God.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art,  
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow  
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,  
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

*Dryden's Annus Mirabilis.*

How mean the order and perfection sought  
In the best product of the human thought,  
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns  
In what the spirit of the world ordains!

*Prior's Solomon.*

A fricer red stands blushing in the rose  
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment  
flows,  
Take but the humblest lily of the field,  
And, if our pride will to our reason yield,  
It must, by sure comparison, be shown  
That on the regal seat great David's son,  
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,  
Shines with less glory than that simple flower.

*Prior's Solomon.*

Who lives to nature rarely can be poor;  
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;  
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;  
That, changed through all, is yet in all the same;  
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;  
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;

Lives through all life, extends through all extent;  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,  
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;  
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.  
Above, how high! progressive life may go!  
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!  
Vast chain of being! which from God began,  
Nature's ethereal, human, angel, man,  
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
No glass can reach, from infinite to thee,  
From thee to nothing.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Who can paint

Like nature? can imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?  
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
And lose them in each other, as appears  
In every bud that blows.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!  
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!  
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!

*Thomson's Seasons*

Ask the swain

Who journeys homeward from a summer day's  
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
And due repose, he loiters to behold  
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,  
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,  
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,  
Beyond the power of language, will unfold  
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,  
How lovely! how commanding!

*Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination*

Thus nature works as if to mock at art,  
And in defiance of her rival powers;  
By these fortuitous and random strokes  
Performing such imimitable feats,  
As she with all her rules can never reach.

*Couper's Task.*

How oft upon yon eminence, our pace  
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne  
The ruffling wind scarce conscious that it blew  
While admiration feeding at the eye,  
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene!

*Couper's Task*

All natural objects have  
An echo in the heart. This flesh doth thrill,  
And has connexion by some unseen chain  
With its original source and kindred substance.  
The mighty forest, the proud tides of ocean,  
Sky-clearing hills, and in the vast of air,  
The starry constellations; and the sun,  
Parent of life exhaustless—these maintain  
With the mysterious mind and breathing mould  
A co-existence and community.

*Sir A. Hunt's Julian.*

Liberal, not lavish, is kind nature's hand;  
Nor was perfection made for man below.  
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,  
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.  
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,  
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise,  
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;  
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,  
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the  
eyes.

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

O nature, how in every charm supreme!  
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!  
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,  
To sing thy glories with devotion due!  
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,  
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;  
And held high converse with the godlike few,  
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,  
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

Nature makes her happy home with man  
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed,  
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed.

*Coleridge.*

Where rose the mountains, there to him were  
friends;  
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;  
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime extends,  
He had the passion and the power to roam;  
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,  
Were unto him companionship; they spoke  
A mutual language, clearer than the tome  
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake  
For nature's pages glaz'd by sun-beams on the lake.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Live not the stars and mountains? are the waves  
Without a spirit? are the dropping caves  
Without a feeling in their silent tears?  
No, no; — they woo and clasp us to their spheres,  
Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before  
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great shore.

*Byron's Island.*

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
His altar the high places and the peak  
Of earth — o'er gazing mountains, and thus take  
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek  
The spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,  
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare,  
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,  
With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,  
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

'T is nature's law  
That none, the meanest of created things,  
Of forms created the most vile and brutish  
The dullest and most noxious, should exist  
Divorc'd from good — a spirit and pulse of good,  
A life and soul to every mode of being  
Inseparably link'd.

*Wordsworth.*

Nothing is lost on him who sees  
With an eye that genius gave;  
For him there's a story in every breeze,  
And a picture in every wave.

*Moore.*

I can pass days  
Stretch'd in the shade of those old cedar-trees,  
Watching the sunshine like a blessing fall,—  
The breeze like music wandering o'er the boughs,  
Each tree a natural harp,— each different leaf  
A different note, blent in one vast thanksgiving.

*Miss Landon.*

Within the sun-lit forest,  
Our roof of the bright blue sky,  
Where streamlets flow, and wild flowers blow,  
We lift our hearts on high;  
Our country's strength is bowing;  
But, thanks to God, they can't prevent  
The lone wild-flower from blowing!

*Ebenezer Elliott.*

Oft have I listen'd to a voice that spake  
Of cold and dull realities of life.  
Deem we not thus of life; for we may fetch  
Light from a hidden glory, which shall clothe  
The meanest thing that is with hues of heaven.  
Our light should be the broad and open day;  
And as we lose its shining, we shall look  
Still on the bright and daylight face of things.

*Henry Alford.*

Well I remember, in my boyish days,  
How deep the feeling, when my eye look'd forth  
On Nature, in her loveliness, and storms;  
How my heart gladden'd, as the light of spring  
Came from thee, with zephyrs and with showers,  
Waking the earth to beauty, and the woods  
To music, and the atmosphere blew,  
Sweetly and calmly, with its breath of balm.

*Percival's Poems*

How patient Nature smiles at Fame !

The weeds that strew'd the victor's way,  
Feed on his dust to shroud his fame,  
Green where proudest towers decay.

O. W. Holmes.

If man would but his finer nature learn,  
And not in life fantastic lose the sense  
Of simpler things ; could Nature's features stern  
Teach him be thoughtful, then, with soul intense  
I should not yearn for God to take me hence.

Dana's Poems.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldest forget,  
If thou wouldest read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills ! — no tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

Longfellow's Poems.

Nature — faint emblem of Omnipotence ! —  
Shap'd by His hand — the shadow of His light —  
The veil in which He wraps His majesty,  
And through whose mantling folds He deigns to  
show,

Of His mysterious, awful attributes  
And dazzling splendours, all man's feeble thought  
Can grasp uncrush'd, or vision bear unquench'd.

Street's Poems.

Nature is man's best teacher. She unfolds  
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,  
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart,  
An influence breathes from all the sights and  
sounds

Of her existence ; she is wisdom's self.  
Street's Poems.

There's not a plant that springeth,  
But bears some good to earth ;

There's not a life but bringeth  
Its store of harmless mirth ;

The dusty, wayside clover  
Has honey in its cells, —

The wild bee, humming over,  
Her tale of pleasure tells ;

The osiers, o'er the fountain,  
Keep cool the water's breast, —

And on the roughest mountain  
The softest moss is press'd.

Thus holy Nature teaches  
The worth of blessings small,  
That Love pervades, and reaches,  
And forms the bliss of all. Mrs. Hale's Poems.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
When our mother Nature laughs around ;  
When even the blue deep heavens look glad,  
And gladness blooms from the blossoming  
ground ? Bryant's Poems.

Go abroad

Upon the paths of nature, and when all  
Its voices whisper, and its silent things  
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world.  
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God,  
Who hath the living waters, shall be there.

Willis.

The book of nature, and the print

Of beauty on the whispering sea,  
Give aye to me some lineament

Of what I have been taught to be.

My heart is harder, and perhaps

My manliness hath drunk up tears ;  
And there's a mildew in the lapse

Of a few swift and chequer'd years —  
But nature's book is even yet

With all my mother's lessons writ.

Willis's Poems.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,

Singing at dawn from the alder bough ;

I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;

He sings the song, but it pleases not now,  
For I did not bring home the river and sky ; —

He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The green earth sends its incense up

From every mountain shrine —

From every flower and dewy cup

That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,

Like the white wing of prayer ;  
They lean above the ancient hills,

As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast

O'er breezy hill and glen,

As if a prayerful spirit pass'd  
O'er all the homes of men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,

E'en as repentant love ;

Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurl'd,

They fade in light above.

Whittier's Worship of Nature.

## NECESSITY.

Fatal necessity is never known,  
Until it strike ; and till that blow be come,  
Who falls, is by false visions overthrown.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha

'T is necessity,  
To which the gods must yield ; and I obey,  
Till I redeem it by some glorious way.

Beaumont and Fletcher's False One.

When fear admits no hope of safety, then  
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

Herrick

Let those go see who will — I like it not —  
For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp,  
And all the nothings he is now divorce'd from  
By the hard doom of stern necessity ;  
Yet is it sad to mark his alter'd brow,  
Where vanity adjusts her flimsy veil  
O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant anguish.

*Old Play. Antiquary.*

It was, we own, subject of much debate,  
And worthy men stood on opposing sides,  
Whether the cup of mortal life had more  
Of sour or sweet. Vain question this, when ask'd  
In general terms, and worthy to be left  
Unsolv'd. — The sweet was in the taste,  
The beauty in the eye, and in the ear  
The melody ; and in the man — for God  
Necessity of sinning laid on none.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

Between you and your best intent

Necessity her brazen bar  
Will often interpose, as sent  
Your pure benevolence to mar.

*R. M. Milnes.*

Necessity, like electricity,  
Is in ourselves and all things, and no more  
Without us than within us.

*Bailey's Festus.*

We will and act and talk of liberty ;  
And all our wills and all our doings both  
Are limited within this little life.  
Free will is but necessity in play, —  
The clattering of the golden reins which guide  
The thunder-footed coursers of the sun.

*Bailey's Festus.*

The ship which goes to sea inform'd with fire, —  
Obeying only its own iron force,  
Reckless of adverse tides, breeze dead, or weak  
As infant's sporting breath, too faint to stir  
The feather held before it, — is as much  
The appointed thrall of all the elements,  
As the white-bosom'd bark which woos the wind,  
And when it dies desists. And thus with man ;  
However contrary he set his heart  
To God, he is but working out His will,  
And, at an infinite angle, more or less  
Obeying his own soul's necessity.

*Bailey's Festus.*

## NEWS.

With news the time's in labour, and throws forth  
Each minute some

*Shakspeare.*

What news, Lord Bardolph ? every minute now  
Should be the father of some stratagem :  
The times are wild ; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the  
grave,  
To tell us this.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste  
Had falscly thrust upon contrary feet) ;  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*Shaks. King John.*

Let me speak, to the yet unknowing world, —  
How these things came about : so shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts ;  
Of accidental judgments, casual slayings ;  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause ;  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I  
Truly deliver.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

The rabble gather round the man of news,  
And listen with their mouths wide open ; some  
Tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make  
it,

And he that lies most loud, is most believed.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

Catracas of declamation thunder here :  
There forests of no meaning spread the page,  
In which all comprehension wanders lost :  
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there  
With merry descants on a nation's woes.  
The rest appear a wilderness of strange  
But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,  
And lilies for the brows of faded age,  
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,  
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,  
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,  
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite alter,  
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,  
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end  
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

*Couper's Task.*

This folio of four pages, happy work;  
Which not e'en critics criticise that holds  
Inquisitive attention, while I read,  
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,  
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;  
What is it but a map of busy life,  
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?

*Couper's Task.*

The news! our morning, noon, and evening cry,  
Day after day repeats it till we die.  
For this the cit, the critic, and the sop,  
Dally the hour away in Tonsor's shop;  
For this the gossip takes her daily route,  
And wears your threshold and your patience out;  
For this we leave the parson in the lurch,  
And pause to prattle on our way to church;  
Even when some coffin'd friend we gather round,  
We ask—"what news?"—then lay him in the  
ground. *Sprague's Curiosity.*

### NIGHT.

By this the drooping daylight 'gan to fade,  
And yield his room to sad succeeding night,  
Who with her sable mantle 'gan to shade  
The face of earth and ways of living wight,  
And high her burning torch set up in heaven  
bright. *Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Grisly night, with visage deadly sad,  
That Phœbus' cheerful face durst never view,  
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,  
She finds forthcoming from her darksome mew;  
Where she all day did hide her hated hue;  
Before the door her iron chariot stood  
Already harnessed for a journey new;  
And eccl black-steeds yborne of hellish brood,  
That on their rusty bits did champ as they were  
wood. *Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

But well I wot that to a heavy heart  
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,  
Bredcr of new, renewer of old smarts:  
Instead of rest thou lendest railing tears,  
Instead of sleep thou sendest troublous fears:  
And dreadful visions, in the which alive  
The dreary image of sad death appears:  
So from the weary spirit thou dost drive  
Desired rest, and men of happiness deprive.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Under thy mantle black there hidden lie,  
Light-shaming theft, and traitorous intent,  
Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,  
Shameful deceit, and danger imminent,  
Foul horror and eke hellish dreriment.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Now 'gan the noble Phœbus for to steep  
His fiery face in billows of the west,  
And his faint steeds watered in ocean deep,  
Whiles from their journal labours they did rest.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen*

Who can express the horror of that night,  
When darkness lent his robes to monster fear?  
And heav'n's black mantle banishing the light  
Made every thing in ugly form appear.

*Brandon's Octavia.*

Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless night!  
Empress of silence, and the queen of sleep;  
Who, with thy black cheek's pure complexion,  
Mak'st lovers' eyes enamour'd of thy beauty.

*Marlowe*

Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,  
Alarmed by his sentinel the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy  
pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his  
design  
Moves like a ghost. *Shaks. Macbeth.*

Light thickens; and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood;  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;  
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse,

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Hark! peace!  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,  
Which giv'st the stern'st good night.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Come, seeling night,  
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
Which keeps me pale.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

The gaudy, babbling, and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;  
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,  
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws,  
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part II.*

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,  
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompense.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream*

The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And by the bright track of his golden car,  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

The midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night.

*Shaks. King John.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes  
out  
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot  
blood,  
And do such business as the bitter day  
Would quake to look on.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still giving to the young-ey'd cherubims;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Night's silent reign had robb'd the world of light;  
To lend, in lieu, a greater benefit,  
Repose and sleep; when ev'ry mortal breast  
Whom care or grief permitted, took their rest.

*May's Continuation of Lucan.*

Quiet night, that brings  
Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,  
In which he rises early to do wrong,  
And when his work is ended dare not sleep.

*Massinger.*

Now glow'd the firmament  
With livid sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in cloudy majesty, at length  
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey  
Had in her sober livery all things clad:  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were slunk, all but the woeful nightingale.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter  
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save when silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake,  
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns  
Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
If none regard.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

Now began  
Night with her sullen wings to double shade  
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;  
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

The day is fled, and dismal night descends,  
Casting her sable arms around the world,  
And folding all within her sable grasp.

*Hopkins's Pyrrhus.*

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,  
And luxury more late, asleep were laid:  
All was the night's: and in her silent reign  
No sound the rest of nature did invade.

*Dryden's Annus Mirabilis.*

This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,  
Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

The drowsy night grows on the world, and now  
The busy craftsmen, and o'er-labour'd hind  
Forget the travail of the day in sleep:  
Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness;  
With meagre discontented looks they sit,  
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

The setting sun descends  
Swift to the western waves; and guilty night,  
Hasty to spread her horror o'er the world,  
Rides on the dusky air.

*Rowe's Ulysses.*

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;  
Nature in silence bid the world repose.

*Parnell's Hermit.*

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,  
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.  
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!  
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;  
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse  
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;  
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

By day, the soul o'erborne by life's career,  
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,  
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

How is night's sable mantle labour'd o'er,  
How richly wrought with attributes divine!  
What wisdom shines! what love! this midnight  
pomp,  
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds enlarg'd !  
Built with divine ambition.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?  
'T is the felt presence of the deity.  
Few are the faults we flatter when alone,  
Vice sinks in her allurements, is unguilt,  
And looks, like other objects, black by night.  
By night an atheist half-believes a God.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond  
Of feather'd popperies, the sun adore :  
Darkness has more divinity for me;  
It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul  
To settle on herself, our point supreme!  
There lies our theatre; there sits our judge.  
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;  
'T is the kind hand of Providence stretcht out  
'Twixt man and vanity: 't is reason's reign,  
And virtue's too; these tutelary shades  
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.  
Night is the good man's friend, and guardian too;  
It no less rescues virtue, than inspires.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

How like a widow in her weeds, the night,  
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!  
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps  
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The trembling stars  
See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom  
With front erect, that hide their head by day,  
And making night still darker by their deeds.  
Slumbering in covert, till the shades descend,  
Rapine and murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn  
The sad necessity of his return;  
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,  
Or did, or was imagin'd to, complain:  
The tapers cast an inauspicious light;  
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

*Young's Force of Religion.*

Now black, and deep the night begins to fall,  
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.  
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;  
Distinction lost; and gay variety  
One universal blot: such the power  
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The sun was set; the night came on apace,  
And falling dews bewet around the place;  
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,  
And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings.

*Gay's Shepherd's Week*

As yet 't is midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
Let me associate with the serious night,  
And contemplation her sedate compeer;  
Let me shake off the intrusive cares of day,  
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

*Thomson's Seasons*

In sable pomp, with all her starry train,  
The night resum'd her throne.

*Glover.*

The night look'd black, and boding darkness fell  
Precipitate and heavy o'er the world;  
At once extinguishing the sun.

*Mallett's Mustapha.*

O, treach'rous night!  
Thou lend'st thy ready veil to ev'ry treason,  
And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath thy shade.

*Hill's Zara*

How those fall'n leaves do rustle on the path,  
With whisp'ring noise, as tho' the earth around me  
Did utter secret things!  
The distant river, too, bears to mine ear  
A dismal wailing. O mysterious night!  
Thou art not silent; many tongues hast thou!

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

No was the noon of night; and all was still,  
Save where the sentinel paced on his rounds,  
Humming a broken song. Along the camp  
High flames the frequent fire. The warrior  
Franks,

On the hard earth extended, rest their limbs  
Fatigued, their spears lay by them, and the shield  
Pillow'd the helmed head: secure they slept,  
And busy fancy in her dream renew'd  
The fight of yesterday.

*Southey*

How beautiful is night!  
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,  
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,  
Breaks the serene heaven:

In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine  
Rolls through the dark blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray  
The desert circle spreads,  
Like the round ocean, gird'st with the sky  
How beautiful is night!

*Southey's Thalaba*

Behold the world  
 Rests, and her tir'd inhabitants have paus'd  
 From trouble and turmoil. The widow now  
 Has ceas'd to weep, and her twin-orphans lie  
 Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.  
 The man of sorrow has forgot his woes ;  
 The outcast that his head is shelterless,  
 His griefs unshar'd. The mother tends no more  
 Her daughter's dying slumbers, but surpris'd  
 With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,  
 Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic lull'd  
 On death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapt,  
 Crowning with hope's bland wreath his shuddering  
 nurse,  
 Poor victim ! smiles.—Silence and deep repose  
 Reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice  
 Of nature utters audibly within  
 The general moral ;—tells us that repose,  
 Death-like as this, but of far longer pain,  
 Is coming on us—that the weary crowds,  
 Who now enjoy a temporary calm,  
 Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt around  
 With grave-clothes; and their aching restless  
 heads  
 Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved  
 Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.

*Henry Kirke White.*

The night comes calmly forth,  
 Bringing sweet rest upon the wings of even :  
 The golden wain rolls round the silent north,  
 And earth is slumbering 'neath the smiles of  
 heaven. *Bowring.*

Another day is added to the map  
 Of buried ages. Lo ! the beauteous moon,  
 Like a fair shepherdess, now comes abroad  
 With the full flock of stars, that roam around  
 The azure meads of heaven. And, oh ! how  
 charm'd,  
 Beneath her loveliness, creation looks ;  
 Far gleaming hills, and light in-weaving streams,  
 And sleeping boughs with dewy lustre clothed,  
 And green-hair'd valleys,—all in glory dress'd,  
 Make up the pageantries of night.

*Robert Montgomery.*

'Tis night, the spectred hour is nigh ;  
 Pensive I hear the moaning blast  
 Passing with sad sepulchral sigh,  
 My lyre that hangs neglected by,  
 And seems to mourn for pleasures past

*Moore.*

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,  
 Obscures you bashful light,  
 Which seems so modestly to steal  
 Along the waste of night !

'T is thus the world's obtrusive wrongs  
 Obscure, with malice keen,  
 Some timid heart, which only longs  
 To live and die unseen.

*Moore*

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
 Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !  
 I linger yet with nature, for the night  
 Hath been to me a more familiar face  
 Than that of man ; and, in her starry shade  
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
 I learn'd the language of another world.

*Byron's Manfred*

All is gentle : nought  
 Stirs rudely ; but congenial with the night,  
 Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

How sweet and soothing is this hour of calm !  
 I thank thee, night ! for thou hast chased away  
 These horrid bodements which, amidst the throng,  
 I could not dissipate : and with the blessing  
 Of thy benign and quiet influence —  
 Now will I to my couch, although to rest  
 Is almost wronging such a night as this.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

'T is midnight : on the mountain's brown  
 The cold, round moon shines deeply down,  
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
 Bespangled with those isles of light,  
 So wildly, spiritually bright ;  
 Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
 And turned to earth without repining,  
 Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
 And mix with their eternal ray ?

*Byron's Siege of Corinth*

All was so still, so soft, in earth and air,  
 You scarce would start to meet a spirit there ;  
 Secure that nought of evil could delight  
 To walk in such a scene, on such a night !

*Byron's Lara.*

The night  
 Shows stars and women in a better light. *Byron.*

Just one look before I sleep,  
 Just one parting glance to keep  
 On my heart and on my brain  
 Every line and feature plain,  
 In sweet hopes that they may be  
 Present in those dreams to me,  
 Which the gentle night-hour brings  
 Ever on her starry wings.

*Miss Landon's Poems.*

Night is a lively masquerade of day.

*J. Montgomery.*

Stringing the stars at random round her head,  
Like a pearl network, there she sits—bright Night!  
I love night more than day,—she is so lovely,  
But I love night the most because she brings  
My love to me in dreams.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Mind and Night  
Will meet, though in silence, like forbidden lovers.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Night hath made many bards, she is so lovely.

*Bailey's Festus.*

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh  
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon

vault,

Studded with stars innumerably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur  
rolls,

Seems like a canopy which love has spread  
Above the sleeping world.

*Shelley's Poems.*

'T is dark abroad. The majesty of night  
Bows down superbly from her utmost height,  
Stretches her starless plumes across the world,  
And all the banners of the wind are furl'd.

*John Neal.*

The deep, transparent sky is full  
Of many a thousand glittering lights—  
Unnumber'd stars that calmly rule

The dark dominions of the night.  
The mild bright moon has upward risen,  
Out of the grey and boundless plain,  
And all around the white snows glisten,  
Where frost, and ice, and silence reign,  
While ages roll away, and they unchang'd remain.

*Albert Pike.*

The night has come, but not too soon;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

*Longfellow's Poems.*

Sleep chains the earth; the bright stars glide on  
high,  
Filling with one effulgent smile the sky;  
And all is hush'd so still, so silent there,  
That one might hear an angel wing the air.

*Mrs. Lewis's Child of the Sea.*

The last red gold had melted from the sky,  
Where the sweet sunset linger'd soft and warm,  
And starry night was gathering silently  
The jewell'd mantle round her regal form;  
While the invisible fingers of the breeze  
Shook the young blossoms lightly from the trees.

*Phae Carey.*

Night is the time when Nature seems

God's silent worshipper,  
And ever with a chasten'd heart

In unison with her,

I lay me on my peaceful couch,  
The day's dull cares resign'd,  
And let my thoughts fold up like flowers,  
In the twilight of the mind.

*Sara J. Clarke*

I dread the night—it holds,  
Within its weary bounds,  
Strife, grief, and fears, red battle-fields,  
And spectre-haunted grounds.

*Sara J. Clarke*

Oh, Night! most beautiful, most rare!  
Thou giv'st the heavens their holiest hue!

And through the azure fields of air,

Bringest down the golden dew!

For thou, with breathless lips apart,

Didst stand in that dim age afar,  
And hold upon thy trembling heart  
Messiah's herald-star!

For this I love thy hallow'd reign!

For more than this thrice blest thou art!

Thou gain'st the unbeliever's brain

By entering at his heart!

*T. Buchanan Read.*

Thick darkness broodeth o'er the world;—

The raven pinion of the Night,

Close on her silent bosom furl'd,

Reflects no gleam of orient light.

E'en the wild norland fires that mock'd

The faint bloom of the eastern sky,  
Now leave me, in close darkness lock'd,  
To Night's weird realm of fantasy.

*Mrs. Whitman*

## NIGHTINGALE.

O nightingale, that on yon blooming spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend success in love; oh! if Jove's will  
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh,  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:  
Whether the muse or love call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

*Milton*

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection !

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy.

*Milton's Il Penseroso.*

The melancholy Philomel,  
Thus perch'd all night alone in shady groves,  
Tunes her soft voice to sad complaints of love,  
Making her life one great harmonious woe.

*Southern's Disappointment.*

—Hark ! the nightingale begins his song,  
“ Most musical, most melancholy ” bird !  
A melancholy bird ! O idle thought !  
In nature there is nothing melancholy.  
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was  
pierc'd

With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,  
(And so, poor wretch ! fill'd all things with himself  
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale  
Of his own sorrows,) he, and such as he,  
First nam'd these notes a melancholy strain.

*Coleridge.*

‘T is the merry nightingale  
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,  
With fast, thick warble, his delicious notes,  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul  
Of all its music !

*Coleridge.*

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird !  
No hungry generations tread thee down ;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown.

*Keats.*

### NOBILITY.

Vain-glorious man, when fluttering wind does blow  
In his light wings, is lifted up to sky ;  
The scorn of knighthood and true chivalry,  
To think, without desert of gentle deed  
And noble worth, to be advanced high,  
Such praise is shame ; but honour, virtue's meed,  
Doth bear the fairest flower in honourable seed.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,  
Because its owner is a duke ?

*Swift.*

True is, that whilome that good poet said,  
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known,  
For man by nothing is so well bewray'd,  
As by his manners, in which plain is shown  
Of what degree and what race he is grown.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

So man's true fame must strike from his own  
deeds.

*Middleton.*

How vain are all hereditary honours,  
Those poor possessions from another's deeds,  
Unless our own just virtues form our title,  
And give a sanction to our fond assumption !

*Shirley.*

‘T is from high life high characters are drawn,  
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;  
A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still,  
A gown-man, learn'd ; a bishop, what you will ;  
Wise, if a minister ; but if a king,  
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry  
thing.

*Pope.*

But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,  
Count me those only that were good and great.  
Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble blood  
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,  
Go ! and pretend your family is young ;  
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.  
What can ennable sots, or slaves, or cowards ?  
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Whoe'er amidst the sons  
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,  
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble  
Of nature's own creating. Such have risen,  
Sprung from the dust ; or where had been our  
honours ?

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Look round  
Among the titled great ones of the world ;  
Do they not spring from some proud monarch's  
flatterer,  
Some favourite mistress, or ambitious minister,  
The ruin of his country, while their blood  
Rolls down through many a fool, through many a  
villain,  
To its now proud possessors ?

*Frances's Eugenia.*

Ev'n to the dullest peasant standing by,  
Who fasten'd still on him a wondering eye,  
He seem'd the master spirit of the land.

*Joanna Baillie.*

There were twelve peers  
Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers in look  
And intellect, that neither eyes nor ears  
For commoners had ever them mistook.

*Byron.*

Even to the delicacy of their hands  
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears.  
*Byron.*

The noble ranks of fashion and birth  
Are fetter'd by courtly rule;  
They dare not rend the shackles that tend  
To form the knave and fool.  
*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

And what if court or castle vaunt  
Its children loftier born?  
Who heeds the silken tassel's vaunt  
Beside the golden corn?  
They ask not for the courtly toil  
Of ribbon'd knights and earls,  
The daughters of the virgin soil,  
Our freeborn Yankee girls!  
*O. W. Holmes.*

There's no power  
In ancestry to make the foolish wise,  
The ignorant learn'd, the cowardly and base  
Deserving our respect as brave and good.  
All men feel this: nor dares the despot say  
His fiat can endow with truth the soul,  
Or, like a pension, on the heart bestow  
The virtues current in the realms above.  
Hence man's best riches must be gain'd—not  
given;  
His noblest name deserv'd, and not deriv'd.  
*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

The ruffian warriors of the olden times,  
Boisterous as winter, and with minds as hard  
And barren as the frozen wilderness,—  
Did such as these possess exclusive right  
To patent Nature for Nobility?  
And to their silly, sinning offspring grant  
A perpetuity of dignities  
To the end of time? A charter of that power  
Which only should be plac'd in hands that wield  
The public destinies for public good;  
And a monopoly of fame and praise  
Which talents and true nobleness should gain?  
*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

Go, then, to heroes, sages if allied,  
Go! trace the scroll, but not with eye of pride,  
Where Truth depicts their glories as they shone,  
And leaves a blank where should have been your  
own.

Mark the pure beam on yon dark wave impress'd;  
So shines the star on that degenerate breast—  
Each twinkling orb, that burns with borrow'd  
fires,  
So ye reflect the glory of your sires.

*George Hill.*

### NOVELTY.

New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.  
*Shaks. Henry VIII*  
All with one consent, praise new-born gauds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past  
*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,  
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?  
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch;  
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,  
Prefer a new japaner to their shoes;  
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run  
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;  
They hire their sculler, and when once abroad,  
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord.  
*Pope.*

Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,  
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park?"  
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees  
All bath'd in tears—O odious, odious trees!  
*Pope's Moral Essays*

Of all the passions that possess mankind,  
The love of novelty rules most the mind;  
In search of this, from realm to realm we roam;  
Our fleets come fraught with ev'ry folly home.  
*Floete*

"Still sighs the world for something new,  
For something new;  
Imploring me, imploring you,  
Some Will-o'-wisp to help pursue;  
Ah, hapless world, what will it do!  
Imploring me, imploring you,  
For something New!"  
*Ralph Hoyt*

I have liv'd in cities from my birth,  
Where all was noise, and life, and varying scene,  
Recurrent news which set all men agape—  
New faces, and new friends, and shows and revels.  
Mingled in constant action and quick change,  
Which things drive on the wheels of time apace  
*Boker's Calaynes*

### NUN.

Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,  
Confess'd within the slave of love and man  
*Pope's Eloisa*

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot;  
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind !  
Each pray'r accepted and each wish resign'd ;  
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;  
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;  
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n ;  
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n :  
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,  
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,  
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?  
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,  
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ?  
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,  
The shrines all trembl'd and the lamps grew pale :

Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,  
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.  
*Pope's Eloisa.*

Oh come ! oh teach me nature to subdue,  
Renounce my love, my life, myself, and you ;  
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he  
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains  
Repentant sighs and voluntary pains :  
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn ;  
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn !  
Shrines ! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep ;  
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !  
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,  
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,  
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !  
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,  
There died the best of passions, love and fame.  
*Pope's Eloisa.*

Love, to her ear, was but a name,  
Combin'd with vanity and shame ;  
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all  
Bounded within the cloister wall.

*Scott's Marmion.*

There, those parted lips,—  
Prayer could but give such voiceless eloquence,—  
Shining like snow her clasp'd and earnest hands,  
She seems a dedicated nun, whose heart  
Is God's own altar. By her side I feel  
As in some holy place.

*Miss Landon.*

## OATHS.

'T is not the many oaths, that make the truth ;  
But the plain single vow, that is vowed true.

*Shaks. All's Well.*

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;  
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

## The vows of women

Of no more bondage bc, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues ; which is nothing.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance  
Too much rein ; the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire i' the blood ; be more abstemious,  
Or else, good-night your vow.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your name  
That his own hand may strike his honour down,  
That violates the smallest branch herein.

*Shaks. Love's Labour.*

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,  
That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Come, swear it, damn thyself,  
Lest being like one of heaven, the devils themselves  
Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double  
damn'd,  
Swear — thou art honest.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,  
Is, that she will not add to her damnation  
A sin of perjury : she not denies it.

*Shaks. Much Ado.*

Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,  
Old fable carriions, and such suffering souls  
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear  
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain  
The even virtue of our enterprise,  
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,  
Did need an oath.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Myself, myself confound !  
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours !  
Day, yield me not thy light ; nor night, thy rest !  
Be opposite all planets of good luck  
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love  
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,  
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !

*Shaks. Richard III.*

This in the name of heaven, I promise here :  
The which, if he be pleased, I shall perform,  
I do beseech your majesty may salve  
The long grown wounds of my intemperance :  
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds,  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

The oath in any way or form you please,  
I stand resolv'd to take it.

*Massinger's Duke of Milan.*

Oaths were not purpos'd more than law  
To keep the good and just in awe,  
But to confine the bad and sinful,  
Like moral cattle, in a pinfold.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

That saints may claim a dispensation  
To swear and forswear on occasion,  
I doubt not but it will appear  
With pregnant light: the point is clear.  
Oaths are but words, and words but wind;  
Too feeble instruments to bind.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

He that imposes an oath makes it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it:  
Then how can any man be said  
To break an oath he never made.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

For breaking of an oath and lying,  
Is but a kind of self-denying;  
A saint-like virtue; and from hence  
Some have broke oaths by Providence;  
Some, to the glory of the Lord,  
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Nay, but weigh well what you presume to swear!  
Oaths are of dreadful weight! and, if they are false,  
Draw down damnation.

*Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.*

Jack was embarrassed — never hero more,  
And, as he knew not what to say, — he swore.

*Byron's Island.*

And was it strange that this poor boy,  
In such companionship,  
Should let the curses in his heart  
Soon rise upon his lip?  
And he, who ne'er had call'd on God  
But when on bended knee,  
Invok'd Him now but in his oaths  
Of rage or blasphemy!  
Oh, when a youth before you stands,  
Think what the sin in you,  
By wicked words or evil deeds  
To make him sinful too!

*Mrs. Hale's Harry Guy.*

An oath is a recognition to heaven,  
Binding us over in the courts above,  
To plead to the indictment of our crimes,  
That those who 'scape this world should suffer,  
there.

*Southern's Oroonoko.*

## OBITUARY.

From his cradle,

He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading;  
Lofty and sour, to them that lov'd him not;  
But to those men who sought him, sweet as summer  
And to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give, he died, fearing God.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Underneath this stone doth lie  
As much virtue as could die,  
Which, when alive, did vigour give  
To as much beauty as could live.

*Ben Jonson.*

Had the number of her days  
Been as complete as was her praise,  
Nature and Fate had had no strife  
In giving limit to her life.

*Milton's Miscellaneous Poems.*

Gentle Lady, may thy grave  
Peace and quiet ever have.

*Milton's Miscellaneous Poems.*

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;  
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.  
Nor further seek his virtues to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
There they alike in trembling hope repose —  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

*Gray's Elegy*

Each lovely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Belov'd, till life could charm no more,  
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

*Collins*

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

*Pope.*

What though the mounds that mark'd each name,  
Beneath the wings of Time,  
Have worn away? — Theirs is the fame  
Immortal and sublime;  
For who can tread on Freedom's plain,  
Nor wake her dead to life again.

*Robert Montgomery*

They fell devoted, but undying:  
The very gale their names seem'd sighing,  
Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,  
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;  
The meannest rill, the mightiest river,  
Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.

*Byron's Siege of Corinth.*

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career.  
*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Give thanks  
That she is safe with Him who hath the power  
O'er pain, and sin, and death.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor nam'd thee but to praise.

*Halleck's Poems.*

Thou art not in the grave confin'd,—  
Death cannot claim th' immortal mind;  
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,  
But goodness dies not in the dust.

*Sprague's Poems.*

O, many a time it hath been told,  
The story of those men of old;  
For this fair poetry hath wreath'd  
Her sweetest, purest flower;  
For this proud eloquence hath breath'd  
His strain of loftiest power;  
Devotion, too, hath linger'd round  
Each spot of consecrated ground,  
And hill and valley bless'd;  
There, where our banish'd fathers stray'd,  
There, where they lov'd, and wept, and pray'd,  
There, where their ashes rest.

*Sprague's Poems.*

As the bird to its sheltering nest,  
When the storm on the hills is abroad,  
So her spirit hath flown from this world of unrest,  
To repose on the bosom of God.

*William H. Burleigh.*

The strife is o'er! The lov'd of years,  
To whom our yearning hearts had grown,  
Hath left us, with life's gathering fears  
To struggle darkly and alone;  
Gone, with the wealth of love which dwelt,  
Heart-kept, with holy thoughts and high—  
Gone, as the clouds of evening melt  
Leyond the dark and solemn sky.

*William H. Burleigh.*

She liv'd as peaceful as a dove;

She died as blossoms die;

And now her spirit floats above,

A seraph in the sky!

*Mrs. Welby.*

Ay, turn and weep — 'tis manliness  
To be heart-broken here —  
For the grave of earth's best nobleness  
Is water'd by the tear.

*Willis's Poems.*

OBLIVION.—(See FORGETFULNESS.)

### OBSTINACY.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well bid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's  
harder?)—

His Jewish heart!

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

You may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,  
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake  
The fabric of his folly.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

But, out, affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature break!  
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.

*Shaks. Coriolanus*

Your blund'rer is as sturdy as a rock,  
The creature is so sure to kick and bite,  
A muleteer's the man to set him right.  
First appetite enlists him truth's sworn foe,  
Then obstinate self-will confirms him so.  
Tell him he wanders; that his error leads  
To fatal ill; that though the path he treads  
Be flow'ry, and he see no cause of fear,  
Death and the pains of hell attend him there.  
In vain the slave of arrogance and pride,  
He has no hearing on the prudent side.  
His still refuted quirks he still repeats;  
New rais'd objections with new quibbles meets;  
Till sinking in the quicksand he defends,  
He dies disputing, and the contest ends.

*Couper.*

### OCEAN.

How happy they,  
Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,  
Steal to look down where nought but ocean strives!

*Byron's Island*

Others may use the ocean as their road,  
Only the English make it their abode;  
Whose ready sails, with every wind can fly,  
And make cov'nant with the inconstant sky:  
Our oaks secure as if they there took root,  
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

*Waller.*

I lov'd to stand on some high beetling rock,  
Or dusky brow of savage promontory,  
Watching the waves with all their white crests  
dancing,  
Come, like thick plum'd squadrons, to the shore  
Gallantly bounding.

*Sir A. Hunf's Julian.*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control  
Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelld, uncoffin'd, and un-  
known.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests : in all time,  
Calm or convuls'd — in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving ; — boundless, endless, and sublime —  
The image of eternity — the throne  
Of the invisible, even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,  
alone.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep  
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

*Byron.*

Oh ! how he listen'd to the rushing deep,  
That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep ;  
And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,  
Rous'd by the roar of his own element.

*Byron's Corsair.*

Ocean, thou dreadful and tumultuous home  
Of dangers, at eternal war with man !  
Death's capital where most he domineers,  
With all his chosen terrors frowning round,  
Wide opening and loud roaring still for more,  
Too faithful mirror ! how dost thou reflect  
The melancholy face of human life.

*Anon.*

'Tis lone on the waters,  
When eve's mournful bell  
Sends forth to the sunset  
A note of farewell !

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Thou glorious sea ! more pleasing far  
When all thy waters are at rest,  
And noonday sun or midnight star  
Is shining on thy waveless breast.  
Yet is the very tempest dear,  
Whose mighty voice but tells of thee ;  
For wild or calm, or far or near,  
I love thee still, thou glorious sea !

*Mrs. Hemans*

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;  
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

*Bryan W. Proctor.*

What was it that I lov'd so well about my child-  
hood's home ?  
It was the wide and wave-lash'd shore, the black  
rocks crown'd with foam !  
It was the sea-gull's flapping wing, all trackless  
in its flight,  
Its screaming note that welcom'd on the fierce  
and stormy night !  
The wild heath had its flowers and moss, the  
forest had its trees,  
Which bending to the evening wind, made music  
in the breeze.  
But earth, ha ! ha ! I laugh e'en now, earth had  
no charms for me ;  
No scene half bright enough to win my young  
heart from the sea !  
No ! 'twas the ocean, vast and deep, the fathom-  
less, the free !

The mighty rushing waters, that were ever dear  
to me !

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

My earliest steps would wander from the green  
and fertile land,  
Down where the clear blue ocean roll'd, to pace  
the rugged strand ;  
Oh ! how I lov'd the waters, and even long'd to be  
A bird, a boat, or any thing that dwelt upon the  
sea !

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

Great Source of Being, Beauty, Light, and Love !  
Creator ! Lord ! the waters worship Thee !  
Ere thy creative smile had sown the flowers,  
Ere the glad hills leap'd upward, or the earth  
With swelling bosom, waited for her child ;  
Before eternal Love had lit the sun,  
Or Time had trac'd his dial-plate in stars,  
The joyful anthem of the Ocean flow'd ; --  
And Chaos like a frighten'd felon fled,  
While on the Deep the Holy Spirit mov'd.

*Mrs. Hale's Poems*

And evermore the waters worship God ;—  
And bards and prophets tune their mystic lyres  
While listening to the music of the waves !

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

Type of the Infinite ! I look away  
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay  
My thought upon a resting-place, or make  
A shore beyond my vision, where they break ;  
But on my spirit stretches, till it's pain  
To think ; then rests, and then puts forth again.

*Dana's Factitious Life.*

Oh ! how old

Thou art to me ! For countless years thou'rt  
roll'd ;

Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst mourn,  
Prophet of sorrow, o'er a race unborn ;  
Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,  
Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn his breath !

*Dana's Factitious Life.*

Thou art the same, eternal sea !  
The earth hath many shapes and forms,  
Of hill and valley, flower and tree ;  
Fields that the fervid noontide warms,  
Or winter's rugged grasp deforms,  
Or bright with autumn's golden store ;  
Thou coverest up thy face with storms,  
Or smilest serene — but still thy roar  
And dashing foam go up to vex the sea-beat shore.

*George Lunt.*

The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
As 't were a living thing ;  
The homage of its waves is given  
In ceaseless worshipping.  
They kneel upon the sloping sand,  
As bends the human knee,  
A beautiful and tireless band,  
The priesthood of the sea !

*Whittier's Poems.*

Look how the grey, old ocean,  
From the depth of his heart rejoices,  
Heaving with a gentle motion,  
When he hears our restful voices ;  
List, how he sings in an under tone,  
Chiming with our melody ;  
And there, where the smooth, wet pebbles be,  
The waters gurgle longingly,  
As if they fain would seek the shore,  
To be at rest from the ceaseless roar,  
To be at rest for evermore.

*J. R. Lowell — The Syrens.*

Thus on life's gloomy sea,  
Heareth the marinere,  
Voices sweet from far and near,  
Ever singing in his ear,  
"Here is rest and peace for thee!"

*J. R. Lowell — The Syrens.*

### OFFENCE.

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,  
And dotage terms so.

*Shaks. Lear.*

The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this intent, no more.

*Shaks. Othello.*

If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,  
Can ransom me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit ;  
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,  
And shut myself up in some other course,  
To fortune's alms.

*Shaks. Othello.*

In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear its comment,

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

For well you know we of th' offending side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrament :  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

What is my offence ?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me ?  
What lawful quest have given their verdict up  
Unto the frowning judge ?

*Shaks. Richard III.*

He hath wrong'd his queen, but still he is her lord ;  
He hath wrong'd my sister, still he is my brother ;  
He hath wrong'd his people, still he is their sovereign,

And I must be his friend, as well as subject ;—  
He must not perish thus.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Be not too ready to condemn

The wrongs thy brothers may have done ;

Ere ye too harshly censure them

For human faults, ask — "Have I none ?"

*Miss Eliza Cook*

### OFFICE.

Custom calls me to 't,  
What custom wills in all things, should we do 't,  
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
For truth to overpeer. Rather than feel it so,  
Let the high office and the honour go,  
To one who would do thus.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

You, yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar*

To hold a place  
In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,  
And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost  
Lustre and reputation, and is made  
A mercenary purchase.

*Massinger.*

The seals of office glitter in his eyes;  
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them; at his heels,  
Close at his heels a demagogue ascends,  
And, with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,  
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.

*Couper.*

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
The post of honour is a private station.

*Addison.*

And here and there some stern, high patriot stood,  
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

*Byron.*

Why, look around,  
And count, if possible, the pamper'd numbers  
Who fatten on the state: they are the men,  
Who, if they find a man too honourable  
To be a fellow-gleaner of the spoils,  
When faction's sickle sweeps the public wealth,  
Lift up their angry voices to the crowd  
And breathe around their pestilential breath,  
Till virtue's self is tainted by the touch.

*Dawes's Athenia of Damascus.*

They who bend to Power, and lap its milk,  
Are fickler and more dangerous far than they  
Who honestly defy it!

*Boker's Calaynos.*

## OPINION.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.

*Shaks. Pericles.*

Opinion, the blind goddess of fools, foe  
To the virtuous, and only friend to  
Undeserving persons.

*Chapman's Widow's Tears.*

Let not opinion make thy judgment err;  
The evening conquest crowns the conqueror.

*Lady Alimony.*

Opinion is that high and mighty dame  
Which rules the world; and in the mind doth frame  
Distaste or liking: for in human race,  
She makes the fancy various as the face.

*Howel.*

Opinionators naturally differ  
From other men; as wooden legs are stiffer  
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,  
Which way soe'er they are design'd to go.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Opinion governs all mankind,  
Like the blind's leading of the blind;  
For he that has no eyes in's head  
Must be b' a dog glad to be led;  
And no beasts have so little in 'em,  
As that inhuman brute, opinion;  
'Tis an infectious pestilence,  
That fastens upon wit and sense,  
That with a venomous contagion,  
Invades the sick imagination;  
And when it seizes any part,  
It strikes the poison to the heart.  
This men of one another catch  
By contact, as the humours match;

And nothing's so perverse in nature  
As a profound opinionator.

*Butler's Hudibras*

How can you rest where pow'r is still alarm'd:  
Each crowd a faction, and each faction arm'd?  
Who fashions of opinion love to change,  
And think their own the best for being strange;  
Their own, if it were lasting, they would hate;  
Yet call it conscience when 'tis obstinate.

*Sir W. Davenant.*

We all, my lords, have err'd.  
Men may, I find, be honest, though they differ.

*Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.*

For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

How much there is self-will would do,  
Were it not for the dire dismay  
That bids ye shrink, as ye suddenly think  
Of "what will my neighbours say?"

*Miss Eliza Cook.*

He lov'd his kind, but sought the love of few,  
And valued old opinions more than new.

*Park Benjamin.*

Yet in opinions look not always back;  
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track;  
Leave what you've done for what you have to do,  
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

*O. W. Holmes*

## OPPORTUNITY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flow, leads on to fortune,  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries  
On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar*

I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most suspicious star; whose influence  
It now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

A little fire is quickly trodden out;  
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Our hands are full of business; let's away;  
Advantage feeds them fat, while men delay.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,  
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Occasion, set on wing, flies fast away,  
Whose back once turned, no hold-fast can we  
find;

Her feet are swift, bald is her head behind:  
Whoso hath hold, and after lets her go,  
Doth lose the lot which fortune did bestow.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

Opportunity to statesmen, is as the just degree  
Of heat to chymists; it perfects all the work.

*Suckling's Brennorakl.*

#### The old Scythians

Painted blind fortune's powerful hands with wings,  
To show her gifts come swift and suddenly,  
Which, if her fav'rite be not swift to take,  
He loses them for ever.

*Chapman's Busy D'Ambois.*

#### Accursed opportunity!

The midwife and the bawd to all our vices:  
That work'st our thoughts into desires: desires  
To resolutions: and these being ripe and quicken'd,  
Thou giv'st 'em birth, and bring'st 'em forth to  
action.

*Denham's Sophy.*

Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take  
'That subtle Power, the never-halting time,  
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make  
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.

*Wordsworth.*

The golden opportunity  
Is never offer'd twice, seize then the hour  
When fortune smiles and duty points the way;—  
Nor shrink aside to 'scape the spectre Fear,—  
Nor pause though pleasure beckon from her  
bower;—  
But bravely bear thee onward to the goal.

*Old Play.*

#### OPPRESSION.—(See TYRANNY.)

#### ORATOR.

This said, th' impatient statesmonger  
Could now contain himself no longer;  
Who had not spar'd to show his piques  
Against the haranguer's politics,  
With smart remarks of leering faces,  
And annotations of grimaces.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

After h' had administer'd a dose  
Of snuff mundungas to his nose,  
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,  
Instead of th' outward jobbernal,  
He shook it with a scornful look  
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

For brevity is very good,  
When w' are, or are not understood.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

And 't is remarkable that they  
Talk most, that have the least to say.  
Your daily speakers have the curse,  
To plead their causes down to worse:  
As dames who native beauty want,  
Still uglier look the more they paint.

*Prior's Alma.*

Grac'd as thou art with all the power of words,  
So known, so honour'd at the house of lords.

*Pope.*

With studied impropriety of speech,  
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;  
To epithets allot's emphatic state,  
Whilst principles ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;  
In ways first trodden by himself excels,  
And stands alone in undeclinables;  
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join  
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line;  
In monosyllables his thunders roll,  
He, she, it, and we, ye, they, fright the soul.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

Statesman all over! in plots famous grown!  
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

While words of learned length, and thund'ring  
sound,  
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;  
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head should carry all he knew.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,  
And thought of convincing, while they thought  
of dining. *Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

So quick the words too, when he deign'd to speak,  
As if each syllable would break its neck.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Proud of his "hear hims," proud too of his vote  
And last virginity of oratory,  
Proud of his learning (just enough to quote),  
He revell'd in his Ciceronian glory:  
With memory excellent to get by rote,  
With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,  
Graced with some merit and with more effrontery,  
"His country's pride;" he came down to the  
country. *Byron.*

His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,  
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "rigmarole." *Byron.*

He answer'd like a statesman or a prophet,  
In such guise that she could make nothing of it.  
*Byron.*

He scratch'd his ear, the infallible resource  
To which embarrass'd people have recourse.,  
*Byron.*

### PAIN.

Sense of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
But live content, which is the calmest life:  
But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
All patience. *Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Our pains are real things, and all  
Our pleasures but fantastical;  
Diseases of their own accord,  
But cures come difficult and hard.  
*Butler's Hudibras.*

Thee, too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,  
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,  
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess  
The pains and penalties of idleness. *Pope.*

Again the play of pain  
Shoots o'er his features as the sudden gust  
Crisps the reluctant lake, that lay so calm  
Beneath the mountain shadow. *Byron.*

They talk of short-liv'd pleasure—be it so—  
Pain dies as quickly; stern, hard-featur'd pain  
Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go.  
The fiercest agonies have shortest reign. *Bryant's Poems.*

### PARASITE.

Ah, when the means are gone, that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made!  
Feast-won, fast lost: one cloud of winter show'r's  
These flies are couch'd

*Shaks. Timon.*

Live loath'd, and long;  
You smiling, smooth, detested parasite;  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears  
You fools of fortune, trencher friends, time-flies,  
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks;  
Of man and beast the infinite malady  
Crust you quite o'er.

*Shaks. Timon.*

O! your parasite  
Is a most precious thing dropp'd from above;  
Not bred 'mongst clods and clod-polls here on  
earth.  
I muse, the mystery was not made a science,  
It is so lib'rally profest! almost  
All the wise world is little else in nature,  
But parasites or sub-parasites. *Jonson's Volpone.*

### PARENTS.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young;  
And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,  
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings  
Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful  
flight,  
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,  
Off'ring their own lives in their young's defence?  
*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Parents are o'erseen,  
When, with too strict a rein, they do hold in  
Their child's affections; and control that love,  
Which the powers divine instruct them with:  
When in their shallow judgments, they may know  
Affection cross'd, brings misery and woe.  
*Robert Taylor's Hog hath lost its Pearl.*

Fathers their children, and themselves abuse;  
That wealth, a husband, for their daughters choose.  
*Shirley's School of Compliments*

Honour thy parents to prolong thine end;  
With them, though for a truth, do not contend:  
Though all should truth defend, do thou lose rather  
The truth awhile, than lose their love for ever:  
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed,  
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed. *Randolph.*

Me let the tender office long engage  
To rock the cradle of reposing age;  
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,  
• Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

Pope.

## PARTING.

All she did, was but to wear out day.  
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;  
And oft again devis'd somewhat to say,  
Which she forgot; whereby excuse to make,  
So loath she was his company for to forsake.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet  
sorrow

That I shall say—good night till it be to-morrow.

Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.

'T is almost morning, I would have thee gone:  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jalous of his liberty.

Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.

Farewell; God knows, when we shall meet again,  
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.

What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak:  
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace  
it.

Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Sweet Valentine, adieu!

Think on thy Porteus, when thou, haply, seest  
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:  
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy  
danger,

If ever danger do environ thee,  
Command thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd  
them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:  
Now, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
Have turn'd mine eye and wept.

Shaks. Cymbeline.

Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!  
I must hear from thee ev'ry day i' the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days:  
Oh! by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.

I did not take my leave of him, but I had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,  
How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him  
swear

The shcs of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest, and his honour; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,  
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Shaks. Cymbeline.

So long

As he could make me with his eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving as the fits and stirs of his mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,—  
How swift his ship.

Shaks. Cymbeline.

And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
And with affection wondrous sensible,  
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Shaks. Merchant of Venice.

Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time  
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,  
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;  
God give us leisure for these rites of love!  
Once more, adieu!

Shaks. Richard III.

And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again why we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Shaks. Julius Caesar.

And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part:  
You, as your business, and desire, shall point you:  
For every man hath business and desire,  
Such as it is,—and for my own poor part,  
Look you, I will go pray.

Shaks. Hamlet.

With that, wringing my hand he turns away,  
And tho' his tears would hardly let him look,  
Yet such a look did through his tears make way,  
As show'd how sad a farewell there he took.

Daniel's Arcadia.

How sad and dismal sound the farewells which  
Poor lovers take, whom destiny disjoins,  
Although they know their absence will be short:  
And when they meet again, how musical  
And sweet are all the mutual joys they breathe!  
Like birds, who when they see the weary sun  
Forsake the world, they lay their little heads  
Beneath their wings, to ease that weight which his  
Departure adds unto their grief.  
'T is true, my love: But when they see that bright  
Perpetual traveller return, they warm  
And air their feathers at his beams, and sing  
Until their gratitude hath made them hoarse.

*Sir W. Davenant's Platonic Lovers.*

My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,  
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

*Oway's Venice Preserved.*

In taking leave,  
Thro' the dark lashes of her darting eyes,  
Methought she shot her soul at ev'ry glance,  
Still looking back, as if she had a mind  
That you should know she left her soul behind her.

*Lee's Theodosius.*

I part with thee  
As wretches that are doubtful of hereafter,  
Part with their lives, unwilling, loath and fearful,  
And trembling at futurity.

*Roxe's Tamerlane.*

Oh! wherefore dost thou soothe me with thy soft-  
ness?

Why dost thou wind thyself about my heart,  
And make this separation painful to us?

*Roxe's Lady Jane Grey.*

Oh! had he ever lov'd, he would have thought  
The worst of tortures bliss, to silent parting.

*Cibber's Caesar in Egypt.*

Farewell, my home, my home no longer now,  
Witness of many a calm and happy day;  
And thou, fair eminence, upon whose brow  
Dwells the last sunshine of the evening ray.  
Farewell! Mine eyes no longer shall pursue  
The westering sun beyond the utmost height,  
When slowly he forsakes the fields of light.  
No more the freshness of the falling dew,  
Cool and delightful here shall bathe my head,  
As from this western window dear, I lean,  
Listening the while I watch the placid scene,—  
The martins twittering underneath the shed.  
Farewell my home, where many a day has past,  
In joys whose lov'd remembrance long shall last.

*Southey.*

Well—peace to thy heart, though another's it be,  
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for

me.

*Moore.*

Farewell to the few I have left with regret;  
May they sometimes recall what I cannot forget,  
That communion of heart and that parley of soul,  
Which has lengthen'd our nights, and illumined  
our bowl!

*Moore*

Enough, that we are parted — that there rolls  
A flood of headlong fate between our souls,  
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee  
As hell from heaven, to all eternity!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Then came the parting hour, and what arise  
When lovers part! expressive looks, and eyes  
Tender and tearful,—many a fond adieu,  
And many a call the sorrow to renew;  
Sighs such as lovers only can explain,  
And words that they might undertake in vain.

*Crabbe's Hall.*

Bear witness earth and heaven,  
That ne'er was hope to mortal given,  
So twisted with the strings of life,  
As this — to call Matilda wife;  
I bid it now for ever part,  
And with the effort bursts my heart.

*Scott's Rokeby*

When forc'd to part from those we love,  
Though sure to meet to-morrow;  
We yet a kind of anguish prove  
And feel a touch of sorrow.  
But oh! what words can paint the fears  
When from those friends we sever,  
Perhaps to part for months — for years —  
Perhaps to part for ever.

*Anon.*

I fly like a bird of the air,  
In search of a home and a rest;  
A balm for the sickness of care;  
A bliss for a bosom unblest.

*Byron's Farewell to England.*

I wander — it matters not where;  
No clime can restore me my peace,  
Or snatch from the frown of despair  
A cheering — a fleeting release!

*Byron's Farewell to England.*

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,  
Athwart the foaming brine,  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.

*Byron's Childe Harold*

For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
Nor perils gathering near;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

*Byron's Childe Harold*

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,  
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.  
He dared not raise to his that deep blue eye,  
That downcast droop'd in tearless agony.  
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,  
In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms;  
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt  
So full—that feeling seem'd almost unfelt!  
Hark! peals the thunder of the signal gun!  
It told 'twas sunset, and he cursed that sun.  
Again—again—that form he madly press'd,  
Which mutely clasp'd, imploringly caress'd;  
And tottering to the couch, his bride he bore—  
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more;  
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,  
Kiss'd her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad gone?

Byron's Corsair.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness:  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon nights so sweet, such awful morn  
could rise.

Byron's Childe Harold.

Yet, O yet, thyself deceive not.  
Love may sink by slow decay;  
But by sudden wrench, believe not,  
Hearts can thus be torn away.

Byron's Fare thee Well.

Think'st thou that I could bear to part  
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?

Byron's Bride of Abydos.

Let's not unman each other—part at once:  
All farewells should be sudden, when for ever,  
Else they make an eternity of moments,  
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.

Byron's Sardanapalus.

Have not all past human beings parted,  
And must not all the present one day part.

Byron's Sardanapalus.

One struggle more, and I am free  
From pangs that rend my heart in twain,  
One last long sigh to love and thee,  
Then back to busy life again.

Byron.

I had not liv'd till now, could sorrow kill;  
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would  
meet;  
And I must even survive this last adieu,  
And bear with life, to love and pray for you!

Byron.

They tell me 't is decided; you depart:  
'T is wise, 'tis well, but not the less a pain;  
I have no further claim on your young heart,  
Mine is the victim, and would be again;  
To love too much has been the only art  
I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain  
Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears,  
My eye-balls burn and throb, but have no tears.

Byron.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate;  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate.

Byron.

Why do I weep? to leave the vine  
Whose clusters o'er me bend—  
The myrtle—yet oh! call it mine!—  
The flowers I lov'd to tend.

A thousand thoughts of all things dear,  
Like shadows o'er me sleep,  
I leave my sunny childhood here—  
Oh, therefore let me weep!

Mrs. Hemans.

I have no parting sigh to give,  
So take my parting smile.

Miss Landon.

Lightly won, and lightly lost, love I shed no tears  
for thee;  
There was little to remember, and nothing to  
regret.

Miss Landon.

When thou art gone there creeps into my heart  
A cold and bitter consciousness of pain;  
The light, the warmth of life with thee depart,  
And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again  
Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look and tone;  
And suddenly I wake—and am alone!

Frances Kemble Butler.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill  
In unison so closely sweet!

That pulse to pulse responsive still,  
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

Bernard Barton.

There are two souls whose equal flow  
In gentle streams so calmly run,  
That when they part—they part!—ah, no!  
They cannot part—those souls are one.

Bernard Barton.

We part—no matter how we part,  
There are some thoughts we utter not,

Deep treasur'd in our inmost heart,  
Never reveal'd, and ne'er forgot!

Why murmur at the common lot?  
We part—I speak not of the pain,—

But when shall I each lovely spot,  
And each lov'd face behold again.

Richard Henry Wilde.

We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting;  
We talk'd not of hopes that we both must resign;  
I saw not her eyes, and but one teardrop starting  
Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine:  
Each felt that the past we could never recover,  
Each felt that the future no hope could restore,  
*She shudder'd at wringing the heart of her lover,*  
I dared not to say I must meet her no more.  
Long years have gone by, and the spring-time  
smiles ever  
As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their  
birth;  
Long years have gone by, yet that parting, oh! never  
Can it be forgotten by either on earth.  
The note of each wild bird that carols toward  
heaven  
Must tell her of swift-wing'd hopes that were  
mine,  
While the dew that steals over each blossom at  
even  
Tells me of the teardrop that wept their decline.

*Hoffman's Poems.*

I must leave thee, lady sweet!  
Months shall waste before we meet,  
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,  
Anchors leave their ocean bed;  
Ere this shining day grow dark,  
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;  
Through thy tears, O lady mine,  
Read thy lover's parting line.

*O. W. Holmes.*

Once my soul was fondly plighted  
To a holy one of earth—  
Like two music-notes united,  
Notes that sever in their birth.  
Yet not sever'd we, though parted,  
Still in truth our souls are one,  
Though on earth the gentle-hearted  
Hath her blessed mission done.

*Duganne.*

But then to part! to part when Time  
Has wreathed his tireless wings with flowers,  
And spread the richness of a clime  
Of fairy o'er this land of ours.  
When glistening leaves and shaded streams  
In the soft light of autumn lay,  
And, like the music of our dreams,  
The viewless breezes seem'd to stray—  
'T was bitter then to rend the heart  
With the sad thought that we must part:  
And, like some low and mournful spell,  
To whisper but one word—farewell.

*Park Benjamin.*

### PASSIONS.

Behold the image of mortality,  
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tire;  
When raging passion with fierce tyranny,  
Rob's reason of her true regality,  
And makes it servant to her basest part!  
The strong it weakens with infirmity,  
And with bold fury arms the weakest heart,  
The strong, through pleasure, soonest falls, the  
weak thro' smart.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Who would the title of true worth were his,  
Must vanquish vice, and no base thoughts con-  
ceive:

The bravest trophy ever man obtain'd,  
Is that, which, o'er himself, himself hath gain'd.

*Earl of Sterline's Darius.*

Passions are likened best to floods and streams;  
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:  
So when affections yield discourse, it seems  
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.  
They that are rich in words must needs discover,  
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.

*Sir W. Raleigh.*

When headstrong passion gets the reins of reason,  
The force of nature, like too strong a gale,  
For want of ballast, oversets the vessel.

*Higgons's Generous Conqueror.*

### Exalted souls

Have passions in proportion violent,  
Resistless, and tormenting: they're a tax  
Impos'd by nature on pre-eminence;  
And fortitude, and wisdom must support them.

*Lillo's Elmerick.*

While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,  
Takes each impression, and is worked at pleasure.

*Young's Busiris.*

When reason, like the skilful charioteer,  
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,  
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep  
The radiant tract of glory; passions, then,  
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant reason,  
Firm in her seat, and swift in her career,  
Enjoys their violence, and, smiling, thanks  
Their formidable flame, for bright renown.

*Young's Brothers.*

The ruling passion, be it what it will,  
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

*Pope.*

The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules,  
Uncheck'd by reason, and the pow'rful voice  
Of friendship.

*Brooke's Earl of Warwick.*

How terrible is passion! how our reason  
Falls down before it! whilst the tortur'd frame,  
Like a ship dash'd by fierce encour'tring tides,  
And of her pilot spoil'd, drives round and round,  
The sport of wind and wave.

*Barford's Virgin Queen.*

His soul, like bark with rudder lost,  
On passion's changeful tide was lost,  
Nor vice nor virtue had the power  
Beyond the impression of the hour;  
And O, when passion rules, how rare  
The hours that fall to virtue's share!

*Scott's Robeky.*

O how the passions, insolent and strong,  
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;  
Make us the madness of their will obey;  
Then die, and leave us to our griefs a prey:

*Crabbe.*

Alas! too well, too well they know,  
The pain, the penitence, the woe  
That passion brings down on the best,  
The wiseest and the loveliest.

*Moore's Loves of the Angels*

Alas! our young affections run to waste,  
Or water but the desert; whence arise  
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,  
Rank at the core though tempting to the eyes,  
Flowers, whose wild odours breathe but agonies,  
And trees, whose gums are poison; such the plants  
Which spring beneath her steps as passion flies  
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants  
For some celestial fruit, forbidden to our wants.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

An empire thou could'st crush, command, rebuild,  
But govern not thy pettiest passion.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

My passions were all living serpents, and  
Twin'd, like the gorgons, round me.

*Byron's Werner.*

The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
Their love can scarce deserve the name;  
But mine was like the lava-flood  
That boils in Etna's breast of flame.

*Byron's Giaour.*

For on his brow the swelling vein  
Throbb'd, as if back upon his brain  
The hot blood ebb'd and flow'd again.

*Byron's Parisina.*

Strange fits of passion have I known:  
And I will dare to te"  
Bit in the lover's ear alone,  
What once to me befel.

*Wordsworth.*

In the human breast  
Two master passions cannot co-exist.

*Campbell.*

I cannot love as I have lov'd,  
And yet I know not why;  
It is the one great woe of life  
To feel all feeling die;  
As one by one the heartstrings snap,  
As age comes on so chill;  
And hope seems left that hope may cease,  
And all will soon be still.  
And the strong passions, like to storms,  
Soon rage themselves to rest,  
Or leave a desolated calm—  
A worn and wasted breast;  
A heart that like the Geyser spring,  
Amidst its bosom snows,  
May shrink, not rest—but with its blood  
Boils even in repose.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Passion, when deep, is still: the glaring eye  
That reads its enemy with glance of fire,  
The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness,  
The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide  
The keen, fix'd orbs, that burn and flash below,  
The hand firm clenched and quivering, and the foot  
Planted in attitude to spring, and dart  
Its vengeance, are the language it employs.

*Percival's Poems.*

One passion prominent appears, the lust  
Of power, which oftentimes took the fairer name  
Of liberty, and hung the popular flag  
Of freedom out.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

When thou art with me every sense is dull,  
And all I am, or know, or feel, is thee;  
My soul grows faint, my veins run liquid flame,  
And my bewilder'd spirit seems to swim  
In eddying whirls of passion dizzily.

*Frances Kemble Butler.*

Oh! precious is the flower that passion brings  
To his first shrine of beauty, when the heart  
Runs over in devotion, and no art  
Checks the free gush of the wild lay he sings;  
But the rapt eye and the impetuous thought  
Declare the pure affection.

*Simms's Grouped Thoughts.*

The wildest ills that darken life  
Are rapture to the bosom's strife;  
The tempest, in its blackest form,  
Is beauty to the bosom's storm.

*J. W. Eastburn.*

And underneath that face, like summer's ocean's,  
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,  
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,  
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear.

*Halleck's Poems.*

In thy breast there springs a poison fountain,  
Deadlier than that where breathes the Upas tree.

*Halleck's Poems.*

To thought's tumultuous flow

I strive to give the strength of glowing words ;  
The waves of feeling, tossing to and fro,

In broken music o'er my heart's loose chords,  
Give but their fainting echoes from my soul,  
As through its silent depths their wild, swift cur-  
rents roll.

*Mrs. Welby's Poems.*

Oh ! Passion's words are faithless things,

And Love disowns them ere they fall ;

It is the reckless tongue that stings,

The tongue that knows not Reason's thrall.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

### PATIENCE.

Patience, unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause ;  
(They can be meek, that have no other cause ;)

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;  
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

How poor are they, that have not patience !

What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?

*Shaks. Othello.*

Patience, my lord ! why 'tis the soul of peace :  
Of all the virtues 'tis the nearest kin to heaven ;  
It makes men look like gods : the best of men  
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,  
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

*Decker.*

Patience in cowards is tame hopeless fear ;  
But in brave minds, a scorn of what they bear.

*Sir R. Howard's Indian Queen.*

Many are the sayings of the wise,  
In ancient and in modern books enrol'd,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life,  
Consolitaries writ,  
With studied argument, and much persuasion  
sought,  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought :  
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint ;  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,  
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.

*Milton.*

Thy injuries would teach patience to blaspheme,  
Yet still thou art a dove.

*Beaumont's Double Marriage.*

Patience ! preach it to the winds,  
To roaring seas, or raging fires ! the knaves  
That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em.

*Otway's Orphan.*

O ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists !  
On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm ;  
Passion is reason, transport temper, here.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

E'en the best must own,  
Patience and resignation are the pillars  
Of human peace on earth.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

But patience is the virtue of an ass,  
That trots beneath his burden, and is quiet.

*Lansdowne's Heroic Love.*

Preach patience to the sea, when jarring winds  
Throw up her swelling billows to the sky !  
And if your reasons mitigate her fury,  
My soul will be as calm.

*Smith's Princess of Parma*

As the pent water of a mill-dam lies  
Motionless, yielding, noiseless, and serene,  
Patience waits meekly with compassion'd eyes ;  
Or, like the speck-cloud, which alone is seen  
Silver'd within blue space, ling'ring for air  
On which to sail prophetic voyages ;  
Or as the fountain stone that doth not wear,  
But suits itself to pressure, and with ease  
Diverts the dropping crystal ; or the wife  
That sits beside her husband, and her love  
Subliming to another state and life,  
Off'ring him consolation as a dove —  
Her sighs and tears, her heartache, and her mind  
Devout, untir'd, calm, precious, and resign'd.

*Anon.*

In your patience ye are strong.

*Miss Barrett.*

He is a coward who would borrow  
A charm against the present sorrow,  
From the vague Future's promise of delight !

As life's alarms nearer roll,  
The ancestral buckler calls,  
Self-clanging from the walls  
In the high temple of the soul ;

Where are most sorrows there the poet's sphere is  
To feed the soul with patience,  
To heal its desolations,  
With words of unshorn truth, with love that never  
wearies.

*James R. Lowell.*

## PATRIOTISM.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He, only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!  
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend,

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Be just, and fear not:  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's, then if thou fall'st, O  
Cromwell!

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Judge me not ungentle,  
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,  
If, when the public safety is in question,  
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause  
Of honour, virtue, liberty and Rome:  
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head:  
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurped,  
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

*Addison's Cato.*

No common object to your sight displays,  
But what with pleasure heaven itself surveys,  
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling state.

While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?  
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?  
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

*Pope.*

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honour clear!  
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend:  
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,  
Praised, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he lov'd.

*Pope.*

While in the radiant front, superior shines  
That first paternal virtue, public zeal;  
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
And, ever musing on the common weal,  
Still labours glorious with some great design.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

## A people

Who cannot find in their own proper force  
Their own protection, are not worth saving.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,  
Against the rage of tyrants singly stood,  
Invincible.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

In public life severe,  
To virtue still inexorably firm;  
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,  
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,  
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.

*Thomson's Seasons*

## He alone

Remains unshaken. Rising he displays  
His god-like presence. Dignity and grace  
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty join'd  
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines  
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,  
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye  
The inextinguishable spark, which fires  
The soul of patriots; while his brow supports  
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.  
Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng.

*Glover's Leonidas*

To fight,  
In a just cause, and for our country's glory,  
Is the best office of the best of men;  
And to decline when these motives urge,  
Is infamy beneath a coward's baseness.

*Havard's Regulus*

Our country's welfare is our first concern,  
And who promotes that best, best proves his duty.

*Havard's Regulus*

What constitutes a state?  
Not high-rais'd battlement or labour'd mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate;  
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;  
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,  
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
Not star'd and spangled courts,  
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No:—Men, high-minded Men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:  
Men, who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and knowing, dare main-  
tain,  
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,  
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain:—  
These constitute a state.

*Sir William Jones*

Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,  
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy ;  
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,  
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

*Dr. Johnson's London.*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest !  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.  
By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,  
There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

*Collins.*

Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,  
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.

*Couper's Task.*

But the age of virtuous politics is past,  
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.  
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,  
And we too wise to trust them.

*Couper's Task.*

I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,  
A patriot's for his country. Thou art sad  
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,  
From which no power of thine can raise her up.

*Couper's Task.*

Through private pique some do the public right,  
And love their king and country out of spite.

*Couper.*

Give me the death of those  
Who for their country die ;  
Ah ! be mine like their repose,  
When cold and low they lie  
Their loveliest mother earth  
Enshrines the fallen brave ;  
In her sweet lap who gave them birth,  
They find their tranquil grave.

*Montgomery's Wanderer of Switzerland.*

In that dread hour my country's guard I stood,  
From the state's vitals tore the coiled serpent,  
First hung with writhing up to public scorn,  
Then flung him forth to ruin.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

O heaven, he cried, my bleeding country save !  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?  
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,  
Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !  
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
And swear for her to live ! with her to die !

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;  
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
Revenge or death — the watchword and reply ;  
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,  
And freedom shriek'd, as Kosciusko fell !

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

He who maintains his country's laws  
Alone is great ; or he who dies in the good cause

*Sir A. Hunt*

Far he fled — indignant fled,  
The pageant of his country's shame ;  
While every tear her children shed  
Fell on his soul, like drops of flame ;  
And as a lover hails the dawn  
Of a first smile, so welcom'd he  
The sparkle of the first sword drawn  
For vengeance and for liberty !

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

'T is come, — his hour of martyrdom  
In freedom's sacred cause is come ;  
And, though his life hath pass'd away  
Like lightning on a stormy day,  
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track  
Of glory, permanent and bright,  
To which the brave of after-times,  
The suffering brave, shall long look back  
With proud regret, — and by its light  
Watch through the hours of slavery's night,  
For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

The sword may pierce the bearer,  
Stone walls in time may sever :  
'Tis heart alone,  
Worth steel and stone,  
That keeps men free for ever !

*Moore.*

O for the swords of former time,  
O for the men who bore them,  
When arm'd for right, they stood sublime,  
And tyrants crouch'd before them !

*Moore*

" Land of song !" said the warrior bard,  
" Though all the world betray thee ;  
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,  
One faithful harp shall praise thee ! "

*Moore*

This love of thine,  
For an ungrateful and tyrannic soil,  
Is passion, and not patriotism.

*Byron's Two Foscars.*

*Calendario.* But if we fail—

*Bertuccio.* They never fail who die  
In a great cause : the block may soak their gore :  
Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their limbs  
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—  
But still their spirit walks abroad. Tho' years  
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,  
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts  
Which overpower all others, and conduct  
The world at last to freedom.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of their former fires,  
And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear,  
That tyranny shall quake to hear.

*Byron's Giaour.*

And here and there some stern, high patriot stood,  
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

*Byron.*

There was something  
In my native air that buoy'd my spirits up,  
Like a ship on the ocean toss'd by storms,  
But proudly still bestriding the high waves,  
And holding on her course.

*Byron.*

I will teach thine infant tongue  
To call upon those heroes old  
In their own language, and will mould  
Thy growing spirit in the flame  
Of Grecian lore ; that by each name  
A patriot's birth-right thou may'st claim.

*Shelley.*

Then none was for a party ;  
Then all were for the state ;  
Then the great man help'd the poor,  
And the poor man lov'd the great ;  
Then lands were fairly portion'd ;  
Then spoils were fairly sold ;  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

*Macaulay's Horatius.*

"Qui vive?" these is the sentry's cry,—  
The sleepless soldier's hand,—  
Are these, — the painted folds thus fly  
And lift their emblems, printed high  
On morning mist and sunset sky,—  
The guardians of a land ?  
No ! if the patriot's pulses sleep ;  
How vain the watch that hirelings keep ;—  
The idle flag that waves,  
When Conquest, with his iron heel,  
Treads down the standards and the steel  
That belt the soil of slaves.

*O. W. Holmes.*

'T is home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh,  
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.

*Campbell.*

Land of the West — beneath the Heaven  
There's not a fairer, lovelier clime ;  
Nor one to which was ever given  
A destiny more high, sublime.

*W. D. Gallagher.*

Our country ! — 't is a glorious land !  
With broad arms stretch'd from shore to shore,  
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,  
She hears the dark Atlantic roar ;  
And nurtur'd on her ample breast,  
How many a goodly prospect lies  
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,  
Enamell'd with the loveliest dyes.

*William Jewett Pabodie.*

Great God ! we thank thee for this home —  
This bounteous birthland of the free ;  
Where wanderers from afar may come,  
And breathe the air of liberty ! —  
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,  
Her harvests wave, her cities rise ;  
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,  
Remain Earth's loveliest Paradise !

*William Jewett Pabodie.*

Pride in the gift of country and of name  
Speaks in the eye and step —  
He treads his native Land !

*Halleck's Poems.*

Land where he learn'd to lisp a mother's name,  
The first belov'd in life, the last forgot,  
Land of his frolic youth,  
Land of his bridal eve,  
Land of his children — vain your column's strength,  
Invaders ! vain your battles' steel and fire !  
Choose ye the morrow's doom —  
A prison or a grave !

*Halleck's Poems.*

The patriot ! go, to Fame's proud mount repair,  
The tardy pile, slow rising there,  
With tongueless eloquence shall tell  
Of them who for their country fell.

*Sprague's Poems.*

All are not born the glory of their race,  
But all may shun the pathway to disgrace ;  
In humblest vales the patriot heart may glow ;  
*That* nurtures men — *they* give the inspiring blow !

*James T. Fields.*

Our Country first, their glory and their pride,  
Land of their hopes, land where their fathers  
died,  
When in the right, they 'll keep thy honour bright,  
When in the wrong, they 'll die to set it right.

*James T. Fields.*

## PEACE.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
The merry song of peace to all his neighbours.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Ay; but give me worship and quietness,  
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meeting,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled front;  
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds, that low'd upon our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:  
'T is death to me to be at enmity;  
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Peace, greatness best becomes. Calm pow'r doth  
guide  
With a far more imperious stateliness,  
Than all the swords of violence can do:  
And easier gains those ends she tends unto.

*Daniel.*

In this plenty,  
And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were  
train'd

In martial discipline; and your ships, unrigg'd,  
Rot in the harbor; nor defence prepar'd,  
But thought unuseful; as if that the gods,  
Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you  
A perpetuity of pride and pleasure;  
Nor change fear'd, or expected.

*Massinger's Bondman.*

2 A

States that never knew

A change but in their growth, which a long peace  
Hath brought unto perfection, are like steel,  
Which, being neglected, will consume itself  
With its own rust: so doth security  
Eat through the hearts of states, while they're  
sleeping  
And lull'd in her false quiet.

*Nabb's Hannibal and Scipio.*

Men are unhappy when they know not how  
To value peace, without its loss;  
And from the want learn how to use  
What they could so ill manage when enjoy'd.

*Sir R. Howard's Blind Lady.*

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
For want of fighting, was grown rusty,  
And ate into itself for lack  
Of somebody to hew and hack.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

O beauteous peace!

Sweet union of a state! what else but thou  
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people?

*Thomson.*

Oh, peace! thou source and soul of social life;  
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,  
Science his views enlarges, art refines,  
And swelling commerce opens all her ports;  
Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee!

*Thomson's Britannia.*

Oh first of human blessings! and supreme!  
Fair peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!  
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men  
Live brothers like, in amity combin'd,  
And unsuspicuous faith; while honest toil  
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,  
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.

*Thomson's Britannia.*

Sweet peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive  
lay,  
Consents, at length, to bring me short delight.

*Collins.*

Now no more the drum  
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangour shrill  
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;  
But joy and pleasure open to the view  
Uninterrupted!

*Phillips's Cider.*

The goodness of the heart is shown in deeds  
Of peacefulness and kindness. Hand and heart  
Are one thing with the good, as thou shouldst be.  
Do my words trouble thee? then treasure them,  
Pain overgot gives peace, as death doth Heaven.  
All things that speak of Heaven speak of peace,

*Bailey's Festus.*

Long peace, I find,  
But nurses dangerous humours up to strength,  
License and wanton rage, which war, alone,  
Can purge away.

*Mallet's Mustapha.*

O, these were hours when thrilling joy repaid  
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears !  
The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay'd,  
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears,  
That track'd with terror twenty rolling years,  
All was forgot in that blithe Jubilee ;  
Her downcast eye even pale affliction rears,  
To sigh a thankful prayer amid the glee  
That hail'd the desp'rs fall, and peace and liberty !

*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

What is peace ? — when pain is over  
And love ceases to rebel,  
Let the last faint sigh discover  
That precedes the passing knell.

*Wordsworth.*

Peace, thy olive wand extend,  
And bid wild war his ravage end,  
Man with brother man to meet,  
And as a brother kindly greet.

*Burns.*

O then that wisdom may we know,  
Which yields a life of peace below !

*Charles Sprague.*

God of Peace ! — whose Spirit fills  
All the echoes of our hills,  
All the murmurs of our rills,  
Now the storm is o'er ; —  
O, let freemen be our sons ;  
And let future WASHINGTONS  
Rise to lead their valiant ones,  
Till there's war no more.

*John Pierpont.*

O ! never yet did peace her chaplet twine  
To lay upon base mammon's sordid shrine,  
Where earth's most precious things are bought  
and sold ;  
Thrown on that pile, the pearl of price would be  
Despis'd, because unfit for merchanty.

*Mrs. Embury.*

Peace, sweet peace is ever found  
In her eternal home on holy ground.

*Mrs. Embury.*

Were half the power that fills the world with  
terror,  
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and  
courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts !

*Longfellow's Poems.*

Peace seem'd to reign upon earth, and the restless  
heart of the ocean  
Was for a moment consol'd. All sounds were in  
harmony blended.  
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks  
in the farm-yard,  
Whirr of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing  
of pigeons,  
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love,  
and the great sun  
Look'd with eye of peace through the golden va-  
pours around him.

*Longfellow's Evangeline.*

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say —  
“Peace !”

*Longfellow's Poems.*

Look at him

Who reads aright the image on his soul,  
And gives it nurture like a child of light.  
His life is calm and blessed, for his peace,  
Like a rich pearl beyond the diver's ken,  
Lies deep in his own bosom. He is pure,  
For the soul's errands are not done with men ;  
His senses are subdued and serve the soul.

*Willis's Poems.*

Speak gently ! He who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were fierce with strife,  
Said to them, “Peace, be still !”

*David Bates.*

### PEASANT.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,  
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place ;  
His little son into his bosom creeps,  
The lively picture of his father's face :  
Never his humble house nor state torment him ;  
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him !  
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb,  
content him.

*Phineas Fletcher.*

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went for want of thought.

*Dryden's Cymon and Iphigenia*

His corn and cattle were his only care,  
And his supreme delight, a country fair.

*Dryden's Cymon and Iphigenia.*

Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,  
He sits him down the monarch of a shed.

*Goldsmith's Traveller*

Ill fures the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
These simple blessings of the lowly train;  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Uncenvied, unmolested, unconfined.  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,  
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
And, e'en while passion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,  
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;  
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,  
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.  
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,  
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;  
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer,  
On some high festival of once a year,  
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,  
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

Far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

*Gray's Churchyard.*

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh;  
The short'ning winter-day draws near a close;  
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;  
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:  
The toil-worn cottar frae his labour goes,  
This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
Hoping the morn at ease and rest to spend,  
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does home-  
ward bend.

*Burns' Cotter's Saturday Night.*

Right of voice in framing laws,  
Right of peers to try each cause;  
Peasant homestead, mean and small,  
Sacred as the monarch's hall.

*Whittier's Poems.*

From labour health, from health contentment  
springs;

Contentment opes the source of every joy.  
He envied not, he never thought of kings;  
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,  
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy;  
Nor fate his calm and humble hope beguil'd;  
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy!  
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smil'd,  
And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from a child.

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

Let luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,  
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir;  
And while he feeds him, blush and tremble too,  
But, Love and Labour, blush not, fear not you.  
Your children, (splinters from the mountain's side,)  
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.  
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear;  
Mother of men, be proud without a tear!  
While round your hearth the woe-nurs'd virtues  
move,

All, all that manliness can ask of love;  
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair,  
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.

*Ebenezer Elliott.*

## PEN.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my grey goose quill:  
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,  
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,  
That mighty instrument of little men!

*Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

Ye safe and formal men,  
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand  
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,  
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried.

*Bulwer's Richelieu.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,  
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold  
The arch enchanter's wand! itself a nothing!  
But taking sorcery from the master hand,  
To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike  
The loud earth breathless!

*Bulwer's Richelieu.*

In days of yore, the poet's pen  
From wing of bird was plunder'd,  
Perhaps of goose, but now and then,  
From Jove's own eagle sunder'd.  
But now, metallic pens disclose  
Alone the poet's numbers;  
In iron inspiration glows,  
Or with the poet slumbers.

*John Quincy Adams*

The poet's pen is the true divining rod  
Which trembles towards the inner founts of feeling;  
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,  
The many sweet clear sources which we have  
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms;  
And marks the variations of all mind  
As does the needle.

*Bailey's Festus.*

I would not have my pen pursue  
The "beaten track"—a slave for ever;  
No! roam as thou wert wont to do  
In author-land, by rock and river.  
Be like the sunbeam's burning wing,  
Be like the wand in Cinderella,  
And if you touch a common thing,  
Ah! change to gold the pumpkin yellow!  
May grace come fluttering round your steps,  
Whene'er, my bird, you light on paper,  
And music murmur at your lips,  
And truth restrain each truant caper.

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

Be tun'd to tenderest music when  
Of sin and shame thou 'rt sadly singing;  
But diamond be thy point, my pen,  
When folly's bells are round thee ringing!

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

—Forc'd to drudge for the dregs of men,  
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,  
And mingle among the jostling crowd,  
Where the sons of strife are busy and loud.

*Bryant's Poems.*

### PERFECTION.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

*Shaks. King John.*

Nature, in her productions, slow, aspires  
By just degrees to reach perfection's height.

*Somerville's Chase.*

So slow  
The growth of what is excellent, so hard  
't attain perfection in this nether world.

*Cowper's Task.*

I let other bards of angels sing,  
Bright suns without a spot;  
But thou art no such perfect thing:  
Rejoice that thou art not!

*Wordsworth.*

### PERSEVERANCE.

Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright. To have none, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty nail  
In monumental mockery.

*Shakespeare.*

Revolt is recreant, when pursuit is brave;  
Never to faint, doth purchase what we crave.

*Machen's Dumb Knight.*

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;  
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

*Herrick.*

He who flies,  
In war or peace, who his great purpose yields,  
He is the only villain of this world:  
But he who labours firm and gains his point,  
Be what it will, which crowns him with success,  
He is the son of fortune and of fame;  
By those admir'd, those specious villains most,  
That else had bellow'd out reproach against him.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Perseverance is a Roman virtue,  
That wins each god-like act, and plucks success  
E'en from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.

*Havard's Regulus.*

The proudest motto for the young!

Write it in lines of gold  
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind  
The stirring words enfold;  
And in misfortune's dreary hour,  
Or fortune's prosperous gale,  
'T will have a holy, cheering power—  
"There's no such word as fail!"

*Mrs. Neal.*

Press on! for it is godlike to unloose  
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;  
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,  
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,  
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!  
Press on! "for in the grave there is no work,  
And no device."—Press on! while yet you may!

*Willis's Poems.*

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will  
slip,  
But only crow-bars loose the bull-dog's lip;  
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields  
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

*O. W. Holmes.*

PHILANTHROPY.—(See KINDNESS.)

## PHILOSOPHY.

I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;  
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;  
For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently;  
However they have writ the style of gods,  
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

*Shaks. Much Ado.*

Therefore, brave conquerors—for so you are,  
That war against your own affections,  
And the huge army of the world's desires.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

Blest are those  
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,  
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,  
To sound what stop she please: give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,  
As I do thee. Something too much of this.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

A man, whose blood  
Is very snow broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense:  
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge  
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

How charming is divine philosophy!  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*Milton's Comus.*

Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,  
And had read every text and gloss over.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop  
To fortune, or be said to droop,  
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,  
And sayings of philosophers.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

A deep occult philosopher,  
As learn'd as the wild Irish are.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Whatever skeptic could inquire for,  
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

His notions fitted things so well,  
That which was which he could not tell;  
But oftentimes mistook the one  
For th' other, as great clerks have done.  
He could reduce all things to acts,  
And knew their natures by abstracts;  
Where entity and quiddity,  
The ghosts and defunct bodies fly;  
Where truth in person does appear,  
Like words congeal'd in northern air.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,  
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;  
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;  
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:  
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust.

*Pope's Essay on Man*

In lazy apathy let Stoicks boast  
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;  
Contracted all, returning to the breast;  
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:  
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;  
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Philosophy consists not  
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:  
The rule and conduct of all social life  
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells  
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light  
To senates and to kings, to guide their councils,  
And teach them to reform and bless mankind.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Serene philosophy,  
Effusive source of evidence and truth!  
Without thee what were unenlighten'd man!  
A savage roaring through the woods and wilds,  
Rough clad, devoid of every finer art  
And elegance of life.

*Thomson*

Alas! had reason ever yet the power  
To talk down grief, or bid the tortur'd wretch  
Not feel his anguish? 'tis impossible!

*Whitehead's Roman Father.*

Deluded man! who, fondly proud of reason,  
Think'st that thy crazy nature's privilege,  
Which is thy great tormentor! senseless fools,  
In stupid dulness bless'd, are only happy;  
They feel no threat'ning evils at a distance:  
Never reflect on their past miseries:  
Their solid comfort is their want of sense.  
But reason is the tyrant of the mind;  
Awakes our thoughts to all our cares and griefs;  
Distracts our hopes, and in a thousand shapes  
Presents our fears to multiply our woes.

*Smith's Princess of Parma.*

Reason! the hoary dotard's dull directress,  
That loses all because she hazards nothing:  
Reason! tim'rous pilot, that, to shun  
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

Much learned dust

Involves the combatants, each claiming truth,  
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend  
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp,  
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws  
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.

*Couper's Task.*

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan  
To form his philosophic man;  
Such were the modes he taught mankind  
To weed the garden of the mind:  
They tore away some weeds, 't is true,  
But all the flow'rs were ravish'd too.

*Moore.*

Then far be all the wisdom hence,  
And all the lore, whose tame control  
Would wither joy with chill delays!  
Alas! the fertile fount of sense,  
At which the young, the panting soul  
Drinks life and love, too soon decays!

*Moore.*

O, then, if earth's united power  
Can never chain one feathery hour;  
If every print we leave to-day,  
To-morrow's wave shall steal away;  
Who pauses, to inquire of Heaven  
Why were the fleeting treasures given,  
The sunny days, the shady nights,  
And all their brief but dear delights,  
Which Heaven has made for man to use,  
And man should think it guilt to lose?  
Who, that has cull'd a weeping rose,  
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,  
Unmindful of the blushing ray,  
In which it shines its soul away;  
Unmindful of the scented sigh,  
On which it dies and loves to die!

*Moore.*

The plain good man, whose actions teach  
More virtue than a sect can preach,  
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,  
His tutor whisp'ring in his breast:  
Nor could he act a purer part,  
Though he had Tully all by heart;  
And when he drops the tear on woe,  
He little knows, or cares to know,  
That Epictetus blam'd that tear,  
By Heav'n approv'd, to virtue dear.

*Moore.*

Oh! who that has ever had rapture complete,  
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;  
How rays are confus'd, or how particles fly  
Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh!  
Is there one, who but once would not rather have  
known it,  
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?

*Moore.*

There is a calm upon me —  
Inexplicable stillness! which till now  
Did not belong to what I know of life.  
If that I did not know philosophy  
To be of all our vanities the motliest,  
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear  
From out the schoolman's jargon, I should deem  
The golden secret, the sought "Kalon" found,  
And seated in my soul.

*Byron's Manfred.*

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,  
Was also certain that the earth was square,  
Because he had journey'd fifty miles, and found  
No sign that it was circular any where.

*Byron.*

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,  
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason;  
The last of these was never much the fashion,  
For reason thinks all reasoning out of season.

*Byron.*

Ah, yes, Philosopher, thy creed is true!  
'T is our own eyes that give the rainbow's hue;  
What we call MATTER in this outer earth,  
Takes from our senses, those warm dupes, its birth.  
How fair, to sinless Adam, Eden smil'd!  
But sin brought tears, and Eden was a wild!  
Man's soul is as an everlasting dream,  
Glassing life's fictions on a phantom stream:  
To-day, in glory all the world is clad —  
Wherefore, O Man?—because thy heart is glad!  
To-morrow, and the self-same scene survey—  
*The same!* Oh! no—the pomp hath pass'd away!  
Wherefore the change? *Within*, go ask reply—  
Thy heart hath given its winter to the sky!  
Vainly the world revolves upon its pole;  
Light—Darkness—Seasons—these are in the soul!

*Bulwer's Poems.*

Yes, vain philosophy, thine hour is come!  
 Thy lips were lin'd with the immortal lie,  
 And dyed with all the look of truth. Men saw,  
 Believ'd, embrac'd, detested, cast thee off.  
 Those lights, the morn of Truth's immortal day,  
 As thou didst falsely swear them, have they not  
 Vanish'd, the mere aurora of the mind?  
 And thou didst vow to gather clear again  
 The fallen waters of humanity;  
 To smooth the flaw from out the eye, to piece  
 A pounded pearl. Thank God! I am a man;  
 Not a philosopher!

*Bailey's Festus.*

If this familiar spirit that communes  
 With yours this hour—that has the power to  
 search

All things—but its own compass—is a spark  
 Struck from the burning essence of its God—  
 If, when these weary organs drop away,  
 We shall forget their uses, and commune  
 With angels and each other, as the stars  
 Mingle their light in silence and in love—  
 What is this fleshy fetter of a day,  
 That we should crown it with immortal flowers?

*Willis's Poems.*

Philosophy and Reason! Oh, how vain  
 Their lessons to the feelings! They but teach  
 To hide them deeper, and to show a calm  
 Unruffled surface to the idle gaze.

*Miss Elizabeth Bogart.*

## PHRENOLOGY.

For of the soul the body form doth take;  
 For soul is form, and doth the body make.

*Spenser.*

Away with all doubt and misgiving;  
 Now lovers must woo by the book—  
 There's an end to all trick and deceiving,  
 No men can be caught by a look.  
 Bright eyes or a love-breeding dimple  
 No longer their witchery fling;  
 That lover indeed must be simple  
 Who yields to so silly a thing.

*Literary Gazette.*

No more need we fly the bright glances  
 Whence Cupid shot arrows of yore;  
 To skulls let us limit our fancies,  
 And love by the bumps we explore!  
 Oh, now we can tell in a minute  
 What fate will be ours when we wed;  
 The heart has no passion within it  
 That is not engraved on the head.

*Literary Gazette.*

In vain we fondly strive to trace  
 The soul's reflection in the face;  
 In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,  
 Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;  
 Boobies have look'd as wise and bright  
 As Plato, or the Stagyrite:  
 And many a sage and learned skull  
 Has peep'd through windows dark and dull.

*Moore*

We may know by the head on Cupid's seal,  
 What impression the heart will take;  
 If shallow the head, oh! how soon we feel  
 What a poor impression 't will make.

*Moore.*

## PHYSIC.

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

If thou could'st, doctor, cast  
 The water of my land, find her disease,  
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
 That should applaud again.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug  
 Would scour these English hence? Hearest thou  
 of them?

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

I do remember an apothecary,—  
 And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted  
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
 Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet*

About his shelves  
 A beggarly account of empty boxes  
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses  
 Were thinly scattered to make up a show.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,  
 And poisons by themselves expell'd.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Knew many an amulet and charm,  
 That would do neither good nor harm.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

For men are brought to worse distresses  
 By taking physic than diseases;  
 And therefore commonly recover,  
 As soon as doctors give them over.

*Butleriana.*

So, when small humours gather to a gout,  
 The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

When nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void.  
For physic can but mend our crazy state,  
Patch an old building, not a new create.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

You tell your doctor that you're ill:  
And what does he but write a bill?  
Of which you need but read one letter:  
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.  
For if you knew but what you take,  
Though you recover, he must break.

*Prior's Alma.*

The first physicians by debauch were made;  
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.  
By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;  
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;  
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,  
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.  
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend:  
God never made his work for man to mend.

*Dryden.*

Physicians mend or end us,  
Secundem artem: — but although we sneer  
In health — when sick, we call them to attend us,  
Without the least propensity to jeer.

*Byron.*  
We own that numbers join with care and skill,  
A temperate judgment, a devoted will;  
Men who suppress their feelings, but who feel  
The painful symptoms they delight to heal:  
Patient in all their trials, they sustain,  
The starts of passion, the reproach of pain:  
With hearts affected, but with looks serene,  
Intent they wait through all the solemn scene,  
Glad if a hope should rise from nature's strife,  
To aid their skill and save the lingering life;  
But this must virtue's generous effort be,  
And spring from nobler motives than a fee:  
To the physicians of the soul, and these,  
Turn the distress'd for safety and for Peace.

*Crabbe's Borough.*

### PITY.

Naught is there under Heaven's wide hollowness  
That moves more dear compassion of the mind  
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness  
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind:  
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,  
Or through allegiance and vast fealty,  
Which I do owe unto all womankind,  
Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,  
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

*Spenser.*

And pity, like a new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

If ever you have look'd on better days;  
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;  
If ever sat at any good man's feast;  
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,  
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;  
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

And, if thou tellest the heavy story right,  
Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears;  
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,  
And say — Alas, it was a piteous deed!

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Villain, thou know'st no law of God or man:  
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

But I am in  
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin,  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Take heed of pity, pity was the cause  
Of my confusion, pity hath undone  
Thousands of gentle natures in our sex;  
For pity is sworn servant unto love,  
And this be sure, wherever it begin  
To make the way, it lets the master in.

*Daniel's Arcadia.*

If he die innocent, thrice happy soul;  
If guilty—weep that man should so transgress:  
Nature of reason thus much doth importune,  
Man should partake in grief with man's misfortune.

*Lewis Machen's Dumb Knight.*

A crown of pine upon his head he wore;  
And thus began her pity to implore.

*Dryden's Ovid.*

Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,  
That but to hear a story feign'd for pleasure,  
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,  
And robs me of my manhood.

*Dryden's All for Love.*

There must be some proportion still to pity,  
Between ourselves, and what we moan: 'tis hard  
For men to be aught sensible, how motes  
Press flies to death.

*John Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

I pity him, but must not dare to show it:  
It adds to some men's misery not to know it.

*Richard Brome.*

A common pity does not love express;  
Pity is love when grown into excess.

*Sir R. Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

Her very judges wrung their hands for pity;  
Their old hearts melted in them as she spoke,  
And tears ran down upon their silver beards.

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

Those moving tears will quite dissolve my frame:  
They melt that soul which threats could never  
shake.

*Higgons's Generous Conqueror.*

The brave are ever tender,  
And feel the miseries of suffering virtue.

*Martyn's Timoleon.*

I find a pity hangs upon his breasts,  
Like gentle dew, that cools all cruel passions.

*Howard's Duke of Lerma.*

The generous heart  
Should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

A generous warmth opens the hero's soul,  
And soft compassion flows where courage dwells.

*C. Johnson's Medea.*

Why clingest thou to my raiment?  
Thy grasp of grief is stronger on my heart—  
For sterner oft our words than feelings are.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

The truly brave are soft of heart and eyes,  
And feel for what their duty bids them do.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

Pity! is it pity to recall to feeling  
The wretch too happy to escape to death  
By the compassionate trance, poor nature's last  
Resource against the tyranny of pain?

*Byron's Two Foscari.*

Not always is the heart unwise,  
Nor pity idly born,  
If even a passing stranger sighs  
For those who do not mourn.

*Wordsworth.*

Pity thee! So I do!  
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—  
But does the rob'd priest for his pity falter?

*Willis's Poems.*

Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.

*Whittier's Poems.*

### PLAYERS.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That, from her working, all his visage warm'd:  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing?  
For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? and all for nothing?

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

*Players*

Were never more uncertain in their lives;  
They know not when to play, where to play, nor  
What to play; not when to play, for fearful fools;  
Where to play, for puritan fools; nor what  
To play, for critical fools.

*Middleton's Mad World my Masters.*

They abuse our scene,

And say we live by vice; indeed 't is true;  
As the physicians by diseases do,  
Only to cure them: they do live, we see,  
Like cooks by pampering prodigality;  
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage,  
We set an usurer to tell his age;  
How ugly looks his soul: a prodigal  
Is taught by us how far from liberal  
His folly bears him. Boldly I dare say,  
There has been more by us in some one play  
Laugh'd into wit, and virtue, than hath been  
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin,  
And foppish humours: hence the cause doth rise,  
Men are not won by th' ears, so well as eyes.

*Randolph's Muse's Looking Glass.*

### PLEASURE.

His sports were fair, his joyance innocent,  
Sweet without sour, and honey without gall;  
And he himself seem'd made for merriment,  
Merrily masking both in bower and hall.

*Spenser's Astrophel.*

Pleasure is like a building, the more high,  
The narrower it grows; cedars die  
Soonest at the top.

*Shaks. and Rowley's Birth of Merlin.*

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,  
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed, mad-cap prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that doff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part 1*

To business that we love, we rise betime,  
And go to it with delight.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

Pleasure never comes sincere to man :  
But lent by heaven upon hard usury.

*Dryden's Oedipus.*

Pleasures, or wrong or rightly understood,  
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;  
No thought of peace or happiness at home.  
But wisdom's triumph is well tim'd retreat,  
As hard a science to the fair as great !  
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,  
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone ;  
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,  
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

*Pope.*

O the dark days of vanity ! while here,  
How tasteless ! and how terrible, when gone !  
Gone ! they ne'er go ; when past they haunt us  
still ;

The spirit walks of every day deceas'd  
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

A change of evils is thy good supreme ;  
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.  
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still :  
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,  
Is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.

*Young.*

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy :  
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy ;  
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,  
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still  
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains ;  
What is it, but rank poison in your veins ?

*Young.*

How happy art thou man, when thou'rt no more  
Thyself ! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,  
In rapture, and sweet oblivion lost,  
Yield a short interval, and ease from pain.

*Somerville's Chase.*

Pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;  
Or like the snow-falls in the river,  
A moment white — then melts for ever ;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flits ere you can point their place ;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Vanishing amid the storm —  
Nae man can tether time or tide.

*Burns.*

Whom call we gay ? that honour has been long  
The boast of mere pretenders to the name  
The innocent are gay — the lark is gay  
That dries his feathers saturate with dew  
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams  
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.

*Couper's Task.*

Methinks I've cast full twenty years aside,  
And am again a boy. Every breath  
Of air that trembles through the window bears  
Unusual odour.

*Proctor's Mirandola.*

What's i' the air ? —  
Some subtle spirit runs thro' all my veins.  
Hope seems to ride this morning on the wind,  
And joy outshines the sun.

*Proctor's Mirandola.*

Pleasure's the only noble end  
To which all human powers should tend ;  
And virtue gives her heav'nly lore,  
But to make pleasure please us more !  
Wisdom and she are both design'd  
To make the senses more refin'd,  
That man might revel free from cloying,  
Then most a sage when most enjoying !

*Moore.*

Pleasure ! thou only good on earth !  
One little hour resign'd to thee —  
O ! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth  
The sage's immortality !

*Moore.*

O sages ! think on joy like this,  
And where's your boast of apathy ?

*Moore.*

Strike up the dance, the cava bowl fill high,  
Drain every drop ! — to-morrow we may die.

*Byron's Island.*

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's trea  
sure,  
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

*Byron.*

Pleasure, that comes unlook'd for, is thrice wel  
come ;  
And if it stir the heart, if aught be there  
That may hereafter in a thoughtful hour  
Wake but a sigh, 'tis treasur'd up among  
The things most precious ; and the day it came,  
Is noted as a white day in our lives.

*Rogers's Italy.*

It is sad  
To think how few our pleasures really are :  
And for the which we risk eternal good.

*Bailey's Festus.*

## POETS.

Heaps of huge words uphoarded hideously,  
With horrid sound, though having little sense,  
They think to be chief praise of poetry,  
And thereby wanting true intelligence,  
Have marr'd the face of godly poesie,  
And made a monster of their fantasie.

*Spenser's Tears of the Muses.*

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,  
And make them merry with their fooleries;  
They cheerly chant, and rhymes at random fling,  
The fruitful spawn of their rank fantasies:  
They feed the ears of fools with flattery,  
And good men blame, and losels magnify.

*Spenser's Tears of the Muses.*

How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores  
Be clear'd with verses to my creditors?  
Hexameter's no sterling; and I fear  
What the brain coins goes scarce for current there.  
Can metre cancel bonds? is there a time  
Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?  
Or if I now were hurrying to a jail,  
Are the nine muses held sufficient bail?  
Would they to any composition come,  
If we should mortgage our Elysium,  
Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams  
Of Tagus and Pactolus, those rich dreams  
Of active fancy?

*Randolph.*

A poet's then exact in every part  
That is born one by nature, nurst by art:  
Whose happy mixture both of skill and fate,  
Makes the most sudden thought elaborate:  
Whose easy strains a flowing sense does fit;  
Unforc'd expressions, and unravish'd wit:  
Words fill'd with equal subject, such as brings,  
To chosen language, high and chosen things.  
Harsh reason clear as day, as smooth as sleep,  
Glide here like rivers, even still though deep:  
Discords grow music; grief itself delight;  
Horror, when he describes, leaves off t' affright.  
Sullen philosophy does learn to go  
In lightest dressings, and becomes them too.

*Dr. Lluelin.*

A poem's life and death dependeth still  
Not on the poet's wits, but reader's will.

*Alexander Brome.*

With equal eagerness contend  
Some to cry down, and others to commend:  
So easy 'tis to judge, so hard to do;  
There's so much frailty, yet such prying too;  
That who their poetry to view expose,  
Must be prepar'd to be abus'd in prose.

*A. Brome and R. Brome.*

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I had rather be a kitten, and cry — mew,  
Than one of these same metre-ballad-mongers:  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

## Worhiest poets

Shun common and plebeian forms of speech,  
Every illiberal and affected phrase,  
To clothe their matter; and together tie  
Matter and form with art and decency.

*Chapman.*

Poets may boast, as safely vain,  
Their works shall with the world remain;  
Both bound together live or die,  
The verses and the prophecy.

*Waller on English Verse.*

Poets that lasting marble seek,  
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:  
We write in sand, our language grows,  
And like the tide, our work o'erflows.

*Waller on English Verse.*

The poets may of inspiration boast,  
Their rage, ill governed, in the clouds is lost,  
He that proportioned wonders can disclose,  
At once his fancy and his judgment shows;  
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,  
Neglect of which no wit can recompense.  
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,  
That sacred stream should never water weeds,  
Nor make the cup of thorns and thistles grow,  
Which envy or perverted nature sow.

*Waller.*

## I thence

Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

But those that write in rhyme, still make  
The one verse for the other's sake;  
For, one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
I think's sufficient at one time.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Beside all this, he served his master  
In quality of poetaster ;  
And rhymes appropriate could make  
To ev'ry month in th' almanac ;  
What terms begin and end could tell,  
With their returns in doggerel.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

It is not poetry that makes men poor ;  
For few do write, that were not so before ;  
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,  
Had ne'er been seized with a poetic itch ;  
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains  
To undergo that drudgery of brains ;  
But being for all other trades unfit,  
Only t' avoid being idle, set up wit.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
With which, like ships they steer their courses.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Of those few fools, who with ill stars are curst,  
Sure scribbling fools, call'd poets, fare the worst :  
For they're a set of fools which fortune makes,  
And after she has made them fools, forsakes.

*Congreve.*

Three poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first in majesty of thought surpass'd,  
The next in gracefulness ; in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go ;  
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

*Dryden on Milton.*

Base rivals, who true wit and merit hate,  
Caballing still against it with the great,  
Maliciously aspire to gain renown,  
By standing up and pulling others down.

*Dryden.*

Then rising with Aurora's light,  
The muse invok'd, sit down to write ;  
Elot out, correct, insert, refine,  
Enlarge, diminish, interline ;  
Be mindful when invention fails,  
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

*Swift on Poetry.*

A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,  
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross.

*Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

High in Drury Lane,  
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,  
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,  
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends.

*Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
And strain from hard-bound brains, eight lines a

year. *Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,  
It is not poetry, but prose run mad.

*Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

That flattery ev'n to kings, he held a shame,  
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.

*Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

Fir'd that the house rejected him, "Sdeath ! I'll  
print it,  
And shame the fools."

*Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown  
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents' or my own ?  
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

*Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

Commas and points they set exactly right,  
And 't were a sin to rob them of their mite.

*Pope.*

Who shames a scribbler ? break one cobweb  
through,

He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew :  
Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,  
The creature's at his dirty work again,  
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,  
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines !

*Pope.*

Sages and chiefs long since had birth,  
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd ;  
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,—  
And those, new heav'n's and systems fram'd :  
Vain was the chiefs', the sages' pride !  
They had no poet, and they died.  
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled !  
They had no poet, and are dead.

*Pope.*

Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"  
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees :"—  
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep." ,  
*Pope.*

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,  
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

*Pope.*

Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch  
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich :  
Sons, sires, and grandires, all will wear the bays,  
Our wives read Milton; and our daughters plays ;  
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,  
And all our grace at table is a song.

*Pope.*

But fill their purse, our poet's work is done,  
Alike to them, by pathos, or by pun.

*Pope.*

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!  
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,  
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,  
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,  
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;  
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,  
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;  
Who can your merit selfishly approve,  
And show the sense of it, without the love;  
Who has the vanity to call you friend,  
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend,  
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
And if he lie not, must at least betray;  
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,  
And sees at canons what was never there;  
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,  
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;  
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Pope.

With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;  
A brain all feathers, and a heart all lead:  
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,  
But senseless, lifeless idol! void and vain!  
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,  
A fool, so just a copy of a wit.

Pope.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare;  
For there's a happiness as well as care:  
Music resembles poetry; in each  
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,  
And which a master-hand alone can reach.

Pope.

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg;  
A dedication is a wooden leg.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.

Dr. Johnson.

Smit with the love of honour — or of pence —  
O'errun with wit, and destitute of sense,  
Should any novice in the rhyming trade  
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade,  
Forth from the court where sceptred sages sit,  
Abus'd with praise, and flatter'd into wit,  
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,  
And what they win by dulness still maintain,  
Legions of factious authors throng at once,  
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.

Churchill.

What if a man delight to pass his time  
In spinning reason into harmless rhyme,  
Or sometimes boldly venture to the play? —  
Say, where's the crime — great man of prudence,  
say;

No two on earth in all things can agree,  
All have some darling irregularity:  
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,  
In gewgaws take delight, and sigh for toys.  
Your sceptres, and your crowns, and such-like  
things,  
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.  
In things indiff'rent, reason bids us choose,  
Whether the whim's a monkey or a muse.

Churchill

And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!  
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame.  
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decay'd,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;  
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so  
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village*

But seldom (as if fearful of expense)  
Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence —  
Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,  
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;  
Fancy, that, from the bow that spans the sky,  
Brings colours, dipp'd in heaven, that never die;  
A soul exalted above earth, a mind  
Skill'd in the characters that form mankind.

Cowper

The just is clearly to be seen,  
Not in the words — but in the gap between:  
Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,  
The substitute for genius, sense and wit.

Cowper

To charm the languid hours of solitude,  
He oft invites her to the muse's lore,  
For none have vainly e'er the muse pursued,  
And those whom she delights, regret no more  
The social, joyous hours, while wrapt they soar  
To worlds unknown, and live in fancy's dream:  
O muse divine! thee only I implore,  
Shed on my soul thy sweet inspiring beams,  
And pleasure's gayest scene insipid folly seems!

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche*

A great deal, my dear liege, depends  
On having clever bards for friends.  
What had Achilles been without his Homer,  
A tailor, woollen-draper, or a comber?

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar*

The man who printeth his poetic fits,  
Into the public's mouth his head commits.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

'T is very dang'rous to attack a poet—  
Also ridiculous — the end would show it.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Oh ! woman's heart was made  
For minstrel hands alone ;  
By other fingers play'd,  
It yields not half the tone.

*Moore.*

No ! when the sons of song descend to trade,  
Their bays are sere, their former laurels fade.  
Let such forgo the poet's sacred name,  
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame.

*Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,  
But verse is more in fashion — so here goes.

*Byron.*

And though these lines should only line portman-  
teaus,  
Trade will be all the better for these cantos.

*Byron.*

Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive,  
To make three guineas do the work of five.

*Burns.*

His countrymen came ten thousand strong,  
To weep o'er his narrow bed,  
And tears they gave to that child of song,  
Who had sued to them for bread.

*Allan Cunningham.*

A drainless renown

Of light is Poesy : 'T is the supreme of power :  
The might half slumbering on its own right arm !

*John Keats.*

The fame of those pure bards whose faces lie  
Like glorious clouds in summer's calmest even,  
Fringing the western sky of darkening heaven,  
And sprinkled o'er with hues of rainbow dye,  
Awakes no voice of thunder, which may vie  
With mighty chiefs' renown ; — from ages gone,  
In low, undying strain, it lengthens on,  
Earth's greenest solitudes with joy to fill, —  
Felt breathing in the silence of the sky,  
Or trembling in the gush of new-born rill,  
Or whispering o'er the lake's undimpled breast ;  
Yet blest to live when trumpet-notes are still,  
To wake a pulse of earth-born ecstasy  
In the deep bosom of eternal rest.

*Thomas Noon Talfourd.*

Poet ! esteem thy noble part,  
Still listen, still record,  
Sacred historian of the heart,  
And moral nature's lord.

*Richard M. Milnes.*

It is a fearful stake the poet casts,  
When he comes forth from his sweet solitude  
Of hopes, and songs, and visionary things,  
To ask the iron verdict of the world.

*Miss Landon.*

Trace the young poet's fate :  
Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,  
His heart upon his lips he seeks the world,  
To find him fame and fortune, as if life  
Were like a fairy tale. His song has led  
The way before him ; flatteries fill his ear,  
His presence courted, and his words are caught ;  
And he seems happy in so many friends.  
What marvel if he somewhat overrate  
His talents and his state ? These scenes soon  
change.

The vain, who sought to mix their name with his ;  
The curious, who but live for some new sight ;  
The idle — all these have been gratified,  
And now neglect stings even more than scorn.

*Miss Landon.*

Oh, never had the poet's lute a hope,  
An aim so glorious as it now may have,  
In this our social state, where petty cares  
And mercenary interests only look  
Upon the present's littleness, and shrink  
From the bold future, and the stately past.

— 'T is the poet's gift

To melt these frozen waters.

*Miss Landon.*

I see poets darting in splendour,  
Bright birds from the tropic of mind.  
Why mock at each self-deem'd immortal ?  
To-day he is lord of his kind.

*Miss Jewsbury.*

Sit still upon your thrones,  
O ye poetic ones !  
And if, sooth, the world decry you,  
Let it pass, unchalleng'd by you !  
Ye to yourselves suffice,  
Without its flatteries,  
Self-contentedly approve you  
Unto Him who sits above you !

*Miss Barrett.*

O brave poets, keep back nothing ;  
Nor mix falsehood with the whole !  
Look up Godward ! speak the truth in  
Worthy song from earnest soul !  
Hold in high poetic duty,  
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty !

*Miss Barrett.*

The bard must have a kind, courageous heart,  
And natural chivalry to aid the weak.  
He must believe the best of every thing ;  
Love all below, and worship all above.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Poets are all who love — who feel great truths —  
And tell them.

*Bailey's Festus.*

He knew himself a bard ordain'd,  
More than inspir'd of God, inspirited :—  
Making himself like an electric rod,  
A lure for lightning feelings ; and his words  
Fell like the things that fall in thunder, which  
The mind, when in a dark, but cloudful state.  
Doth make metallic, meteoric, ball-like.  
He spake to spirits with a wizard tongue,  
Who came compell'd by wizard power of truth,  
And 'ray'd them round him from the ends of  
Heaven.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Poetry is itself a thing of God ;  
He made his prophets poets, and the more  
We feel of poesie do we become  
Like God in love and power — under-makers.

*Bailey's Festus.*

God wills, man hopes : in common seuls  
Hope is but vague and undefin'd,  
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls,  
A blessing to his kind.

*James Russell Lowell.*

Never did poesy appear  
So full of heaven to me, as when  
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear  
To the lives of coarsest men !  
I thought, these men will carry hence  
Promptings their former life above,  
And something of a finer reverence  
For beauty, truth, and love.

*James Russell Lowell.*

The world is full of poetry — the air  
Is living with its spirit; and the waves  
Dance to the music of its melodies,  
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veil'd  
And mantled with its beauty ; and the walls,  
That close the universe with crystal in,  
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim  
The unseen glories of immensity,  
In harmonies too perfect and too high  
For aught but beings of celestial mould,  
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,  
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

*Percival's Poems.*

Praise to the bard ! — his words are driven,  
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,  
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,  
The birds of fame have flown.

*Halleck's Poems.*

He, whose thoughts differing, not in shape, but  
dress,  
What others feel, more fitly can express.

*O. W. Holmes.*

There breathes no being but has some pretence  
To that fine instinct called poetic sense.

*O. W. Holmes.*

This be the poet's praise,  
That he hath ever been of Liberty  
The steadfast friend ; of Justice and of Truth  
Firmest supporters ; of high thoughts,  
And all true beauty of the inner world,  
Creator.

*American Prospectus* — 1763

On a blue summer night,  
When the stars were asleep,  
Like gems of the deep,  
In their own drowsy light ;  
While the new-mown hay  
On the green earth lay,  
And all that came near it went scented away,  
From a lone woody place  
There look'd out a face  
With large blue eyes,  
Like the warm, wet skies,  
Brimfull of water and light ;  
A profusion of hair  
Flashing out on the air,  
And a forehead alarmingly bright :  
'Twas the head of a poet. He grew  
As the sweet strange flowers of the wilderness  
grow,  
In the droppings of natural dew.  
Unheeded — alone —  
Till his heart had blown —

As the sweet strange flowers of the wilderness  
blow —

Till every thought wore a changeable strain,  
Like flower-leaves wet with the sunset rain.  
A proud and passionate boy was he,  
Like all the children of poesy,  
With a haughty look, and a haughty tread,  
And something awful about his head ;  
With wonderful eyes,  
Full of woe and surprise —

Like the eyes of them that can see the dear  
Looking about.

For a moment or two he stood  
On the shore of a mighty wood ;  
Then ventur'd out  
With a bounding step and a joyful shout,  
The blue sky bending o'er him,  
The broad sea all before him !

*John Neal.*

Love well  
The poet who may sow your grave with flowers,  
The traveller to the far land of the Past.

*Willis' Poems*

The poor man, from his door,  
Look'd forth with cheerful face, and as his eye,  
The soft eye of the poet, turn'd to his,  
A whisper from the tree said, "This is he,  
Who knows thy heart is human as his own,  
Who, with inspired numbers, tells the world  
That love dwells with the lowly. He has made  
The humble roof a burthen in sweet song —  
Interpreted thy heart to happier men !  
Love him ! oh ! love him, therefore !

*Willis's Poems.*

Oh, many a sad and weary heart  
That treads a noiseless way apart,  
Has bless'd the humble poet's name,  
For fellowship refin'd and free,  
In meek wild-flowers of poesy  
That ask'd no higher fame !

*Mrs. Elizabeth C. Kinney.*

For this present, hard  
Is the fortune of the bard  
Born out of time ;  
All his accomplishment  
From nature's utmost treasure spent,  
Booteth not him.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

The land of song within thee lies,  
Water'd by living springs ;  
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes  
Are gates unto that Paradise,  
Holy thoughts, like stars arise,  
Its clouds are angels' wings.  
Look, then, into thy heart and write !  
Yes, into Life's, deep stream !  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn Voices of the Night,  
These can soothe thee, or affright, —  
Be these henceforth thy theme.

*Longfellow's Voices of the Night.*

Leave me not yet ! Leave me not cold and lonely,  
Thou dear ideal of my pining heart !  
Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,  
Whom I would keep if all the world depart,  
Thou, that dost veil the frailest flower with glory,  
Spirit of light, and loveliness, and truth !  
Thou that didst tell me a sweet, fairy story,  
Of the dim future, in my wistful youth ;  
Thou, who canst weave a halo round the spirit,  
Through which naught mean or evil dare intrude,  
Resume not yet the gift which I inherit  
From Heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good !  
Leave me not now ! Leave me not cold and lonely,  
Thou starry prophet of my pining heart !  
Thou art the friend—the tenderest—the only,  
With whom, of all, 't would be despair to part.

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

Among the toil-worn poor my soul is seeking  
For one to bring the Maker's name to light,  
To be the voice of that Almighty speaking  
Which every age demands to do it right.  
Proprieties our silken bards environ ;  
He who would be the tongue of this wide land,  
Must string his harp with chords of sturdy iron,  
And strike it with a toil-embrowned hand.  
Who to the right can feel himself the truer  
For being greatly patient with the wrong ;  
Who sees a brother in the evil-doer,  
And finds in Love the heart's-blood of his song.

*James Russell Lowell.*

With no fond, sickly thirst for fame I kneel,  
O goddess of the high-born art, to thee ;  
Not unto thee with semblance of a zeal  
I come, O pure and Heaven-ey'd Poesy !  
Thou art to me a spirit and a love,  
Felt ever from the time when first the earth,  
In its green beauty, and the sky above  
Inform'd my soul with joy too deep for mirth.  
I was a child of thine before my tongue  
Could lisp its infant utterance unto thee,  
And now, albeit, from my harp are flung  
Discordant numbers, and the song may be  
That which I would not, yet I know that thou  
The offering will not spurn, while unto thee I bow.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

Awake in me a truer life !  
A soul to labour and aspire ;  
Touch thou my mortal lips, O God,  
With thine own truth's immortal fire !  
Give strength unto my spirit's wing,  
Give light unto my spirit's eye,  
And let the sunshine of thy smile  
Upon my upward pathway lie !  
Thus, when my soul in thy pure faith  
Hath grown serene, and free, and strong,  
Thy greatness may exalt my thought,  
Thy love make beautiful my song.

*Miss Sara J. Clarke.*

POLITENESS.—(See ETIQUETTE).

## POLITICS.

So politicians thrive,  
That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks,  
Legerdemain, ducks, cringes, formal beards,  
Crisp'd hairs, and punctual cheats, do wriggle in  
Their heads first, like a fox, to rooms of state,  
Then the whole body follows.

*John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.*

A politician, Proteus-like, must alter  
His face, and habit; and, like water, seem  
Of the same colour that the vessel is  
That doth contain it; varying his form  
With the chameleon at each object's change.

*Mason's Muleasses.*

With passionate oaths and protestations,  
With sighs, smooth glances, and officious terms,  
Spread artificial mists before the eyes  
Of cred'lous simplicity: he that will be high,  
Must be a parasite, to fawn and lie.

*Mason's Muleasses.*

Policy wills some seeming cause be had,  
To make that good, which justice knows for bad.

*Jones's Adrasta.*

These great statesmen,  
When time has made bold with the king and subject,  
Throwing down all fence that stood 'twixt their pow'r  
And others' right, are, on a change,  
Like wanton salmons coming in with floods,  
That leap o'er wires and nets, and make their way  
To be, at their return, to ev'ry one a prey.

*Suckling's Aglaura.*

Your politicians  
Have evermore a taint of vanity;  
As hasty still to show, and boast a plot,  
As they are greedy to contrive it.

*Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

Dull rogues affect the politician's part,  
And learn to nod and smile, and shrug with art;  
Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails;  
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.

*Congreve.*

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,  
The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave:  
The quaint smooth rogue, that sins 'gainst his reason,  
Calls saucy loud sedition public zeal,  
And mutiny the dictates of his spirit.

*Otway.*

All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit  
To rule in politics as well as wit.  
The grave, the gay, the fopling and the dunce,  
Start up (God bless us) statesmen all at once.

*Churchill.*

Who's in or out, who moves the grand machine,  
Nor stirs my curiosity, or spleen;  
Secrets of state no more I wish to know  
Than secret movements of a puppet-show;  
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,  
Unseen the hand which guides the master wire.

*Churchill.*

—What are your politics? — I have none,  
I have my thoughts. I am no party man,  
I care for measures more than men, but think  
Some little may depend upon the men;  
Something in fires depends upon the grate.

*Bailey's Festus.*

You can't pay rents and retail politics.

*James T. Fields*

### POPULARITY.

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights  
Are spectacled to see him: your pratling nurse  
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,  
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins  
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,  
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,  
windows,  
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
With variable complexions; all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him.

*Shaks. Coriolanus*

I have seen

The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind  
To hear him speak: the matrons flung their gloves,  
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,  
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,  
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made  
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts:  
I never saw the like.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

They more or less came in with cap and knee,  
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;  
Attended him on bridges, stood on lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
Gave him their heirs: as pages follow'd him,  
Even at his heels, in golden multitudes.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I*

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,  
With slow but stately pace kept on his course;  
While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, Boling  
broke,  
You would have thought the very windows spake  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring eyes  
Upon his visage.

*Shaks. Richard II*

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
And dress'd myself in such humility,  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
Even in the presence of the crowned king.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts, and more strait decrees,  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth :  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs ; and, by his face,  
This seeming brow of justice did he win  
The hearts of all he did angle for.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;  
A brace of draymen bid — God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;  
As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Ev'ry wretch pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks ;  
A largess universal, like the sun,  
His lib'ral eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

To be a crouching, crawling, fawning cur,  
. To lick the lazy hands of prating priests,  
With protestations of integrity  
Devoted wholly to them ;  
With true compunction of unfeigned grief,  
Submissively to crave their gracious pardon :  
To paw the ragged multitude with praise  
Of their ingenious care and fervent love  
For preservation of the commonwealth ;  
To promise fair rewards to foward fools ;  
Perhaps with dirty feet to mire with fawnings,  
And then be beaten with the shameful staff  
Of foul reproach :—  
To do all this, were to be born a fool ;  
To live a slave and die a coward.  
Death ! I will stand between the counter bluffs  
Of these devouring storms in spite of hell ;  
Nor priest nor peasant shall enforce me stoop  
An' inch to either : As I have liv'd, I'll fall ;  
Or freed from both, or rent up root and all.

*Hemming's Jew's Tragedy.*

Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone, and as a god  
Extol him equal to the High'st in Heaven.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Bare-headed popularity low he bow'd,  
An' pard the salutations of the crowd.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

I have no taste  
Of popular applause : The noisy praise  
Of giddy crowds as changeable as winds ;  
Still vehement, and still without a cause :  
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide  
Of swoln success ; but veering with the ebb,  
It leaves the channel dry.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar*

Yet of manners mild,  
And winning every heart, he knew to please,  
Nobly to please ; while equally he scorn'd  
Or adulation to receive, or give.

*Thomson.*

He who can listen pleas'd to such applause,  
Buys at a dearer rate than I dare purchase,  
And pays for idle air with sense and virtue.

*Mallett's Mustapha.*

O breath of public praise,  
Short-liv'd and vain ! oft gain'd without desert,  
As often lost, unmerited : composed  
But of extremes : Thou first beginn'st with love  
Enthusiastic, madness of affection ; then  
(Bounding o'er moderation and o'er reason)  
Thou turn'st to hate, as causless and as fierce.

*Havard's Regulus.*

Oh, popular applause, what heart of man  
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms ?  
The wisest and the best feel urgent need  
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales ;  
But swell'd into a dust — who then, alas !  
With all his canvas set, and inexpert,  
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power ?

*Couper's Task.*

Some shout him, and some hang upon his car  
To gaze in's eyes and bless him. Maidens wave  
Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy.  
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse  
The gilded equipage ; and, turning loose  
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.

*Couper's Task.*

Their's was the glee of martial breast,  
And laughter their's at little jest ;  
And oft lord Marmion deign'd to aid,  
And mingle in the mirth they made :  
For though with men of high degree,  
The proudest of the proud was he,  
Yet train'd in camps, he knew the art  
To win the soldier's hardy heart.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Track not the steps of such as hold you cheap,—  
Too mean to prize, though good enough to keep ;  
Your "real, genuine, no-mistake Tom Thumbs"  
Are little people fed on great men's crumbs.

*O. W. Holmes.*

Curse on his virtues ! they 've undone his country,  
Such popular humanity is treason.

*Addison's Cato.*

Courteous and cautious, therefore, in his country,  
He was all things to all men, and dispensed  
To some civility to others bounty,  
And promises to all — which last commenced  
To gather to a somewhat large amount, he  
Not calculating how much they condensed ;  
But what with keeping some, and breaking others,  
His word had the same value as another's.

*Byron.*

### PORTRAIT.

What find I here ?  
Fair Portia's counterfeit ? what demy-god  
Hath come so near creation.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

But her eyes —  
How could he see to do them ? having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnish'd.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

'T was pretty, though a plague  
To see him every hour : to sit and draw  
His arched brow, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table ; heart too capable  
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour :  
But now he 's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his relics.

*Shaks.*

Good heaven ! that sots and knaves should be so  
vain,  
To wish their vile remembrance may remain !  
And stand recorded at their own request,  
To future days a libel or a jest.

*Dryden.*

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her  
features,  
Seem to be drawn by love's own hands, by love  
Himself in love.

*Dryden.*

Is she not more than painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love ?

*Rose.*

There were the painted forms of other times,  
'T was all they left of virtues or of crimes,  
Save vague tradition ; and the gloomy vaults  
That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults ;  
And half the column of the pompous page,  
That speeds the specious tale from age to age ;  
Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,  
And lies like truth, and still most truly lies.

*Byron's Lara.*

Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,  
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn.  
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,  
The walls in venerable order grace :  
Heroes in animated marble frown,  
And legislators seem to think in stone.

*Pope's Temple of Fame.*

Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it.

*Couper.*

Love on his lips and hatred in his heart,  
His motto — *constancy* ; his creed — to *part* ;  
Words that like honey feeble flies enthrall  
To hide a soul of black envenom'd gall.  
Rash, cruel, wavering, subtle, insincere,  
The winds of heaven not so widely veer ;  
Strong in his words but in his actions weak,  
His greatest talent not to do — but speak,  
Language that burns th' unwary to entice,  
*A head all fire*, and a *heart all ice* :  
So does the mountain's sunnmit fiercely glow,  
While deep beneath still lies the frozen snow.

*Byron's Lara*

Thy beauty, not a fault is there ;  
No queen of Grecian line  
E'er braided more luxuriant hair  
O'er forehead more divine ;—  
The light of midnight's starry heaven  
Is in those radiant eyes ;  
The rose's crimson life has given  
That cheek its glowing dyes ;—  
And yet I love thee not :— thy brow  
Is but the sculptor's mould :  
It wants a shade — it wants a glow —  
It is less fair than cold.

*Miss Landon's Poetical Portraits.*

Waking, I must dream no more,  
Night has lovelier dreams in store.  
Picture dear, farewell to thee,  
Be thine image left with me !

*Miss Landon.*

I've gazed on many a brighter face,  
But ne'er on one for years,  
Where beauty left so soft a trace  
As it had left on hers ;  
But who can paint the spell that wove  
A brightness round the whole !  
'T would take an angel from the skies  
'To paint the immortal soul —  
To trace the light, the inborn grace,  
The spirit sparkling o'er her face.

*Mrs. Welby.*

O serious eyes! how is it that the light,  
The burning rays that mine pour into ye,  
Still find ye cold, and dead, and dark as night—  
O lifeless eyes! can yet not answer me?  
O lips! whereon my own so oft hath dwelt,  
Hath love's warm, fearful thrilling touch no spell  
To waken sense in ye?—O misery!—  
O breathless lips! can ye not speak to me?  
Thou soulless mimicry of life; my tears  
Fall scalding over thee; in vain, in vain;  
I press thee to my heart, whose hopes and fears  
Are all thine own; thou dost not feel the strain,  
O thou dull image! wilt thou not reply  
To my fond prayers and wild idolatry?

*Frances Kemble Butler.*

I ne'er have look'd upon thy form of face,  
Albeit they tell me thou art passing fair;  
I know but of the Intellectual there,  
And shape from thence all loveliness and grace.

*Mrs. Elizabeth J. Eames.*

Clear on the expansion of that snow-white forehead  
Sits intellectual beauty meekly thron'd;  
Yet oh, the expression tells that thou hast sorrow'd,  
And in thy yearning, human heart, aton'd,  
For thy soul's lofty gifts.

*Mrs. Elizabeth J. Eames.*

Thy picture, in my memory now,  
Is fair as morn, and fresh as May!

*Willis's Poems.*

A still, sweet, placid, moonlight face,  
And slightly nonchalant,  
Which seems to claim a middle place  
Between one's love and aunt,  
Where childhood's star has left a ray  
In woman's sunniest sky,  
As morning dew and blushing day  
On fruit and blossom lie.

*O. W. Holmes.*

There ever is a form, a face  
Of maiden beauty in my dreams,  
Speeding before me, like the race  
To ocean of the mountain streams—  
With dancing hair and laughing eyes,  
That seem to mock me as it flies.

*Halleck.*

Oh, it is life! departed days  
Fling back their brightness while I gaze;  
'T is Emma's self—this brow so fair,  
Half-curtain'd in this glossy hair,  
These eyes, the very home of love,  
The dark twin arches trac'd above,  
These red-ripe lips that almost speak,  
The fainter blush of this pure cheek,  
The rose and lily's beauteous strife—  
It is—ah no'—'t is all *but* life!

*Sprague's Poems.*

## POVERTY.

His raw-bon'd cheeks, through penury and pine,  
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen*

O, reason not the need, our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's.

*Shaks. Lear.*

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these?

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes, and furr'd gowns hide all.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath  
roots?

Within this mile break forth an hundred springs:  
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;  
The bounteous huswife, nature, on each bush  
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die! famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes,  
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

## The rich

Have wakeful nights, whilst the poor man's turf  
Begets a peaceful sleep; in which they're blest  
From frigid fears all day, at night with rest.

*Goffe's Careless Shepherdess.*

## To men

Press'd by their wants, all change is ever welcome.

*Ben Jonson's Catiline.*

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,  
Because its virtues are not understood;  
Yet many things, impossible to thought,  
Have been by need to full perfection brought.  
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,  
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;  
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives;  
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives.

*Dryden's Wife of Bath.*

What numbers once in fortune's lap high-fed,  
Solicit the cold hand of charity!  
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

What wretch art thou? whose misery and baseness  
Hangs on my door; whose hateful whine of woe  
Breaks in upon my sorrows, and distracts  
My jarring senses with thy beggar's cry?

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,  
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,  
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,  
To my aerial citadel ascends;  
With vocal heel, thrice thund'ring at my gate,  
With hideous accent thrice he calls.

*Philip's Splendid Shilling.*

Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,  
How many shrink into the sordid hut  
Of cheerless poverty.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

O grant me, heav'n, a middle state,  
Neither too humble nor too great;  
More than enough for nature's ends,  
With something left to treat my friends.

*Mallet.*

O blissful poverty!  
Nature, too partial to thy lot, assigns  
Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,  
Her real goods; and only mocks the great,  
With empty pageantries.

*Fenton's Mariamne.*

Be honest poverty thy boasted wealth;  
So shall thy friendships be sincere, tho' few,  
So shall thy sleep be sound, thy waking cheerful.

*Havard's Regulus.*

She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling crosses spread,  
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn.

*Goldsmith's Deser'ted Village.*

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,  
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

*Goldsmith's Deser'ted Village.*

Sleep seems their only refuge. For alas!  
Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,  
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.

*Cowper's Task.*

But poverty, with most who whimper forth  
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe,  
Th' effect of laziness, or sottish waste.

*Cowper's Task.*

The frugal housewife trembles when she lights  
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear  
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.

*Cowper's Task.*

Where mice with music charm, and vermin crawl,  
And snails with silver traces deck the wall.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

And mark the wretch, whose wanderings never  
knew

The world's regard, that soothes, though half un-  
true;

Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,

But found not pity when it err'd no more.

Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye

Th' unfeeling proud one looks, and passes by;

Condemn'd on penury's barren path to roam,

Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home.

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Ay! idleness! the rich folks never fail  
To find some reason why the poor deserve  
Their miseries.

*Southey.*

Burns o'er the plough sung sweet his wood-notes  
wild;

And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child.

*Ebenezer Elliott.*

Oh, faithful love by poverty embrac'd!  
Thy heart is fire amid a wintry waste;  
Thy joys are roses born on Hecla's brow;  
Thy home is Eden, warm amid the snow;  
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,  
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;  
Even as thy taper gives intensest light,  
When o'er thy bow'd roof darkest falls the night.

*Ebenezer Elliott*

Few save the poor feel for the poor;

The rich know not how hard

It is to be of needful rest

And needful food debarr'd:

They know not of the scanty meal,

With small pale faces round;

No fire upon the cold damp hearth

When snow is on the ground.

*Miss Landon.*

I said to Penury's meagre train,

Come on — your threats I brave;

My last poor life-drop you may drain,

And crush me to the grave;

Yet still, the spirit that endures,

Shall mock your force the while,

And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours,

With bitter smile.

*Mrs. Stoddard.*

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;

Let no harsh term be heard;

They have enough they must endure,

Without an unkind word.

*David Bates.*

Have pity on them, for their life  
Is full of grief and care;  
You do not know one half the woes  
The very poor must bear;  
You do not see the silent tears  
By many a mother shed,  
As childhood offers up the prayer—  
“Give us our daily bread.”

*Mrs. Jane F. Worthington.*

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a harder spirit;  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

*James R. Lowell's Poems.*

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state;  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

*James R. Lowell's Poems.*

### PRAISE.

Or who would ever care to do brave deed,  
Or strive in virtue others to excel,  
If none should yield him his deserved meed,  
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?  
For if good were not praised more than ill,  
None would choose goodness of his own free will.

*Spenser's Tears of the Muses.*

Praising what is lost,  
Makes the remembrance dear.

*Shaks. All's Well.*

Pray now, no more; my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me, grieves me.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;  
Spoke your deserving like a chronicle;  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise, valued with you

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Crown us with praise, and make us  
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying  
tongueless,  
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that:  
Our praises are our wages.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

That praise contents me more which one imparts  
Of judgment sound, though of a mean degree,  
Than praise from princes, void of princely parts  
Who have more wealth, but not more wit than he

*Earl of Sterline's Cræsus*

And what is most commended at this time,  
Succeeding ages may account a crime.

*Earl of Sterline's Darius*

### Praise

Is the reflection doth from virtue rise;  
These fair encomiums do virtue raise  
To higher acts: to praise is to advise.  
Telling men what they are, we let them see,  
And represent to them what they should be.

*Aleyn's Poictiers.*

Praise is but virtue's shadow; who courts her,  
Doth more the handmaid than the dame admire.

*Heath's Clarastella*

Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love;  
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve;  
Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth  
wrong;

And too sharp censure shows an' evil tongue.

*Denham.*

In vain would art presume to guide  
The chariot-wheels of praise;  
When fancy driving ranges free,  
Fresh flowers selecting like the bee,  
And regularly strays

*Phillips.*

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,  
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:  
The proud to gain it toils on toils endure,  
The modest shun it but to make it sure.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,  
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;  
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,  
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

*Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

### My soul,

Like yours, is open to the charms of praise:  
There is no joy beyond it, when the mind  
Of him who hears it can with honest pride  
Confess it just, and listen to its music.

*Whitehead's Roman Father*

I will not sing a mortal's praise,  
To Thee I consecrate my lays,  
To whom my powers belong!

*James Montgomery.*

Human praise  
Is sweet — till envy mars it, and the touch  
Of new-won gold stirs up the pulses well.

*Willis's Poems.*

The worthlessness of common praise —  
The dry-rot of the mind,  
By which its temple secretly  
But fast is undermin'd!

*Miss Landon's Poems.*

Alas! the praise given to the ear  
Ne'er was nor e'er can be sincere,  
And does but waste the mind  
On which it preys: — in vain  
Would they in whom the poison lurks  
A worthier state attain.

*Miss Landon's Poems.*

### PRAYER.

We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,  
By losing of our prayers.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

When holy and devout religious men  
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

That high all-seer, which I dallied with,  
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
And given in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

If you bethink yourself of any crime,  
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*Shaks. Othello.*

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

What then? what rests?  
Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?  
Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!  
Oh limed soul, that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engag'd! help, angels! make assay!  
Bow, stubborn knees! and heart, with strings of  
steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!  
All may be well!

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:  
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.  
*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Temporal blessings heaven doth often share  
Unto the wicked, at the good man's prayer.  
*Quarles.*

Man's plea to man is, that he never more  
Will beg; and that he never begg'd before:  
Man's plea to God is, that he did obtain  
A former suit, and therefore sues again.  
How good a God we serve; that, when we sue,  
Makes his old gifts th' examples of his new!  
*Quarles.*

They forthwith to the place  
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd with tears  
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

If by prayer  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
To weary him with my assiduous cries:  
But pray'r against his absolute decree  
No more avails than breath against the wind  
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth.  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Sighs now breath'd  
Unutterable, which the spirit of prayer  
Inspir'd and wing'd for heav'n with speedier flight  
Than loudest oratory.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

God gives us what he knows our wants require,  
And better things than those which we desire:  
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;  
But watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain;  
Some pray from prison to be freed, and come,  
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;  
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,  
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.  
Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,  
Because we know not for what things to pray.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

His pure thoughts were borne  
Like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds,  
And wafted thence on angels' wings, thro' ways  
Of light to the bright source of all.

*Congreve's Mourning Bride.*

The few that pray at all, pray oft amiss,  
And seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold,  
Would urge a wiser suit, than asking more.

*Couper's Task*

Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak;  
 'Thro' dreadful silence the pent heart might break;  
 Untaught to bear it, women talk away  
 'To God himself, and fondly think they pray.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

They had no stomach, o'er a grace to nod,  
 Nor time enough to offer thanks to God;  
 That might be done, they wisely knew,  
 When they had nothing else to do.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

A good man's prayers  
 Will from the deepest dungeon climb to heaven's  
 height,  
 And bring a blessing down.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

Fountain of mercy! whose pervading eye  
 Can look within and read what passes there,  
 Accept my thoughts for thanks; I have no words.  
 My soul, o'erfraught with gratitude, rejects  
 The aid of language—Lord!—behold my heart.

*Hannah More's Moses.*

O sad estate  
 Of human wretchedness! so weak is man,  
 So ignorant and blind, that did not God  
 Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,  
 We should be ruin'd at our own request.

*Hannah More's Moses.*

His comrade too arose,  
 And with the outward forms  
 Of righteousness and prayer insulted God.

*Southern.*

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
 'T is sweeter far for me,  
 To walk together to the kirk,  
 With a goodly company!—  
 To walk together to the kirk,  
 And all together pray,  
 While each to his great Father bends,  
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
 And youths and maidens gay!

*Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.*

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,  
 It hath not been my use to pray,  
 With moving lips or bended knees;  
 But silently, by slow degrees,  
 My spirit I to love compose,  
 In humble trust my eyelids close,  
 With reverential resignation,  
 No wish conceived, no thought express'd  
 Only a sense of supplication;  
 A sense o'er all my soul impress'd  
 That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
 Since in me, round me, everywhere  
 Eternal strength and wisdom are.

*Coleridge's Poems.*

O Thou, that holdest in thy spacious hands  
 The destinies of men! whose eye surveys  
 Their various actions! Thou, whose temple stands  
 Above all temples! Thou, whom all men praise!  
 Of good the author! Thou, whose wisdom sways  
 The universe! all bounteous! grant to me  
 Tranquillity, and health, and length of days;  
 Good will towards all, and reverence unto Thee;  
 Allowance for man's failings, and of my own  
 The knowledge and the power to conquer all  
 Those evil things to which we are too prone—  
 Malice, hate, envy—all that ill we call.  
 To me a blameless life, Great Spirit, grant,  
 Nor burden'd with much care, nor narrow'd by  
 \* much want.

*Anon.*

The saints will aid, if men will call,  
 For the blue sky bends over all.

*Coleridge's Christabel.*

Child, amidst the flowers at play,  
 While the red light fades away;  
 Mother, with thine earnest eye  
 Ever following silently;  
 Father, by the breeze of eve  
 Call'd thy harvest work to leave;  
 Pray!—ere yet the dark hours be,  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Traveller, in the stranger's land,  
 Far from thine own household band;  
 Mourner, haunted by the tone  
 Of a voice from this world gone;  
 Captive, in whose narrow cell  
 Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;  
 Sailor on the darkening sea—  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Warrior, that from battle won  
 Breathless art at set of sun;  
 Woman, o'er the lowly slain  
 Weeping on his burial plain;  
 Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
 Kindred by one holy tie,  
 Heaven's first star alike ye see—  
 Lift the heart and bend the knee!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Night is the time to pray:  
 Our Saviour oft withdrew  
 To desert mountains far away,  
 So will his followers do;  
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
 And commune there alone with God.

*James Montgomery.*

Any heart, turn'd Godward, feels more joy  
 In one short hour of prayer, than e'er was rais'd  
 By all the feasts on earth since their foundation.

*Bailey's Festus.*

How purely true, how deeply warm,  
The inly-breath'd appeal may be,  
Though adoration wears no form,  
In uprais'd hand or bended kneec.  
One spirit fills all boundless space,  
No limit to the when or where;  
And little recks the time or place  
That leads the soul to praise or prayer,

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom;  
In grateful joy, in trying pain;  
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb;  
Oh! when is prayer unheard or vain?

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

In reverence will we speak of those who woo  
The ear divine with clear and ready prayer;  
And while their voices cleave the Sabbath air,  
Know their bright thoughts are winging heaven-  
ward too.

Yet many a one,—“the latchet of whose shoe”  
These might not loose—will often only dare  
Lay some poor words between him and despair—  
“Father, forgive! we know not what we do.”

*Richard M. Milnes.*

Thank God that yet I live!  
In tender mercy, heeding not the prayer  
I boldly utter'd in my first despair  
He would not give  
The punishment an erring spirit brav'd!

*Mrs. Neal.*

Night comes, with love upon the breeze,  
And the calm clock strikes, stillly, “ten!”  
I start to hear it beat, for then  
I know that thou art on thy knees—  
And at that hour, where'er thou be,  
Ascends to heaven a prayer for me!

*Willis's Poems.*

O, still my fervent prayer will be,  
“Heaven's choicest blessings rest on thee.”

*Miss Gould.*

O, the precious privilege  
To the pious given,—  
Sending by the dove of prayer  
Holy words to heaven!  
Arrows from the burning sun  
Cleave the quivering air,—  
Swifter, soflier, surer on,  
Speeds the dove of prayer,  
Bearing from the parted lips  
Words of holy love,  
Warm as from the heart they gush'd,  
To the throne above!

*Mrs. Hale.*

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave  
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er  
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave  
The pebbles with bright rippling, and the shore  
Of matted grass and flowers,—so softly pour  
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays  
Low bow'd before her Maker; then no more  
She muses on the griefs of former days;  
Her full heart melts, and flows in heaven's dis-  
solving rays.

*Percital.*

There are God and peace above thee:  
Wilt thou languish in despair?  
Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,  
Scale the walls of heaven with prayer—  
‘T is the key of the apostle,  
That opens heaven from below;  
‘T is the ladder of the patriarch,  
Whereon angels come and go!

*Miss Lynch's Poems.*

When the evening shadows gather,  
Round about our quiet heartn,  
Comes our eldest born unto us,  
Bending humbly to the earth!  
And with hands clasped tightly,  
And with meek eyes rais'd above,  
This the prayer he offers nightly  
To the source of light and love:  
“Bless my parents, Oh! my Father!  
Bless my little sister dear;  
While I gently take my slumber,  
Be thy guardian angels near!  
Should no morning's dawn e'er greet me,  
Beaming brightly from the skies,  
Thine the eye of love to meet me,  
In the paths of Paradise!”

*Richard Coe, Jr.*

Our little babe! our bright-eyed one!  
Our youngest, darling joy,  
We teach, at evening hour, to kneel  
Beside our little boy;  
And though she cannot lisp a word  
Nor breathe a simple prayer,  
We know her Maker blesseth her  
The while she kneeleth there.

*Richard Coe, Jr.*

## PREFERMENT.

When knaves come to preferment, they rise as  
Gallows are rais'd in the low countries, one  
Upon another's shoulders.

*Webster's White Devil*

For places in the court, are but like beds  
In the hospital; where this man's head lies  
At that man's foot, and so lower and lower.

*Webster's Duchess of Malfu*

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If on the sudden he begins to rise;  
No man that lives can count his enemies.

*Middleton's Trick to Catch the Old One.*

All preferment

That springs from sin and lust shoots up quickly;  
As gard'ner's crops do in the rott'nest grounds;  
So is all means rais'd from base prostitution,  
Even like a salad growing upon a dunghill.

*Middleton's Women beware Women.*

He who cannot merit

Preferment by employments; let him bare  
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty;  
Or die or live a slave without redemption.

*John Ford's Lady's Trial.*

What throngs of great impediments besiege  
The virtuous mind! so thick, they jostle  
One another as they come. Hath vice a  
Charter got, that none must rise, but such, who  
Of the devil's faction are? the way to  
Honour is not evermore the way to  
Hell: a virtuous man may climb. Let the  
Flatterer sell his lies elsewhere, it is  
Unthrifty merchandise to change my gold  
For breath. *Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

### PRESS.

The press from her fecundous womb  
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome:  
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war:  
Truth's banner wav'd in open air:  
Then monster superstition fled,  
And hid in shades its Gorgon head;  
And lawless power the long-kept field,  
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.  
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence  
To chain, is treason against sense;  
And liberty, thy thousand tongues  
None silence, who design no wrongs,  
For those, who use the gag's restraint,  
First rob before they stop complaint.

*Greene's Spleen.*

But mightiest of the mighty means,  
On which the arm of progress leans,  
Man's noblest mission to advance,  
His woes assuage, his woe enhance,  
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress,—  
MIGHTIEST OF MIGHTY IS THE PRESS.

*Dr. Bowring.*

"The Press!" all lands shall sing;  
The press, the press we bring  
All lands to bless.  
O pallid Want! O Labour stark!  
Behold, we bring the second ark!  
The press! the press! the press!

*Ebenezer Elliott.*

Turn to the press — its teeming sheets survey,  
Big with the wonders of each passing day;  
Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires, and  
wrecks,

Harangues and hail-storms, brawls and broken  
necks,

Where half-fledg'd bards, on feeble pinions, seek  
An immortality of near a week;

Where cruel eulogists the dead restore,  
In maudlin praise to martyr them once more;

Where ruffian slanderers wreak their coward spite,  
And need no venom'd dagger while they write;

While hard to tell, so coarse a daub he lays,  
Which sullies most — the slander or the praise,

*Sprague's Curiosity.*

There are, thank Heaven,

A nobler troop to whom this trust is given;  
Who, all unbrib'd, on Freedom's altar stand,

Faithful and firm, bright warders of the land.  
By them still lifts the press its arm abroad,

To guide all-curious men along life's road;  
To cheer young Genius, Pity's tear to start,

In Truth's bold cause to rouse each fearless heart;  
O'er male and female quacks to shake the rod,

And scourge the unsex'd thing that scorns her God:  
To hunt corruption from his secret den,

And show the monster up, the gaze of wondering  
men.

*Sprague's Curiosity.*

### PRIDE.

Pride hath no other gloss  
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees

Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

Things small as nothing for request's sake only,  
He makes important: posses'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself but with a pride,  
That quarrels at first breath.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is  
His own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle;  
And whatever praises itself but in  
The deed, devours the deed in the praise.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

Why who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the very means do ebb.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

You speak o' the people,  
As if you were a god to punish, not  
A man of their infirmity.

*Shakspeare.*

I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect,  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

I am too high born to be property'd,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
To any sovereign.

*Shaks. King John.*

How blind is pride! what eagles are we still  
In matters that belong to other men,  
What beetles in our own?

*Chapman's All Fools.*

How poor a thing is pride! when all, as slaves,  
Differ but in their fetters, not their graves.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

Pride by presumption bred, when at a height,  
Encount'ring with contempt, both march in ire;  
And 'twixt 'em bring base cruelty to light;  
The loathsome offspring of a hated sire.

*Earl of Sterline's Alexandrian Tragedy.*

I'll offer, and I'll suffer no abuse,  
Because I'm proud; pride is of mighty use.  
The affection of a pompous name,  
Has oft set wits and heroes in a flame:  
Volumes, and buildings, and dominions wide,  
Are oft the noble monuments of pride.

*Crown's Caligula.*

Take heed of pride, and curiously consider,  
How brittle the foundation is, on which  
You labour to advance it. Niobe,  
Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn  
Latona's double burthen; but what follow'd?  
She was left a childless mother, and mourn'd to  
marble.

The beauty you o'erprize so, time or sickness  
Can change to loath'd deformity; your wealth  
The prey of thieves.

*Massinger.*

"Pride was not made for men;" a conscious sense  
Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,  
Destroys the claim, and to beholders tells,  
Here nothing but the shape of manhood dwells.

*Waller.*

Spite of all the fools that pride has made,  
'T is not on man a useless burthen laid;  
Pride has ennobled some, and some disgraced;  
It hurts not in itself, but as 't is placed;  
When right, its views know none but virtue's  
bound;

When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.

*Stillingfleet.*

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)  
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.  
The men who labour and digest things most,  
Will be much apter to despond than boast;  
For if your author be profoundly good,  
'T will cost you dear before he's understood.

*Roscommon*

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;  
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,  
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
Aspiring to be angels men rebel;  
And who but wishes to invert the laws  
Of order, sins against th' Eternal cause.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

*Pope's Essay on Criticism.*

The snarler pride,  
Plac'd by a mirror, starts, and barks, and bites  
At its own image.

*Jeffrey's Edwin.*

Yes—the same sin that overthrew the angels,  
And of all sins most easily besets  
Mortals the nearest to the angelic nature:  
The vile are only vain; the great are proud.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

What is pride? a whizzing rocket  
That would emulate a star.

*Wordsworth*

The fiend that man harries  
Is love of the Best,  
Yawns the Pit of the Dragon  
Lit by rays from the Blest;  
The Lethe of Nature  
Can't trance him again,  
Whose soul sees the Perfect  
Which his eyes seek in vain.  
Pride ruin'd the angels,  
Their shame them restores.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

— She has all  
That would ensure an angel's fall;  
But there's a cool collected look,  
As if her pulses beat by book,—  
A measured tone, a cold reply,  
A management of voice and eye,  
A calm, possessed, authentic air,  
That leaves a doubt of softness there,  
Till —— look and worship as I may,  
My fevered thoughts will pass away.

*Willis*

Oh, it is hard to put the heart,  
Alone and desolate, away,  
To curl the lip in pride, and part  
With the kind thoughts of yesterday  
'T is strange they know not that the chill  
Of their own looks hath made me cold,  
That though my words fall seldom, still  
Their own proud bearing hath controll'd  
My better feelings.

*Willis's Poems.*

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,  
Where marble shines out in the pillars and  
walls;  
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,  
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted  
halls.

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

### PRISON.

A prison is a house of care,  
A place where none can thrive,  
A touchstone true to try a friend,  
A grave for one alive;  
Sometimes a place of right,  
Sometimes a place of wrong,  
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,  
And honest men among.

*Inscription on Edinburgh Tolbooth.*

A prison! heav'n's, I loath the hated name,  
Famine's metropolis, the sink of shame,  
A nauseous sepulchre, whose craving womb  
Hourly interts poor mortals in its tomb;  
By ev'ry plague and ev'ry ill possess'd,  
Ev'n purgatory itself to thee's a jest;  
Emblem of hell, nursery of vice,  
Thou crawling university of lice:  
Where wretches numberless to ease their pains,  
With smoke and ale delude their pensive chains.  
How shall I thee avoid? or with what spell  
Dissolve th' enchantment of thy magic cell?  
Ev'n Fox himself can't boast so many martyrs,  
As yearly fall within thy wretched quarters.  
Money I've none, and debts I cannot pay,  
Unless my vermin will those debts defray.  
Not scolding wife, nor inquisition's worse;  
Thou'rt ev'ry mischief cramm'd into one curse.

*Tom Brown.*

How like

A prison's to a grave! when dead, we are  
With solemn pomp brought thither; and our heirs,  
Masking their joy in false dissembled tears,  
Weep o'er the hearse: but earth no sooner covers  
The earth brought thither, but they turn away  
With inward smiles, the dead no more remember'd:  
So enter'd into a prison.

*Massinger's Maid of Honour.*

Here's the place  
Which men (for being poor) are sent to starve in,—  
Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease.  
Within these walls, stifled by damp and stench,  
Does hope's fair torch expire; and at the snuff,  
Ere yet 't is quite extinct, rude, wild, and wayward  
The desperate reveries of wild despair,  
Kindling their hell-born cresses, like to deeds  
That the poor captive would have died ere practised,  
Till bondage sunk his soul to this condition.

*The Prison.*

A prison is in all things like a grave,  
Where we no better privileges have  
Than dead men; nor so good. The soul once fled  
Lives freer now, than when she was cloist'red  
In walls of flesh; and though she organs want  
To act her swift designs, yet all will grant  
Her faculties more clear, now separate,  
Than if the same conjunction, which of late  
Did marry her to earth, had stood in force;  
Incapable of death, or of divorce;  
But an imprison'd mind, though living, dies,  
And, at one time, feels two captivities:  
A narrow dungeon which her body holds,  
But narrower body, which herself enfolds.

*Dr. King, Bishop Chichester.*

They say this is the dwelling of distress,  
The very mansion-house of misery!  
To me, alas! it seems but just the same,  
With that more spacious jail — the busy world!

*Beller's Injured Innocence.*

They enter'd — 'twas a prison room  
Of stern serenity and gloom.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

A felon's cell —

The fittest earthly type of hell!

*Whittier.*

And faint not, heart of man! though years wane  
slow!

There have been those that from the deepest caves,  
And cells of night and fastnesses below  
The stormy dashing of the ocean waves,  
Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nurs'd  
A quenchless hope, and watch'd their time and  
burst

On the bright day, like wakeners from the grave.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

### PRODIGALITY.

Young heirs, left in this town, where sin's so rank,  
And prodigals gape to grow fat by them,  
Are, like young whelps, thrown in the lions' den,  
Who play with them awhile, at length devour  
them.

*Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.*

Thus like a fever that doth shake a man  
From strength to weakness, I consume myself:  
I know this company, their custom wild,  
Hated, abhor'd of good men; yet, like a child,  
By reason's rule instructed how to know  
Evil from good, I to the worser go.

*Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.*

What is a prodigal? faith, like a brush,  
That wears himself, to flourish others' clothes;  
And having worn his heart ev'n to the stump,  
He's thrown away like a deformed lump:  
O such am I! I have spent all the wealth  
My ancestors did purchase; made others brave  
In shape and riches, and myself a knave:  
For tho' my wealth rais'd some to paint their door,  
'T is shut against me, saying, I am poor.

*Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.*

What will this come to? he commands us to  
Provide, and give great gifts, and all out of  
An empty coffer: nor will he know  
His purse, or yield me this—  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good;  
His promises fly so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes for  
every word.

He is so kind, that ho pays interest for't:  
His lands put to their books.

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

That which made him gracious in your eyes,  
And gilded over his imperfections,  
Is wasted and consumed ev'n like ice,  
Which by the vehemence of heat dissolves,  
And glides to many rivers; so his wealth,  
That felt a prodigal hand, hot in expense,  
Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers  
Ran like a violent stream to other men's.

*Cook's Green's Tu quoque.*

#### Liberality

In some circumstances may be allow'd;  
As when it has no end but honesty;  
With a respect of person, quantity,  
Quality, time, and place: but this profuse,  
Vain, injudicious spending makes him idiot;  
And yet the best of liberality  
Is to be liberal to ourselves: and thus  
Your wisdom is most liberal, and knows  
How fond a thing it is for discreet men  
To purchase with the loss of their estate  
The name of one poor virtue, liberality,  
And that too, only from the mouth of beggars!  
One of your judgment would not, I am sure,  
Buy all the virtues at so dear a rate

*Randolph's Muse's Looking-Glass.*

#### PRODIGIES.

At my nativity,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets: and, at my birth,  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shak'd like a coward.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,  
Lamenting heard i' the air; strange screams of  
death;  
And prophesying with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let no men say  
*These are their reasons — they are natural;*  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

*Shaks. Macbeth*

The spring, the summer,  
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries, and the 'maz'd world,  
By their increase, now knows not which is which.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

No 'scape of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no customized event,  
But they will pluck away its natural cause,  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven.

*Shaks. King John*

Learn'd men oft greedily pursue  
Things that are rather wonderful than true,  
And, in their nicest speculations, choose  
To make their own discoveries strange news,  
And nat'r'l hist'ry rather a gazette  
Of rareties stupendous and far-fet;  
Believe no truths are worthy to be known  
That are not strongly vast and overgrown,  
And strive to explicate appearances,  
Not as they're probable, but as they please.  
In vain endeavour nature to suborn,  
And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn

*But*

## PROMISES.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Divinest creature, bright Astrea's daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this success!  
Thy promises are like Adonis's gardens,  
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

He lin'd himself with hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;  
And so with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And winking leap'd into destruction.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Promise me friendship, but perform none:  
If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee,  
For thou art a man! If thou dost perform,  
Confound thee, for thou art a man!

*Shaks. Timon of Athens.*

I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Shakspeare.*

Promising is the very air of the  
Time; it opens the eyes of expectation.  
Performance is ever the duller for  
His act; and, but in the plainer and simpler  
Kind of people, the deed is quite out of  
Use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable;  
Performance is a kind of will or testament,  
Which argues a great sickness in his judgment  
That makes it.

*Shakspeare.*

My deeds, and speeches, sir,  
Are lines drawn from one centre; what I promise  
To do, I'll do.

*Daniel's Match me in London.*

The man that is not in the enemies' pow'r,  
Nor fetter'd by misfortune, and breaks promises,  
Degrades himself; he never can pretend  
To honour more.

*Sir Robert Stapleton's Slighted Maid.*

Within the hearts of all men lie  
These promises of wider bliss,  
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,  
In sunny hours like this.

*James R. Lowell's Poems.*

When wicked men make promises of truth,  
"Tis weakness to believe 'em!

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

A promise may be broke;  
Nay, start not at it — 'T is an hourly practice;  
The trader breaks it, yet is counted honest.  
The courtier keeps it not—yet keeps his honour;  
Husband and wife in marriage promise much,  
Yet follow separate pleasure, and are—virtuous.  
The churchmen promise too, but wisely they  
To a long payment stretch the crafty bill,  
And draw upon futurity.

*Havard's King Charles I.*

They promise—I bow and am thankful;  
They fail to perform—I ne'er fret.

*Eliza Cook's Poems.*

## PROPOSAL.

Wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;  
And 't is the very riches of thyself  
That now I aim at.

*Shaks.*

I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say  
Love's reason's without reason.

*Shaks.*

Full many a lady  
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she own'd  
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,  
So perfect, and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

*Shaks.*

Hence, then, for ever from my Emma's breast,  
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)  
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move  
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,  
Scattered by winds recede, and wild in forests  
rove.

*Prior.*

Hear, solemn Jove! and, conscious Venus, hear!  
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;  
No time, no change, no future flame shall move  
The well-placed basis of my lasting love.

*Prior.*

Too much, Alexis, I have heard —  
But you shall promise, ne'er again  
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.

*Prior.*



Drawn by E. Chalon

P R O P O S A L.

*Papier à l'huile*



This hand, I cannot but in death resign!

Dryden.

Have I not managed my contrivance well  
To try your love and make you doubt of mine?

Dryden.

Take my esteem, if you on that can live,  
For frankly, sir, 'tis all I have to give.

Dryden.

I court others in verse, but love thee in prose!  
They have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

Prior.

Mutual love the crown of all our bliss!

Milton.

Shall I go on? — Or have I said enough?

Milton.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
That woman's love can win;  
But what it is, hard is to say, harder to hit.

Milton.

The very thoughts of change I hate,  
As much as of despair;  
Nor ever covet to be great,  
Unless it be for her.

Parnell.

Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,  
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

Young.

Alas! my lord, if talking would prevail,  
I could suggest much better arguments  
Than those regards you throw away on me;  
Your valour, honour, wisdom, prais'd by all:  
But bid physicians talk our veins to temper,  
And with an argument new-set a pulse;  
Then think, my lord, of reasoning into love.

Young.

'Tis you, alone, can save, or give my doom.

Ovid.

On you, most loved, with anxious fear I wait,  
And from your judgment must expect my fate.

Addison.

As letters some hand has invisibly trac'd,  
When held to the flame will steal out to the  
sight,  
So, many a feeling that long seem'd effac'd,  
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to  
light!

Moore.

Thinkest thou  
That I could live, and let thee go,  
Who art my life itself? — no — no.

Moore.

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,  
And the heart, and the hand, all thy own to the  
last.

Moore.

'T is not in fate to harm me,  
While fate leaves thy love to me;

'T is not in joy to charm me,  
Unless that joy be shar'd with thee.

Moore.

For ever thine, whate'er this world betide,  
In youth, in age, thine own, for ever thine.

A. A. Watts

To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,  
Or, crush'd in its ruins, to die!

Campbell

Never wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,  
Read you not the wrong you're doing,  
In my cheek's pale hue?  
All my life with sorrow strewing,  
Wed, or cease to woo.

Campbell.

Love is not in our power,  
Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice:  
We only love where fate ordains we should,  
And, blindly fond, oft slight superior merit.

Froude

On your hand, that pure altar, I vow,  
Though I've look'd, and have lik'd, and have felt—  
That I never have lov'd — till now.

M. G. Lewis

By those tresses unconfin'd,  
Woo'd by every gentle wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge;  
By those wild eyes, like the roe,  
Ah! hear my vow before I go—  
My dearest life, I love thee!  
Can I cease to love thee? — no!  
*Zoe mous s-as agapo.*

Byron

Yet, it is love — if thoughts of tenderness,  
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,  
Unmov'd by absence, firm in every clime,  
And yet — oh! more than all! — untriv'd by time.

Byron.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest grace,  
For well she knew I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

Coleridge

O lady! there be many things  
That seem right fair above;  
But sure not one among them all  
Is half so sweet as love; —  
Let us not pay our vows alone,  
But join two altars into one.

O. W. Holm

I said, " You know — you must have known —  
I long have lov'd — lov'd you alone,  
But cannot know how dearly."

I told her if my hopes were cross'd,  
My every aim in life was lost —  
She knew I spoke sincerely!

She answer'd — as I breathless dwelt  
Upon her words, and would have knelt,

" Nay, move not thus the least,  
You have — you long have had" — " Say on,  
Sweet girl! thy heart?" — " Your foot upon  
The flounce of my battiste."

*Hoffman's Poems.*

I knelt,  
And with the fervour of a lip unus'd  
To the cool breath of reason, told my love.

*Willis's Poems.*

Whither my heart is gone, there follows my hand,  
and not elsewhere.

For where the heart goes before, like a lamp, and  
illuminates the pathway,  
Many tangs are made clear, that else lie hidden  
in darkness.

*Longfellow's Evangeline.*

" Yes!" I answer'd you last night;

" No!" this morning, sir, I say!

Flowers seen by candle-light,  
Will not look the same by day.

*Miss Barrett's Poems.*

Look how the blushing-eyed violets

Glance love to one another!

Their little leaves are whispering

The vows they may not smother.

The birds are pouring passion forth,

In every blossoming tree —

If flowers and birds talk love, lady,

Why not we?

*T. Buchanan Read.*

And over all the happy earth,

Love floweth — like a river —

True love, whose glory fills the sky

For ever and for ever.

The pale hearts of the silver stars

Throb too, as mine to thee —

All things delight in love, lady,

Why not we?

*T. Buchanan Read.*

## PROSPERITY.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,  
Affliction alter.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Daily and hourly proof  
Tell us, prosperity is at highest degree  
The fount and handle of calamity:  
Like dust before a whirlwind those men fly  
That prostrate on the ground of fortune lie;  
And being great, like trees that broadest sprout,  
Their own top-heavy state grub up their root.

*Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.*

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;  
But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are  
near.

*Webster's White Devil.*

He that suffers

Prosperity to swell him 'bove a mean;  
Like those impressions 'n the air, that rise  
From dunghill vapours, scatter'd by the wind,  
Leaves nothing but an empty name behind.

*Nabu's Hannibal and Scipio.*

Of both our fortunes, good and bad, we find  
Prosperity more searching of the mind:  
Felicity flies o'er the wall and fence,  
While misery keeps in with patience.

*Herrick.*

When fortune raiseth to the greatest height,  
The happy man should most suppress his state;  
Expecting still a change of things to find,  
And fearing, when the gods appear too kind.

*Sir Robert Howard.*

Prosperity puts out unnumbered thoughts,  
Of import high, and light divine, to man.

*Young.*

Who feels no ills,  
Should, therefore, fear them; and, when fortune  
smiles,  
Be doubly cautious, lest destruction come  
Remorseless on him, and he fall unpitied.

*Sophocles' Philoctetes.*

Thou hast been nurs'd in wealth and luxury,  
Thy every wish been father to a deed;  
Thou, from o'erflowing means hast freely given  
That which it cost thee nothing to impart.

*Boker's Calaynos.*

Prosperity, alas!  
Is often but another name for pride.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

And when our children turn the page,  
To ask what triumphs mark'd our age —  
What we achiev'd to challenge praise,  
Through the long line of future days —  
This let them read, and hence instruction draw:

" Here were the many bless'd,

Here found the virtues rest,  
Faith link'd with Love, and Liberty with Law.

*Sprague's Centennial Ode.*

## PROVIDENCE.

And is there care in heaven? and is there love  
In heavenly spirits to the creatures base,  
That may compassion of their evils move?  
There is; else much more wretched were the case  
Of men than beasts. But O! th' exceeding grace  
Of highest God that loves his creatures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed angels he sends to and fro  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!  
How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succour us that succour want?  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant?  
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward:  
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard!

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well;  
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach  
us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will. *Shaks. Hamlet.*

That I am wretched,  
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens deal so still!  
Let the superfluous, and lust-directed man,  
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see  
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;  
So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough.

*Shaks. Lear.*

Thus doth th' all-working Providence retain  
And keep for good effects the seed of worth;  
And so doth point the stops of time thereby,  
In periods of uncertain certainty.

*Daniel.*

O, all-preparing Providence divine!  
In thy large book what secrets are enroll'd!  
What sundry helps doth thy great power assign,  
To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold?  
What mortal sense is able to define  
Thy mysteries, thy counsels manyfold?  
It is thy wisdom strangely that extends  
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends.

*Drayton's Baron's Wars.*

Wisdom and virtue be  
The only destinies set for a man to follow.  
The heavenly pow'rs are to be reverenc'd,  
Not search'd into; their mercies rather be  
By humble prayers to be sought, than their  
Hidden councils by curiosity.

*Baron's Mirza.*

Who is it, that will doubt  
The care of heaven; or think th' immortal  
Pow'r's are slow, 'cause they take the privilege  
To choose their own time, when they will send  
their  
Blessings down.

*Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

'T is the curse of mighty minds oppress'd,  
To think what their state is, and what it should  
be:  
Impatient of their lot, they reason fiercely,  
And call the laws of Providence unequal.

*Rowe.*

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,  
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;  
Our understanding traces them in vain,  
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;  
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,  
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

*Addison's Cato*

All nature is but art unknown to thee;  
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;  
All discord harmony not understood;  
All partial evil universal good:  
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

This is thy work, Almighty Providence!  
Whose power, beyond the reach of human thought,  
Revolves the orbs of empire; bids them sink  
Deep in the dead'ning night of thy displeasure,  
Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

The gods take pleasure oft, when haughty mortals  
On their own pride erect a mighty fabric,  
By slightest means, to lay their towering schemes  
Low in the dust, and teach them they are nothing.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Wondrous chance!  
Or rather wondrous conduct of the gods!  
By mortals, from their blindness, chance misnam'd.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Thus wisdom speaks  
To man; thus calls him through this actual form  
Of nature, though religion's fuller noon,  
Through life's bewildering mazes to observe  
A Providence in all.

*Ogilvie.*

Go, mark the matchless working of the power  
That shuts within the seed the future flower:  
Bids these in elegance of form excel,  
In colour these, and those delight the smell,  
Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,  
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.

*Couper.*

One part, one little part, we dimly scan  
Through the dark medium of life's fevered  
dream;  
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,  
I' but that little part incongruous seem,  
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;  
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.  
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,  
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:  
For thou art but of dust; be humble and be wise.

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

Yes, thou art ever present, Power Supreme!  
Not circumscrib'd by time, nor fixt to space,  
Confin'd to altars, nor to temples bound.  
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,  
In dungeons, or on thrones, the faithful find Thee!

*Hannah More's Belshazzar.*

Just as a mother, with sweet pious face,  
Yearns tow'rds her children from her seat,  
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,  
Takes this upon her knee, that on her feet;  
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pre-  
tences,  
She learns their feelings and their various will,  
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,  
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still:—  
So Providence for us, high, infinite,  
Makes our necessities its watchful task,  
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants.  
And ev'n if it denies what seems our right,  
Either denies because 'twould have us ask,  
Or seems but to deny, or in denying grants.

*Anon.*

### PRUDENCE.

Rightly to be great,  
Is not to stir without great argument;  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honour's at the stake.

*Shakspeare.*

She's a majestic ruler, and commands  
Even with terror of her awful brow.  
As in a throng, sedition being rais'd,  
Th' ignoble multitude inflam'd with madness,  
Firebrands and stones fly; fury shows them  
weapons:

Till spying some grave man, honour'd for wisdom  
They straight are silent, and erect their ears;  
Whilst he, with his sage counsel, doth assuage  
Their mind's disorder and appease their rage:  
So prudence, when rebellious appetites  
Have rais'd temptations, with their batteries  
Assaulting reason, then doth interpose,  
And keep it safe

*Nabb's Microcosmus.*

Prudence, thou virtue of the mind, by which  
We do consult of all that's good or evil,  
Conducting to felicity; direct  
My thoughts and actions by the rules of reason.  
Teach me contempt of all inferior vanities;  
Pride in a marble portal gilded o'er,  
Assyrian carpets, chairs of ivory,  
The luxuries of a stupendous house,  
Garments perfum'd, gems valued not for use,  
But needless ornament: a sumptuous table,  
And all the baits of sense. A vulgar eye  
Sees not the dangers which beneath them lie.

*Nabb's Microcosmus.*

Look forward what's to come, and back what's  
past;  
Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd,  
What loss or gain may follow, thou may'st guess;  
Thou then wilt be secure of the success.

*Denham*

Prudence, thou vainly in our youth art sought,  
And with age purchas'd, art too dearly bought:  
We're past the use of wit for which we toil:  
Late fruit, and planted in too cold a soil.

*Dryden.*

Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;  
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;  
A certain snare to miseries immense;  
A gay prerogative from common sense;  
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,  
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

*Young.*

Consult your means, avyid the tempter's wiles,  
Shun grinning hosts of unreceipted files,  
Let Heaven-cy'd prudence battle with desire,  
And win the victory, though it be through fire.

*James T. Fields' Poems.*

### PUNISHMENT.

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:  
O, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;  
And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascal naked through the world.

*Shaks. Othello.*

A whisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,  
To make this shameless callet know herself.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

All have not offended:  
For those that were, it is not square to take  
On those that are, revenge: crimes, like to lands  
Are not inherited.

*Shaks. Timon*

Where sits the offence,  
Let the fault's punishment be deriv'd from thence.  
*Middleton.*

Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers  
Of such as do offend, make less the sin;  
For each particular crime a strict account  
Will be exacted; and that comfort, which  
The damn'd pretend, follows in misery,  
Takes nothing from their torments: every one  
Must suffer in himself the measure of  
His wickedness.

*Massinger's Picture.*

The land wants such  
As dare with rigour execute the laws.  
Her fester'd members must be lanc'd and tented:  
He's a bad surgeon that for pity spars  
The part corrupted till the gangrene spread,  
And all the body perish: he that's merciful  
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.

*Randolph's Muses' Looking-Glass.*

The laws are sinfully contriv'd. Justice  
Should weigh the present crime, not future  
Inference on deeds; but now they cheapen  
Blood; 'tis spilt

To punish the example, not the guilt.

*Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.*

Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,  
The punishment beyond the crime extend;  
Or after warning the offence forget;  
So God himself our failings did remit.

*Orgula, or the Fatal Error.*

## PURITY.

And steal immortal kisses from her lips;  
Which even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush as thinking their own kisses sin.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*Shaks. Othello.*

Every thing about her resembles the purity of her  
soul.

*Law.*

Her face, O call it pure, not pale!

*Coleridge. Christabel.*

'T is said the lion will turn and flee  
From a maid in the pride of her purity;  
And the Power on high that can shield the good  
Thus from the tyrant of the wood,  
Hath extended its mercy to guard me well  
From the hands of the leaguering infidel.

*Byron's Siege of Corinth.*

Around her shone  
The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face;  
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole;  
And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!

*Byron.*

Her form was fresher than the morning rose  
When the dew wets its leaves; unstained and pure  
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

*Thomson.*

Let me be pure!  
Oh! I wish I was a pure child again,  
When life was calm as is a sister's kiss.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Spring has no blossom fairer than thy form;  
Winter no snow-wreath purer than thy mind;  
The dew-drop trembling to the morning beam  
Is like thy smile, pure, transient, heaven-refin'd.

*Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson.*

A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew;  
For the fond graces formed her easy mien,  
And heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen.

*Hayley*

Be purity of life the test,—  
Leave to the heart, to heaven, the rest.

*Sprague's Poems.*

'T is not the fairest form that holds  
The mildest, purest soul within;  
'T is not the richest plant that folds  
The sweetest breath of fragrance in.

*Rufus Dwyer*

Fair girl! by whose simplicity  
My spirit has been won  
From the stern earthliness of life,  
As shadows flee the sun;

I turn again to think of thee,

And half deplore the thought,  
That for one instant, o'er my soul,  
Forgetfulness hath wrought!

I turn to that charmed hour of hope,  
When first upon my view  
Came the pure sunshine of thine heart,

Borne from thine eyes of blue.

'T was thy high purity of soul—

Thy thought-revealing eye,  
That placed me spell-bound at thy feet,  
Sweet wanderer from the sky.

*Willis G. Clark*

Cast my heart's gold into the furnace flame,  
And if it come not thence refined and pure.  
I'll be a bankrupt to thy hope, and heaven  
Shall shut its gates on me.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Patience and hope, that keep the soul  
Unruffled and secure,  
Though floods of grief beneath it roll,  
I learn, when calm and pure  
I see the floating water-lily  
Gleam amid shadows dark and chilly.

*Caroline May.*

Thine is a face to look upon and pray  
That a pure spirit keep thee—I would meet  
With one so gentle by the streams away,  
Living with nature; keeping thy pure feet  
For the unfingered moss, and for the grass  
Which leaneth where the gentle waters pass.  
The autumn leaves should sigh thee to thy sleep;  
And the capricious April, coming on,  
Awake thee like a flower; and stars should keep  
A vigil o'er thee like Endymion;  
And thou for very gentleness shouldest weep  
As dews of the night's quietness come down.

*Willis.*

She had grown,  
In her unstain'd seclusion, bright and pure  
As a first opening lilac, when it spreads  
Its clear leaves to the sweetest dawn of May.

*Percival.*

And she were one on whom to fix my heart,  
To sit beside me when my thoughts are sad,  
. And, by her tender playfulness impart  
Some of her pure joy to me.

*Percival.*

I cannot look upon a star,  
Or cloud that seems a seraph's car,  
Or any form of purity—  
Unmingled with a dream of thee.

*Park Benjamin.*

Pure and undimmed, thy angel smile  
Is mirrored on my dreams,  
Like evening's sunset-girded isle  
Upon her shadowed streams:

And o'er my thoughts thy vision floats,  
Like melody of spring-bird notes,  
When the blue halcyon gently laves  
His plumage in the flashing waves.

*Park Benjamin.*

Sweet beauty sleeps upon thy brow,  
And floats before my eyes:  
As meek and pure as doves art thou,  
Or beings of the skies.

*Robert Morris.*

### QUACKS.

Out, ye impostors,  
Quack-salving cheating mountebanks—your skill  
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

*Massinger and Decker's Virgin Martyr.*

They are  
Made all of terms and shreds; no less belyers  
Of great men's favours, than their own vile  
med'cines,  
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths:  
Selling that drug for two pence ere they part,  
Which they have valu'd at twelve crowns before.

*Jonson's Volpone.*

There was a time when we beheld the quack,  
On public stage, the licens'd trade attack;  
He made his labour'd speech with poor parade,  
And then a laughing zany lent him aid.

*Crabbe's Borough.*

But now our quacks are gamesters, and they  
play

With craft and skill to ruin and betray;  
With monstrous promise they delude the mind,  
And thrive on all that tortures human-kind.

*Crabbe's Borough.*

\*  
Void of all honour, avaricious, rash,  
The daring tribe compound their boasted trash—  
Tincture or syrup, lotion, drop or pill:  
All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill;  
There are among them those who cannot read,  
And yet they'll buy a patent and succeed;  
Will dare to promise dying sufferers aid,  
For who, when dead, can threaten or upbraid?  
With cruel avarice still they recommend  
More draughts, more syrups to the journey's  
end.

"I feel it not;" — "Then take it every hour;"  
"It makes me worse;" — "Why then it shows its  
power;"  
"I fear to die;" — "Let not your spirits sink,—  
"You're always safe, while you believe and  
drink!"

*Crabbe's Borough.*

From powerful causes spring the empiric's gains,  
Man's love of life, his weakness, and his pains;  
These first induce him the vile trash to try,  
Then lend his name that other men may buy.

*Crabbe's Borough.*

No class escapes them — from the poor man's  
pay  
The nostrum takes no trifling part away;  
Time, too, with cash is wasted; 'tis the fate  
Of real helpers, to be call'd too late;  
This find the sick, when (time and patience  
gone)  
Death with a tenfold terror hurries on.

*Crabbe's Borough.*

RAGE.—(See ANGER.)

## RAIN.

When the black'ng clouds in sprinkling showers  
Distil, from the high summits down the rain  
Runs trickling, with the fertile moisture cheer'd,  
The orchards smile, joyous the farmers see  
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.

*Philip's Cider.*

The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,  
And softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The rain is o'er — How densely bright  
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!  
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,  
Contrasting with the deep-blue sky!  
In grateful silence earth receives  
The general blessing; fresh and fair  
Each flower expands its little leaves,  
As glad the common joy to share.

*Andrew Norton.*

The rain is playing its soft pleasant tune  
Fitfully on the skylight, and the shade  
Of the fast flying clouds across my book  
Passes with delicate change.

*Willis's Poems.*

The April rain — the April rain —  
I hear the pleasant sound;  
Now soft and still, like little dew,  
Now drenching all the ground.  
Pray tell me why an April shower  
Is pleasanter to see  
Than falling drops of other rain?  
I'm sure it is to me.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith's Poems.*

Dashing in big drops on the narrow pane,  
And making mournful music for the mind,  
While plays his interlude the wizzard wind,  
I hear the singing of the frequent rain.

*William H. Burleigh.*

The later rain,—it falls in anxious haste  
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,  
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste,  
As if it would each root's lost strength repair.

*Jones's Very.*

## RAINBOW.

Meantime refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,  
In fair proportion running from the red,  
To where the violet fades into the sky.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky!

*Wordsworth.*

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,

When storms prepare to part,

I ask not proud Philosophy

To tell me what thou art

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,

A midway station given

For happy spirits to alight,

Betwixt the earth and heaven!

*Campbell's Poems.*

The rainbow dies in heaven and not on earth.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unroll'd  
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold;  
'T was born in a moment, yet quick at its birth,  
It had stretch'd to the uttermost ends of the earth,  
And fair as an angel, it floated as free,  
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea

*Mrs. Welby's Poems.*

O, beautiful rainbow;—all woven of light!—  
There's not in thy tissue, one shadow of night;  
Heaven surely is open when thou dost appear,  
And, bending above thee, the angels draw near,  
And sing — “The rainbow! the rainbow!  
“The smile of God is here.”

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

## REAPERS.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;  
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,  
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,  
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate  
By nameless gentle offices her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;  
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

I love, I love to see

Bright steel gleam through the land;

'T is a goodly sight, but it must be

In the reaper's tawny hand.

*Eliza Cook.*

Around him ply the reapers' band,  
With lightsome heart and eager hand.

*Pringle.*

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,

And with his sickle keen,

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,

And the flowers that grow betwixn.

*Longfellow's Poems.*

## REASON.

He that is of reason's skill bereft,  
And wants the staff of wisdom him to stay,  
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left,  
Without an helm or pilot her to sway:  
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event,  
So is the man that wants intendment.

*Spenser.*

Oh most imperfect light of human reason,  
Thou mak'st us so unhappy, to foresee  
What we can least prevent!

*Webster's Duchess of Malfy.*

Man is not the prince of creatures,  
But in reason; fail that, he is worse  
Than horse, or dog, or beast of wilderness.

*Field's Amends for Ladies.*

Where men have several faiths, to find the true,  
We only can the aid of reason use;  
'Tis reason shows us which we should eschew,  
When by comparison we learn to choose.  
But though we there on reason must rely,  
Where men to several faiths their minds dispose;  
Yet after reason's choice, the schools are shy  
To let it judge the very faith it chose.

*Sir W. Davenant.*

I see the errors that I would avoid,  
And have my reason still, but not the use on't:  
It hangs upon me like a wither'd limb  
Bound up and numb'd by some disease's frost,  
The form the same, but all the use is lost.

*Sir R. Howard's Great Favourite.*

## Thought

Precedes the will to think, and error lives  
Ere reason can be born. Reason, the power  
To guess at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp  
Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns,  
Fooling the follower betwixt shade and shining.

*Congreve.*

Within the brain's most secret cells,  
A certain lord chief justice dwells,  
Of sov'reign power, whom one and all,  
With common voice we reason call.

*Churchill.*

The Infinite speaks in our silent hearts,  
And draws our being to himself, as deep  
Gatheth unto deep. He who all thought imparts,  
Demands the pledge, the bond of soul to keep;  
But reason, wandering from its fount afar,  
And stooping downward, breaks the subtle chain  
That unites it to itself, like star to star,  
And sun to sun, upward to God again.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

Every creature knoweth its capacities, running in  
the road of instinct,  
And reason must not lag behind, but serve itself  
of all proprieties.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

I would not always reason. The straight path  
Wearies us with its never-varying lines,  
And we grow melancholy. I would make  
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit  
Patiently by the wayside, while I trac'd  
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness  
Around me. She should be my counsellor  
But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs  
Impulses from a deeper source than hers,  
And there are motions, in the mind of man,  
That she must look upon with awe.

*Bryant's Poems*

— When I see cold man of reason proud,  
My solitude is sad — I'm lonely in the crowd.

*Duna's Poems.*

## REBELLION.

White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless  
scalps

Against thy majesty; boys with women's voice  
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints  
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

God omnipotent  
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,  
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my head,  
And threat the glory of my precious crown.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
The meteors fight the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change:  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Go thou, and like an executioner  
Cut off the heads of two fast growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Here do we make his friends  
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,  
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold  
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see  
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going  
About their functions friendly.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

All the regions  
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist  
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,  
And perish constant fools.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

Thus we debase  
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble  
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope  
The locks o' th' senate, and bring in the crows  
To peck the eagles.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

You may as well  
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them  
Against the Roman state: whose course will on  
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs  
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever  
Appear in your impediment.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

The hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change.

*Shaks. King John.*

The spinsters, corders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,  
And danger serves among them.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

There have been commissions  
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the  
heart  
Of all their loyalties:— wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the king, our master,  
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil) even he  
escapes not:

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

O turn thy edged sword another way;  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!  
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's  
bosom,  
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign  
gore;  
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,  
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I.*

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
For now a time is come to mock at form:  
Harry the Fifth is crown'd.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your scum.  
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:  
England shall give him office, honour, might.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Their weapons only  
Seem'd on our side: But for their spirits and  
souls,  
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
As fish are in a pond.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

But now the bishop  
Turns insurrection to religion;  
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's follow'd both with body and with mind.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,  
When down the hill he hold his fierce career?  
We may as bootless spend our vain command  
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,  
Or send precepts to the Leviathan  
To come ashore

*Shaks. Henry V.*

These things, indeed, you have articulated,  
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
To face the garment of rebellion, that may please  
the eye  
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,  
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
Of hurly-burly innovation.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious lord,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,  
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

*Shaks. Richard III.*

O pity, God, this miserable age!—  
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!  
Becomes it thee to be so bold in terms,  
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Now let it work: mischief, thou art a fool,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,  
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;  
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,  
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,  
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:  
I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,  
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;  
Then why should they love Edward more than me?

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony,  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Why headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.  
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,  
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And hark what discord follows! each thing meets  
In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe :  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead :  
Force should be right.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

Yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
Plenty, and peace, breed cowards; hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

Want made them murmur; for the people who,  
To get their bread, do wrestle with their fate,  
Or those who in superfluous riot flow,  
Soonest rebel: convulsions in a state,  
Like those which nat'r'l bodies do oppress,  
Rise from repletion, or from emptiness.

*Alegyn's Henry VII.*

Let them call it mischief;  
When it's past, and prosper'd, 't will be virtue.

*Jonson's Catiline.*

But of this be sure,  
To do aught good will never be our task,  
But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to his will,  
Whom we resist.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Rumour next, and chance,  
And tumult and confusion all embroil'd,  
And discors with a thousand various mouths.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

He spake: and to confirm his words, out flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thights  
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd  
Against the High'st, and fierce with grasped arms  
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

The happier state  
In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferior; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Foremost to stand against the thund'rer's aim  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
Of endless pain?

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

What peace will be given  
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
But to our power, hostility, and hate,  
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the conq'ror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
In doing what we most in suffering feel?

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,  
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk:  
Factious, and favouring this or t' other side,  
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Great discontents there are, and many murmurs;  
The doors are all shut up: the wealthier sort,  
With arms across, and hats upon their eyes,  
Walk to and fro before their silent shops;  
Whole droves of lenders crowd the bankers' doors,  
To call in money: thbose who have none, mark  
Where money goes; for when they rise—'tis  
plunder.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

That talking knave  
Consumes his time in speeches to the rabble,  
And sows sedition up and down the city  
Picking up discontented fools, belying  
The senators and government; destroying  
Faith among honest men, and praising knaves.

*Otway's Caius Marius.*

And since the rabble now is ours,  
Keep the fools hot, preach dangers in their ears  
Spread false reports o' th' senate; working up  
Their madness to a fury quick and desp'rate:  
Till they run headlong into civil discords,  
And do our bus'ness with their own destruction.

*Otway's Caius Marius.*

How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship  
'Gainst arms, authority and worship?

*Butler's Hudibras.*

The resty knaves are overrun with ease,  
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction:  
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd  
Grow madly wanton and repine; it is  
Because the reins of power are held too slack,  
And reverend authority of late  
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

The state is out of time; distracting fears  
And jealous doubts jar in our public counsels;  
Amidst the wealthy city, murmurs rise,  
Loud railings, and reproach, on those that rule,  
With open scorn of government; hence credit,  
And public trust 'twixt man and man are broke,  
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,  
Which fed the wants of needy hinds, and artizans,  
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!  
Remember him, the villain, righteous heaven,  
In thy great day of vengeance! blast the traitor!  
And his pernicious counsels; who, for wealth,  
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,  
Would plunge his native land in civil wars.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,  
When shall our long divided land have rest,  
If every peevish, moody malcontent,  
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar?  
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,  
Each day with some fantastic giddy change?

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

For forms of government let fools contest;  
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Who strikes at sov'reign pow'r had need strike  
home;  
For storms that fail to blow the cedar down,  
May tear the branches, but they fix the roots.

*Jeffrey's Edwin.*

The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,  
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more  
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,  
To check their combination.

*Thomson.*

I do despise these demagogues, that fret  
The angry multitude: they are but as  
The froth upon the mountain wave—the bird  
That shrieks upon the sullen tempest's wing.

*Sir A. Hunt's Julian.*

Permitted oft, tho' not inspir'd by Heaven,  
Successful treasons punish impious kings  
*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

Their eyes look fire on him who questions them:  
The hollow murmurs of their mutter'd wrath  
Sound dreadful thro' the dark extended ranks,  
Like subterranean grumblings of an earthquake  
*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

The land is full of blood: her savage birds  
O'er human creatures do scream and batten:  
The silent hamlet smokes not; in the field  
The aged grandsire turns the joyous soil:  
Dark spirits are abroad, and gentle worth,  
Within the narrow house of death, is laid  
An early tenant.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

Rebellion! foul dishonouring word,  
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd  
The holiest cause that tongue or sword  
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd!  
How many a spirit born to bless  
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,  
Whom but a day's, an hour's success  
Had wafted to eternal fame!  
As exhalations, when they burst  
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,  
If check'd in soaring from the plain,  
Darken to fogs and sink again;  
But if they once triumphant spread  
Their wings above the mountain-head,  
Become enthroned in upper air,  
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

I know that there are angry spirits  
And turbulent mutterers of stifled treason,  
Who lurk in narrow places, and walk out  
Muffled to whisper curses to the night;  
Disbanded soldiers, discontented ruffians,  
And desperate libertines who brawl in taverns.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

The sight  
Of blood to crowds begets the thirst of more,  
As the first wine-cup leads to the long revel;  
And you will find a harder task to quell  
Than urge them when they have commended  
but till  
That moment a mere voice, a straw, a shadow,  
Are capable of turning them aside.

*Byron's Doge of Venice*

A spark creates the flame; 'tis the last drop  
Which makes the cup run o'er, and mine was full  
Already.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

I have seen some nations, like o'erloaded asses,  
Kick off their burdens—meaning the high classes.  
*Byron.*

But never mind—"God save the king!" and  
kings!  
For if He don't, I doubt if men will longer;  
I think I hear a little bird, who sings  
The people bye and bye will be the stronger,  
The voriest jade will wince, whose harness wrings  
So much into the raw as quite to wrong her  
Beyond the rules of posting—and the mob  
At last will fall sick of imitating Job.  
*Byron.*

"Hoist out the boat!" was now the leading cry;  
And who dare answer "no" to mutiny,  
In the first dawning of the drunken hour,  
The saturnalia of unhoisted-for power?  
*Byron.*

### RECIPROCITY.

Mutual love, the crown of all our bliss,  
*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,  
Each other's pillow to repose divine.  
*Young.*

Be thine the more refin'd delights  
Of love that banishes control,  
When the fond heart with heart unites,  
And souls in unison with soul.  
*Cartwright.*

The all-absorbing flame,  
Which kindled by another, grows the same,  
Wrapt in one blaze.  
*Byron's Childe Harold.*

And many hours we talk'd in joy,  
Yet too much bless'd for laughter;  
I was a happy man that day,  
And happy ever after.  
*Mrs. Howitt.*

Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,  
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,  
And we, within its fairy bowers,  
Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,  
And we might live, love, die alone.  
*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Let us love now in this our fairest youth,  
When love can find a full and fond return.  
*Percival's Poems.*

And canst thou not accord thy heart  
In unison with mine—  
Whose language thou alone hast heard,  
Thou only canst divine?  
*Rufus Daws.*

RECONCILIATION.—(See REPENT  
ANCE.)

REFINEMENT.—(See PURITY.)

REFLECTION.—(See CONTEMPLATION.)

### REFORMATION.

By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.  
*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Formless themselves, reforming do pretend;  
As if confusion could disorder mend.  
*Daniel's Civil War*

Faults are easier look'd in, than redress'd:  
Men running with eager violence,  
At the first view of errors, fresh in quest;  
As they, to rid an inconvenience,  
Stick not to raise a mischief in the stead,  
Which after mocks their weak improvidence;  
And therefore do not make your own sides bleed,  
To pick at others.  
*Daniel's Musophilus.*

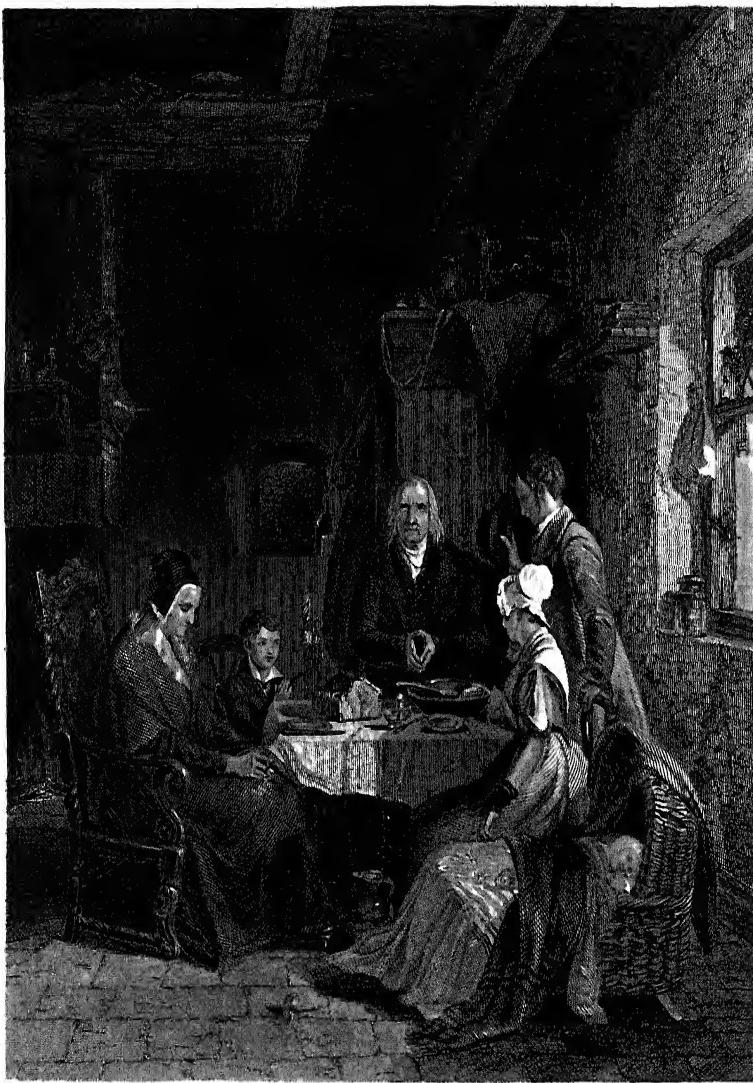
Wise experience  
Gives us to know, that in th' lopp'ng of trees,  
The skilful hand prunes but the lower branches,  
And leav's the top still growing, to extract  
Sap from the root, as meaning to reform,  
Not to destroy.  
*Tatham's Distracted State.*

### REGICIDE.

To do this deed,  
Promotion follows: if I could find example  
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't: but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,  
Let villany itself forswear 't.  
*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

He's here in double trust:  
First as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against the murderer shut the door,  
Nor bear the knife myself.  
*Shaks. Macbeth*





REEDS II. 100. 10. N.

Confusion now hath made his master-piece !  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

O, what a full was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

### RELIGION.

Religion is a branch, first set and blcst  
By heav'n's high finger in the hearts of kings :  
Which whilome grew into a goodly tree,  
Bright angels sat and sung upon the twigs,  
And royal branches for the heads of kings  
Were twisted of them.

*Chapman's Byron's Conspiracy. Part II.*

Sacred religion ! mother of form and fear !  
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd ?  
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear ?  
What stately piles we prodigal erect ?  
How sweet perfum'd art thou, how shining clear ?  
How solemnly observ'd ; with what respect ?  
Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare :  
Thou must have all within, and nought without ;  
Sit poorly without light, disrob'd : no care  
Of outward grace t' amuse the poor devout :  
Poorless, unfollow'd : scarcely men can spare  
The necessary rites to set thee out.

*Daniel's Musophilus.*

He whom God chooseth, out of doubt doth well :  
What they that choose their God do, who can tell ?

*Lord Brooke's Mustapha.*

Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,  
Draws swords, swells battles, and o'erthrows all  
good.

*Webster's White Devil.*

He wears his faith but as the fashion of  
His hat ; it ever changes with the next block.

*Shaks. Much ado.*

Could not that wisdom which first broached the  
wine,  
Have thicken'd it with definitions ?  
And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,  
With curious questions and divisions ?  
But all the doctrine which he taught and gave  
Was clear as heav'n, from whence it came :  
At least those beams of truth, which only save,  
Surpass in brightness any flame,  
Love God, and love your neighbour ; watch and  
pray ;  
Do as you would be done unto :  
O dark instructions, ev'n dark as day !  
Who can these gordian knots undo ?

*Herbert.*

Zeal against policy maintains debate ;  
Heav'n gets the better now, and now the state :  
The learned do by turns the learn'd confute,  
Yet all depart unalter'd by dispute.

The priestly office cannot be deny'd ;  
It wears heav'n's liv'ry, and is made our guide :  
But why should we be punish'd if we stray ;  
When all our guides dispute which is the way ?

*Earl of Orrery's Mustapha.*

Great piety consists in pride ;  
To rule is to be sanctified ;  
To domineer, and to control,  
Both o'er the body and the soul,  
Is the most perfect discipline,  
Of church rule, and by right divine.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Hence 'tis, hypocrisy as well  
Will serve t' improve a church as zeal ;  
As persecution or promotion  
Do equally advance devotion.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

For his religion it was fit  
To match his learning and his wit ;  
'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;  
For he was of that stubborn crew  
Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
To be the true church militant ;  
Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun :  
Decide all controversies by  
Infallible artillery ;  
And prove their doctrine orthodox,  
By apostolic blows and knocks ;  
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,  
A godly, thorough reformation,  
Which always must be carried on,  
And still be doing, never done ;  
As if religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

But whither went his soul, let such relate,  
Who search the secrets of the future state :  
Divines can say but what themselves believe ;  
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative  
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,  
And faith itself be lost in certainty.  
To live uprightly then is sure the best,  
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.

*Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.*

Devotion in distress  
Is born, but vanishes in happiness.

*Dryden's Tyrannic Love.*

Yet crowds will still believe, and priests will teach  
As wand'ring fancy, and as int'rest leads.

*Roue's Royal Convex.*

Religious lustre is, by native innocence,  
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts  
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,  
The harlot of your fancies; and by adding  
False beauties, which she wants not, make the  
world

Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,  
And will not bear all lights.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Know,  
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,  
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,  
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven:  
Love finds admission, where proud science fails.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

True religion  
Is always mild, propitious, and humble,  
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood;  
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels;  
But stoops to polish, succour, and redress,  
And builds her grandeur on the public good.

*Miller's Mahomet.*

What a reasonless machine  
Can superstition make the roas'ner man!

*Miller's Mahomet.*

Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,  
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;  
To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,  
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.  
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then:  
For nature knew no right divine in men,  
No ill could fear in God; and understood  
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.  
True faith, true policy, united ran;  
That was but love of God, and this of man.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Say, first, of God above, or man below,  
What can we reason, but from what we know?  
Of man, what see we but his station here,  
From which to reason, or to which refer?  
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be  
known,

"T is ours to trace him only in our own.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks through nature up to nature's God.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;  
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

*Pope.*

As some to church repair,  
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

*Pope.*

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name.

*Pope.*

Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound,  
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,  
In quibbles angel and archangel join,  
And God the Father turns a school divine.

*Pope.*

Oh, come, oh, teach me nature to subdue,  
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you!  
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for He  
Alone can rival, and succeed to thee.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

O Thou! dark, awful, vast, mysterious power,  
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend:  
If ignorant of thy new laws I stray,  
Shed from thy distant heav'n, where'er it shines,  
One ray of guardian light, to clear my way:  
And teach me first to find, then act thy will.

*Hill's Alzira.*

To give religion her unbridled scope,  
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope.

*Couper's Table Talk.*

Priests have invented, and the world admir'd  
What knavish priests promulgate as inspir'd;  
Till reason, now no longer overaw'd,  
Resumes her pow'rs, and spurns the clumsy fraud.

*Couper's Tirocinium.*

Whether from principle, or jail dismay,  
Springs thy morality, we dare not say.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

Methinks it is not strange then, that I fled  
The house of prayer, and made the lonely grove  
My temple, at the foot of some old oak,  
Watching the little tribes that had their world  
Within its mossy bark; or laid me down  
Beside the rivulet whose murmuring  
Was silence to my soul, and mark'd the swarm  
Whose light-edged shadows on the bedded sand  
Mirror'd their many sports; the insect hum,  
The flow of waters, and the song of birds,  
Making a holy music to mine ear:  
Oh! was it strange, if for such scenes as these,  
Such deep devoutness, such intense delight  
Of quiet adoration, I forsook  
The house of worship?

*Southey's Joan of Arc.*

In short, what will not mortal man do?  
And now that—strife and bloodshed past—  
We've done on earth what harm we can do,  
We gravely take to heaven at last;  
And think its favouring smile to purchase,  
O Lord! good Lord! by building churches!

*Moore's Memorial to Congress.*

Upon my conduct as a whole decide,  
Such trifling errors let my virtues hide;  
Fail I at meeting? am I sleepy there?  
My purse refuse I with the priest to share?  
Do I deny the poor a helping hand?  
Or stop the wicked women in the strand?  
Or drink at club beyond a certain pitch?  
Which are your charges? conscience, tell me  
which?

*Crabbe.*

And they believe him! oh! the lover may  
Distrust that look which steals his soul away;—  
The babe may cease to think that it can play  
With heaven's rainbow:—alchymists may doubt  
The shining gold their crucible gives out;  
But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

But thus it is, all sects, we see,  
Have watchwords of morality;  
Some cry out Venus, others Jove,  
Here 't is religion, there 't is love!

*Moore.*

I find the doctors and the sages  
Have differ'd in all climas and ages,  
And two in fifty scarce agree  
On what is pure morality.

*Moore.*

My altars are the mountains and the ocean,  
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great  
whole,  
Who hath produc'd; and will receive the soul.

*Byron.*

*Thou* didst not leave me, oh my God!

Thou wert with those who bore the truth of old  
Into the deserts from the oppressor's rod,  
And made the caverns of the rock their fold;  
And in the hidden chambers of the dead,  
Our guiding lamp, with fire immortal fed.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

Love never fails; though knowledge cease,  
Though prophecies decay,  
Love—Christian love, shall still increase,  
Shall still extend her sway.

*William Peter.*

Cling to thy faith—'t is higher than the thought  
That questions of thy faith.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

Man, by nature proud,  
Was taught the scriptures by the love of praise,  
And grew religious, as he grew in fame.

*\* Pollock's Course of Time.*

The absolutely true religion is  
In heaven only; yea, in Deity.

*Bailey's Festus.*

## REMEMBRANCE.

Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infested house,  
Boding to all.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time;  
Having no more but thought of what thou  
wert,  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

*Shaks. Richard III.**Malcolm.*—Dispute it like a man.

*Macduff.*—I shall do so:  
But I must also feel it as a man:  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

She sent him rosemary, to the intent that he should  
hold her in remembrance.

*Drayton.*

She plac'd it sad, with needless fear,  
Lest time should shake my wavering soul—  
Unconscious that her image there  
Held every sense in fast control.

*Byron.*

Oh! only those  
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,  
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing  
Affection gives and hallows! A dead flower  
Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks  
That made each leaf a treasure.

*Miss Landon.*

Man hath a weary pilgrimage,  
As through the world he wends;  
On every stage, from youth to age,  
Still discontent attends;  
With heaviness he casts his eye  
Upon the road before,  
And still remembers with a sigh,  
The days that are no more.

*Robert Southey.*

There's not an hour  
Of day, or dreaming night, but I am with thee :  
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name ;  
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,  
But in its fragrance tells a tale  
Of thee.

Proctor.

There's not a look, a word of thine,  
My soul hath e'er forgot;  
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,  
Nor given thy locks one graceful twine,  
Which I remember not.

Moore.

Thy imag'd form I shall survey,  
And, pausing at the view,  
Recall thy gentle smile, and say,  
"Oh, such a maid I knew!"

William Lisle Bowles.

When shall we come to that delightful day,  
When each can say to each, "Dost thou remember?"

Let us fill urns with rose-leaves in our May,  
And hive the thrifty sweetness for December!

Bulwer's Poems.

Oh! these are the words that eternally utter  
The spell that is seldom cast o'er us in vain;  
With the wings and the wand of a fairy they  
flutter,  
And draw a charm'd circle about us again.  
We return to the spot where our infancy gam-  
boll'd;  
We linger once more in the haunts of our youth;  
We re-tread where young Passion first stealthily  
rambled,  
And whispers are heard full of Nature and  
Truth,  
Saying, "Don't you remember?"

Eliza Cook.

Remember me, I pray—but not

In Flora's gay and blooming hour,  
When every brake hath found its note,  
And sunshine smiles in every flower;  
But when the falling leaf is sere,  
And withers sadly from the tree,  
And o'er the ruins of the year  
Cold autumn weeps,—remember me.

Edward Everett.

Remember me—not, I entreat,

In scenes of festal week-day joy;  
For then it were not kind or meet  
Thy thoughts thy pleasures should alloy;  
But on the sacred Sabbath day,  
Ana, dearest, on thy bended knee,  
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,  
Sweet sister, then remember me.

Edward Everett.

I think of thee when morning springs  
From sleep, with plumage bath'd in dew,  
And, like a young bird, lifts its wings  
Of gladness on the wellkin blue;  
And when, at noon, the breath of love  
O'er flower and stream is wandering free,  
And sent in music from the grove,  
I think of thee—I think of thee.

George D. Prentice.

I think of thee, when, soft and wide,  
The evening spreads her robes of light,  
And, like a young and timid bride,  
Sits blushing in the arms of night:  
And when the moon's sweet crescent springs  
In light o'er heaven's wide waveless sea,  
And stars are forth, like blessed things,  
I think of thee—I think of thee.

George D. Prentice.

## REPENTANCE.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array  
His dainty course, proud humours to abate;  
And dieted with fasting every day,  
The swellings of his wounds to mitigate;  
And made him pray both early and eke late:  
And ever as superfluous flesh did rot,  
Amendment ready still at hand did wait  
To pluck it out with pincers fiery hot,  
That soon in him was left no one corrupted spot.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Who by repentance is not satisfied,  
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.

If hearty sorrow  
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,  
As e'er I did commit.

Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.

They say best men are moulded out of faults;  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad:—so may my husband.

Shaks. Measure for Measure.

Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady current, scow'ring faults,  
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat, and fall at once,  
As in this king.

Shaks. Henry V.

I survive,  
To mock the expectation of the world;  
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out  
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
After my seeming.

Shaks. Henry IV. Part II

Let me tell the world,  
If he out-live the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
Into the good thoughts of the world again.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

Like gross terms.

The prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
Cast off his followers: and their memory  
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
By which his grace must mecte the life of others;  
Turning past evils to advantage.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
The tutor and the feeder of my riots,—  
Till then I banish thee.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;  
Presume not, that I am the thing I was:  
For heaven doth know, so shall the world percive,  
That I have turn'd away my former self;  
So will I those that kept me company.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

What is done cannot be now amended:  
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after hours give leisure to repent.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

The drunkard, after all his lavish cups,  
Is dry, and then is sober; so at length,  
When you awake from this lascivious dream,  
Repentance then will follow, like the sting  
Plac'd in the addor's tail.

*Webster's White Devil.*

Heaven and angels

Take great delight in a converted sinner:  
Why should you then, a servant and professor,  
Differ so much from them? if every woman,  
That commits evil, should be therefore kept  
Back in desirs of goodness, how should virtue  
Be known and honour'd?

*Middleton's Women beware Women.*

Man should do nothing that he should repent;  
But if he have, and say that he is sorry;  
It is a worse fault, if he be not truly.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Before

We end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we  
Should leave corruption, and foul sin, behind us.  
But with wash'd feet and hands, the heathens dar'd  
not

Enter their profane temples; and for me  
To hope my passage to eternity  
Can be made easy, till I have shook off  
The burthen of my sins in free confession,  
Aided with sorrow, and repentance for them,  
Is against reason.

*Massinger's Emperor of the East.*

Sorrow for past ills, doth restore frail man  
To his first innocence.

*Nabbs's Microcosmus.*

'T is not, to cry God mercy, or to sit  
And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd:  
'T is to bewail the sins thou didst commit;  
And not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd.  
He that bewails and not forsakes them too;  
Confesses rather what he means to do.

*Quarles*

'T is not too late to recant all this;  
And there is oft more glory in repenting  
Us of some errors, than never to have err'd:  
Because we find there are more folks have judg-  
ment  
Than ingenuity.

*Fountain's Rewards of Virtue*

As carnal scamen in a storm  
Turn pious converts and reform.

*Butler's Hudibras*

Habitual evils change not on a sudden,  
But many days must pass, and many sorrows;  
Conscious remorse, and anguish must be felt,  
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,  
And work a second nature in the soul,  
Ere virtue can resume the place she lost.

*Rowe's Ulysses*

Come, fair repentance, daughter of the skies!  
Soft harbinger of soon returning virtue!  
The weeping messenger of grace from heav'n!

*Brown's Athelstan*

So do the dark in soul expire,  
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;  
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,  
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,  
Darkness above, despair beneath.  
Around it flame, within it death.

*Byron*

A change in Peter's life ye must not hope:  
To try to wash an ass's face,  
Is really labour to misplace;  
And really loss of time as well as soap.

*Dr. Wolcott's Peter Pindar.*

High minds of native pride and force,  
Most deeply feel thy pangs, remorse!  
Fear for their scourge mean villains have;  
Thou art the torturer of the brave.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Some who offend from a suspicious nature,  
Will afterward such fair confession make  
As turns e'en the offence into a favour.

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

Priest, spare thy words; I add not to my sins  
That of presumption, in pretending now  
To offer up to heaven the fore'd repentance  
Of some short moments for a life of crimes.

*Joanna Baillie's Orra.*

Repentance often finds too late,  
To wound us is to harden;  
And Love is on the verge of Hate,  
Each time it stoops for pardon.

*Bulwer's Poems.*

I have deeply felt  
The mockery of the hollow shrine at which my  
spirit knelt.  
Mine is the requiem of years in reckless folly  
... pass'd,  
The wail above departed hopes on a frail venture  
cast;  
The vain regret that steals above the wreck of  
squander'd hours,  
Like the sighing of the autumn wind over the  
faded flowers. *Whittier's Poems.*

### REPROOF.

Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady  
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

'Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,  
And there I see such black and grained spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.'

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

If any here chance to behold himself,  
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;  
For, if he shame to have his follies known,  
First he should shame to act them. My strict hand  
Was made to seize on vice; and, with a gripe,  
Squeeze out the humour of such spongy natures,  
As lick up ev'ry idle vanity.

*Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour.*

Prithee, forgive me;  
I did but chide in jest, the best loves use it  
Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection.  
When we invite our best friends to a feast,  
'T is not all sweet-meats that we set before them;  
There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet  
appetite,  
And make them taste their wine well: So methinks,  
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,  
A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' the grape.

*Middleton's Women beware Women.*

Do not with too severe  
A harshness chide the error of his love;  
Lest like a crystal stream, which unoppos'd,  
Runs with a smooth brow gently in its course,  
Being stopp'd o' th' sudden, his calm nature riots  
Into a wilful fury, and persists  
In his intended fancy!

*Claphorne's Albertus Wallenstein.*

Reprove not in his wrath incensed man;  
Good counsel comes clean out of season then:  
But when his fury is appeas'd, and pass'd,  
He will conceive his fault, and mend at last.

*Randolph*

I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink;  
But I will ring thee such a piece of chiding,  
Thou shalt confess the troubled sea more calm;  
That thunder with less violence cleaves the air:  
The ravens, screech-owls, and the mandrake's  
voice  
Shall be thy constant music.

*Randolph's Jealous Lovers.*

Thou discord in this choral harmony!  
That dost profane the loveliest light and air  
God ever gave: be still, and look, and listen!

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

How dare you bring your inharmorous heart  
To such a scene? How dare you let your voice  
Talk out of tune so with the voice of God  
In earth and sky?

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

Take back your cold, inane, and carping mind  
Into the world you came from and belong to—  
The world of common cares and sordid aims.

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

### REPUTATION.

Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy feet;  
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame;  
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,  
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave)  
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone:  
Being got by many actions, lost by one.

*Randolph.*

The reputation  
Of virtuous actions pass'd, if not kept up  
By an access, and fresh supply of new ones,  
Is lost and soon forgotten; and like palaces,  
For want of habitation and repair,  
Dissolve to heaps of ruin.

*Denham's Sophy.*

No crime so bold, but would be understood  
A real, or at least a seeming good:  
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,  
And free from conscience, is a slave to fame.

*Denham.*

He that is respectless in his courses,  
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.

*Ben Jonson.*

O reputation! dearer far than life,  
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell,  
Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand,  
Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil  
Of the rude spiller, ever can collect  
To its first purity and native sweetness.

*Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.*

### RESOLUTION.

When resolution hath prepar'd the will;  
It wants no helps to further any ill.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,  
And either live with glorious victory,  
Or die with fame, renown'd for chivalry:  
He is not worthy of the honey-comb,  
That shuns the hive because the bees have stings.

*Shaks.*

Experience teacheth us  
That resolution's a solo help at need:  
And this, my lord, our honour teacheth us,  
That we be bold in every enterprise:  
Then since there is no way, but fight or die,  
Be resolute, my lord, for victory.

*Shaks.*

I'll fight, till from my bones the flesh be hack'd.—  
Give me my armour.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Ring the alarum-bell: blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Hang out our banners; on the outward walls  
The cry is still, *they come*: our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:  
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet will I try the last: before my body  
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough.

*Shaks. Macbeth*

Why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:  
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time: be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviour from the great,  
Grow great by your example; and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
Away, and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field;  
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.  
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble  
there?

O, let it not be said! forage, and run  
To meet displeasure further from the doors;  
And grapple with him, ere he come too nigh.

*Shaks. King John.*

Let them pull all about mine ears; present me  
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' hoels;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*Shaks. Coriolanus*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect.

*Shakspeare*

All the soul  
Of man is resolution; which expires  
Never from valiant men, till their last breath;  
And then with it, like a flame extinguis'd  
For want of matter; it does not die, but  
Rather ceases to live.

*Chapman's Revenge for Woman*

Bravo resolution; I am proud to see  
So sweet a graft upon a wormwood tree;  
Whose juice is gall, but yet the fruit most rare.  
*Heywood's Fair Maid of the Exchange.*

Entice the trusty sun  
From his ecliptic line, he shall obey  
Your beck, and wander from his sphere, ere I  
From my resolves.

*Baron's Mirza.*

If your resolutions be like mine,  
We will yet give our sorrows a brave end.  
Justice is for us, so may fortune be:  
I'm a bright proof of her inconstancy.  
But if no god will lend us any aid,  
Let us be gods and fortune to ourselves.

*Crown's Darius.*

Men make resolves, and pass into decrees  
The motions of the mind! with how much ease,  
In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw,  
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law.

*Churchill.*

There lies no desert in the land of life,  
For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,  
Labour'd of thee in faith and hope, shall teem  
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings rise.

*Frances Kemble Butler.*

They waken,  
Such thoughts as these, an energy,  
A spirit that will not be shaken  
Till frail mortality shall die.

*Willis's Poems.*

There's no impossibility to him  
Who stands prepar'd to conquer every hazard:  
The fearful are the failing.

*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

Press on! there's no such word as fail;  
Press nobly on! the goal is near—  
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!  
Look upward, onward—never fear!  
Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above,  
Though storm and vapour intervene;  
That sun shines on, whose name is Love,  
Serenely o'er life's shadow'd scene.

*Park Benjamin.*

Press on! if Fortune play thee false  
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;  
Whom now she sinks she now exalts,  
Taking old gifts and granting new.  
The wisdom of the present hour  
Makes up for follies past and gone;  
To weakness strength succeeds, and power  
From frailty springs—press on! press on!

*Park Benjamin.*

## RESURRECTION.

And see!

'T is come, the glorious morn! the second birth  
Of heaven and earth! awakening nature hears  
The new creating word, and starts to life,  
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death  
For ever free.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,  
Confounded in the dust, adore that power  
And wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,  
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,  
And died neglected: why the good man's share  
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:  
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd  
In starving solitude; while luxury,  
In palaces, lay straining her low thoughts  
To form unreal wants.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Now starting up among the living chang'd,  
Appear'd innumEROUS the risen dead,  
Each particle of dust was claim'd: the turf,  
For ages trod beneath the careless foot  
Of men, rose, organiz'd in human form.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

The doors of death were open'd; and in the dark  
And louthsome vault, and silent charnel-house,  
Moving, were heard the moulder'd bones that sought  
Their proper place! Instinctive, every soul  
Flew to its clayey part: from grass-grown mould,  
The nameless spirit took its ashes up,  
Reanimate; and merging from beneath  
The flatter'd marble, undistinguish'd rose  
The great, nor heeded once the lavish rhyme  
And costly pomp of sculptur'd marble vain.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

How will it be when nations hear  
The blast that wakes the dead?

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## RETIREMENT.—(See also COUNTRY LIFE.)

Now, my co-matos, and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?

*Shaks. As you like it.*

Haply, this life is best,  
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,  
That have a sharper known; well corresponding  
With your stiff age: but unto us, it is  
A cell of ignorance.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

How use doth breed a habit in a man !  
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :  
 Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,  
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes,  
 Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Court honours, and your shadows of true joy,  
 That shine like stars, but till a greater light  
 Drown your weak lustre ; I abjure your sight ;  
 Ev'n from my meditations, and my thoughts  
 I banish your enticing vanities ;  
 And closely kept within my study walls,  
 As from a cave of rest, henceforth I'll see  
 And smile, but never taste your misery.

*Goffe's Raging Turk.*

Thy father's poverty has made thee happy ;  
 For, though 't is true, this solitary life  
 Suits not with youth and beauty, O my child !  
 Yet 't is the sweetest guardian to protect  
 Chaste names from court-aspersions.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Laws of Candy.*

Was man e'er bles'd with that excess of joy  
 Equal to ours, to us that feel no want  
 Of high court favours, life's licentiousness ?

*Richards's Messalina.*

I'd rather, like the violet, grow  
 Unmark'd i' th' shaded vale,  
 Than on the hill those terrors know  
 Are breath'd forth by an angry gale :  
 There is more pomp above, more sweet below.

*Habington's Castara.*

O happiness of sweet retir'd content !  
 To be at once secure and innocent.

*Denham.*

How miserable a thing is a great man :  
 Take noisy vexing greatness they that please,  
 Give me obscure, and safe, and silent ease.

*Crown's Thesites.*

And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 'The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every star that heaven doth show  
 And every herb that sips the dew ;  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.

*Milton's Il Penseroso.*

Wisdom's self

Oft seeks so sweet retired solitude ;  
 Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets go her wings,  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

*Milton's Comus.*

Dear solitary groves, where peace doth dwell !  
 Sweet harbours of pure love and innocence !  
 How willingly could I for ever stay  
 Beneath the shade of your embracing greens,  
 List'ning to the harmony of warbling birds,  
 Tun'd with the gentle murmur of the streams ;  
 Upon whose bank, in various livery,  
 The fragrant offspring of the early year,  
 Their heads, like graceful swans, bent proudly  
 down,  
 See their own beauties in the crystal flood.

*Rochester's Valentian.*

Safety dwells

Remote from multitude ; the world 's a school  
 Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around !  
 We must or imitate, or disapprove ;  
 Must list as their accomplices, or foes ;  
 That stains our innocence ; this wounds our  
 peace.  
 From nature's birth, hence, wisdom has been  
 smit  
 With sweet recess, and languish't for the shade.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

What are the falling rills, the pendent shades,  
 The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,  
 But soft recesses for the weary mind  
 To sigh unheard into the passing wind !  
 So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,  
 Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart :)  
 There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,  
 Only he bleeds and pants his soul away.

*Pope.*

His gardens next your admiration call,  
 On every side you look, behold the wall !  
 No pleasing iatricacies intervene,  
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;  
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,  
 And half the platform just reflects the other ;  
 The suffering eye inverted nature sees,  
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;  
 With here a fountain, never to be play'd,  
 And there a summer-house that knows no shade.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

What, what is virtue but repose of mind,  
 A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;  
 Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,  
 Above the passions that this world deform,  
 And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?  
 But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,  
 And gently stir the heart, thereby to form  
 A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray  
 Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still  
 more gay.

*Thomson's Castle of Indolence.*

No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;  
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.  
Then keep each passion down, however dear;  
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.  
Guard, while 't is thine, thy philosophic case,  
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace  
That bids defiance to the storms of fate,  
High bliss is only for a higher state.

*Thomson.*

The best of men have ever lov'd repose:  
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,  
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,  
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.  
Even those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,  
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,  
From a base world at last have stolen away:  
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore  
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

*Thomson's Castle of Indolence.*

Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,  
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,  
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix,  
Ten thousand wand'ring images of things,  
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;  
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,  
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Now from the town,  
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,  
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling  
... drops  
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze  
Of sweet-brier hedges, I pursue my walk.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!  
Ye lofty pines! Ye venerable oaks!  
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!  
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

O, know he but his happiness, of men  
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,  
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,  
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Then is the time,  
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,  
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
And soar above this little scene of things;  
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;  
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;  
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The fall of kings,  
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,  
In still retreats, and flow'ry solitudes.  
To nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;  
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;  
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;  
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more

*Thomson's Seasons.*

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,  
And clasp a fearful mistress to my heart!  
Or lull'd to slumber by the boating rain,  
Secure and happy, sink at last to rest!

*Hammond.*

Happy the man, who, innocent,  
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;  
His skiff does with the current glide,  
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.  
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,  
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,  
And when he can't prevent foul play,  
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

*Green's Spleen.*

Oh! blest of heaven, whom not the languid songs  
Of luxury, the syren! nor the bribes  
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils  
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave  
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store  
Of nature fair imagination culs  
To charm the enliven'd soul!

*Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.*

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
Retreats from care, that never must be mine:  
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,  
A youth of labour with an age of ease;  
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village*

Could'st thou resign the park and play, content,  
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent:  
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,  
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;  
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,  
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;  
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping  
flow'rs,

Direct thy rivulets and twine thy bow'rs;  
And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,  
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:  
There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings,  
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;  
On all thy hours security shall smile,  
And bless thy evening walk and morning toil.

*Dr. Johnson's London.*

The fall of waters, and the song of birds,  
And hills that echo to the distant herds,  
Are luxuries excelling all the glare  
The world can boast, and her chief favourites  
share. *Couper's Retirement.*

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,  
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,  
Where, all his long anxieties forgot  
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,  
Or recollect'd only to gild o'er,  
And add a smile to what was sweet before,  
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,  
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,  
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,  
And having liv'd a trifler, die a man.

*Couper's Retirement.*

Anticipated rents and bills unpaid,  
Force many a shining youth into the shade,  
Not to redeem his time, but his estate,  
And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate.

*Couper's Retirement.*

The love of nature and the scenes she draws  
Are nature's dictates. Strange! there should be  
found

Who self-imprison'd in their proud saloons,  
Renounce the odours of the open field  
For the unscented fictions of the loom.

*Couper's Task.*

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity to shade,  
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,  
Of unsuccessful and successful war  
Might never reach me more! My ear is pa  
My soul is sick with ev'ry day's report,  
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is fill'd.

*Couper's Task.*

But slighted as it is, and by the great  
Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,  
Infected with the manners and the modes  
It knew not once, the country wins me still.

*Couper's Task.*

Ev'n in the stifling bosom of the town,  
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms  
That soothe the rich possessor; much consol'd  
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,  
Of night-shade or Valerian, grace the wall

He cultivates. *Couper's Task.*

"T is pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world. To see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.  
To hear the roll she sends through all her gates  
At a safe distance, where the dying sound  
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.

*Couper's Task.*

How various his employment, whom the world  
Calls idle, and who justly in return  
Esteems that busy world an idler too!  
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,  
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,  
And nature in her cultivated trim  
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad.

*Couper's Task*

Happiest of men! if the same soil invites  
A chosen few, companions of his youth,  
Once fellow-rakes, perhaps, now rural friends;  
With whom in easy commerce to pursue  
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame;  
A fair ambition, void of strife or guile,  
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health*

Ye who amid the feverish world would wear  
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;  
Fly the rank city, shun the turbid air;  
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke  
And volatile corruption, from the dead,  
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world  
Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome  
With dim mortality.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health*

Half-way up

He built his house, whence by stealth he caught,  
Among the hills, a glimpse of busy life,  
That sooth'd, not stirr'd.

*Rogers's Italy.*

Oh, Psyche, happy in thine ignorance!  
Couldst thou but shun this heart-tormenting bane;  
Be but content, nor daringly advance  
To meet the bitter hour of threatened pain;  
Pure spotless dove! seek thy safe nest again  
Let true affection shun the public eye,  
And quit the busy circle of the vain,  
For there the treacherous snares concealed lie:  
Oh timely warned escape! to safe retirement fly!

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

How much they err, who, to their interest blind,  
Slight the calm peace which from retirement flows!  
And while they think their fleeting joys to bind,  
Banish the tranquil bliss which heaven for man  
designed! *Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

So thy fair hand, enamour'd fancy! gleans  
The treasured pictures of a thousand years;  
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thoughts  
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote  
Where love and lore may calm alternate hours.  
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers.  
Remote from busy life's bewilder'd way,  
O'er all his heart shall taste and beauty sway.

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope*

There shall be love, when genial morn appears,  
Like pensive beauty smiling in her tears,  
To watch the brightening roscs of the sky,  
And muse on nature with a poet's eye !

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

To fly from, need not be to hate mankind ;  
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,  
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind  
Deep in its fountain, lost it overboil  
In the hot throng where we become the spoil  
Of our infection, till too late and long  
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,  
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong,  
'Midst a contentious world, striving where none  
are strong.

Is it not better then to be alone,  
And love earth only for its earthly sake ?  
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,  
Or the pure bosom of the musing lake,  
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make  
A fair but froward infant her own care,  
Kissing its cries away as these awake ;—  
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,  
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict  
or bear ?

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Softly the blended light of evening rests  
Upon thee, lovely stream ! Thy gentle tide,  
Picturing the gorgeous beauty of the sky,  
Onward, unbroken by the ruffling wind,  
Majestically flows. O ! by thy side,  
Far from the tumult and the throng of men  
And the vain cares that vex poor human life,  
'T were happiness to dwell, alone with thee,  
And the wide solemn grandeur of the scene.

*Mrs. Ellet's Poems.*

I go to seek my own hearth-stone  
Bosom'd in yon green hills alone ;  
A secret lodge in a pl  asant land,  
Whose groves the frolic fairies plann'd,  
Where arches green, the livelong day  
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
And evil men have never trod  
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome,  
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines  
Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the love and pride of man,  
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan ;  
For what are they all in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet ?

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

— Let me often to these solitudes  
Retire, and in their presence reassur  
My feeble virtue.

*Bryant's Forest Hymn.*

Oh ! I would lean and listen to the breeze  
Winding from air-harps a selectest note ;  
And I would hear the music of the seas  
An under-music float !

*William Wallace*

### REVENGE.

Haste me to know it; that I with wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

I find thee apt ;  
And duller shouldst thou bo than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this ?

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

How stand I then,  
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,  
And let all sleep ? while to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That for a fantasy, and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,  
To hide the slain ? O, from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Am I then reveng'd  
To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?  
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid bent  
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;  
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;  
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in 't :  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven ;  
And that his soul be as damn'd, and black,  
As hell, whereto it goes.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest devil  
Conscience, and graco, to the profoundest pit !  
I dare damnation : to this point I stand —  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes : only I 'll be reveng'd.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

*Shaks. Othello.*

O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

*Shaks. Othello.*

My bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.

*Shaks. Othello.*

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;  
Pinc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;  
The which no balm can cure, but his heart's blood  
Which breath'd this poison.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

This too much lenity  
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.  
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den,  
Whose hand is that the forest bear would lick?  
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death,  
O, may such purple tears be always shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our house!  
If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither,  
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

As he does conceive  
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must  
In that be made more bitter.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in the confins, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry Havoc, and let-slip the dogs of war.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:  
I'll have my bond: and therefore speak no more,  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield,  
To Christian intercessors.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

The fairest action of our human life,  
Is scorning to revenge an injury;  
For who forgives without a further strife,  
His adversary's heart to him doth tie:  
And 't is a firmer conquest, truly said,  
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

*Lady Elizabeth Carew's Miriam.*

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,  
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind:  
Do we his body from our fury save,  
And let our hate prevail against his mind?  
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,  
Than make his foe more worthy far than he.

*Lady Elizabeth Carew's Miriam*

Honour hath her degrees: there is excess  
In all revenge, that may be done with loss.

*Lord Brooke's Alaham*

The best revenge is to reform our crimes;  
Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten times.

*Middleton and Rowley's Spanish Gipsey.*

In this  
You satisfy your anger, and revenge:  
Suppose this, it will not  
Repair your loss; and there was never yet  
But shame and scandal in a victory,  
When, rebels unto reason, passions fought it,  
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever  
Contemn'd, though offer'd, entertain'd by none  
But cowards, base, and abject spirits; strangers  
To moral honesty, and never yet  
Acquainted with religion.

*Massinger's City Madam.*

How just soever  
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,  
We're yet to leave them to their will and pow'r,  
That to that purpose have authority.

*Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.*

Rise from thy scorching den, thou soul of mis-  
chief!  
My blood boils hotter than the poison'd flesh  
Of Hercules cloth'd in the Centaur's shirt:  
Swell me, revenge! till I become a hill  
High as Olympus' cloud-dividing top;  
That I might fall, and crush them into air.

*Rawlin's Rebellion.*

Revenge, impatient Hubert proudly sought,  
Revenge, which ev'n when just, the wise deride;  
For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought,  
Which scarce against the future can provide.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert*

Revenge, weak women's valour, and in men,  
The ruffian's cowardice, keep from thy breast:  
The factious palace is the serpent's den,  
Whom cowards there, with secret slaughter feast

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert*

Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour, he lies.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

"Twill be a brave revenge,  
To raise my mind to a constancy so high,  
That may look down upon his threats; my patience  
Shall mock his fury: Nor shall he be so happy  
To make me miserable: And my sufferings shall  
Erect a prouder trophy to my name,  
Than all my prosp'rous actions.

*Graham's Sophy.*

Revenge, th' attribute of gods! they stamp'd it  
With their great image on our natures.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Destruction! swift destruction  
Fall on my coward head, and make my name  
The common scorn of fools, if I forgive him.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

It wounds, indeed,  
To bear affronts too great to be forgiven,  
And not have power to punish.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

Give me my love, my honour, give 'em back!  
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

My soul is up in arms, my injur'd honour,  
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge.

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

Vengeance is still alive; from her dark covert  
With all her snakes erect upon her breast,  
She stalks in view, and fires me with her charms.

*Young's Revenge.*

How stands the great account 'twixt me and  
vengeance?

Tho' much is paid, yet still it owes me much;  
And I will not abate a single groan.

*Young's Revenge.*

What! do they think me such a milky boy,  
To pay my vengeance with a few soft words!

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

How rash, how inconsiderate is rage!  
How wretched, oh! how fatal is our error,  
When to revenge precipitate we run!  
Revenge, that still with double force recoils  
Back on itself, and is its own revenge,  
While to the short-liv'd, momentary joy,  
Succeeds a train of woes, an age of torments.

*Froude's Philotas.*

Patience! my soul disdains its stoic maxim,  
The coward's virtue, and the knave's disguise:  
O vengeance, take me all, I'm wholly thine!

*Beckingham's Henry IV. of France.*

I would consort with mine eternal enemy,  
To be revenged on him.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Come then, revenge, and with thee bring along  
Thy barbarous racks, thy scorpions, daggers,  
whips,  
The torch of discord, that 'twixt dearest friends,  
'Twixt sisters, brothers, and parents and their  
children,  
Kindles eternal hate; at the dire blast  
My nature shall be chang'd, and my hot blood  
Turn into gall.

*Barford's Virgin Queen.*

Revenge impatient rose,  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,  
And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Werc nc'er prophetic sound so full of woe.  
And ever and anon, he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat;  
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected pity, at his side,  
Her soul-subduing voice applied;  
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
While each strain'd bull of sight seem'd bursting  
from his head.

*Collins's Passions.*

Vengeance to God alone belongs;  
But, when I think on all my wrongs,  
My blood is liquid flame.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,  
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;  
And burning pride, and high disdain,  
Forbade the rising tear to flow.

*Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

When purposed vengeance I forego,  
Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe;  
And when an insult I forgive,  
Then brand me as a slave, and live.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

One sole desire, one passion now remains,  
To keep life's fever still within his veins—  
Vengeance! dire vengeance on the wretch who  
cast

O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.  
For this he still lives on, careless of all  
The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall;  
For this alone exists—like lightning fire  
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Ay, think upon the cause—  
Forget it not:—when you lie down to rest,  
Let it be black among your dreams; and when  
The morn returns, so let it stand between  
The sun and you, as an ill-omen'd cloud  
Upon a summer day of festival.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake  
 'The slumbering venom of the folded snake:  
 The first may turn — but not avenge the blow;  
 The last expires — but leaves no living foe;  
 Fast to the doom'd offender's form it clings,  
 And he may crush—not conquer—still it stings!

*Byron's Corsair.*

Vengeance, leaning on his lance!

*Sprague's Shakespeare Ode.*

Away with private wrongs! We'll not go forth  
 To fight for these — but for the rights of man.  
 Shout *freedom!* and the talismanic word  
 Will open all the treasures of the soul —  
 And war for these is just, and wise, and holy:  
 But cry *revenge!* and a dark host of passions,  
 Fell as the fierce hyena, sweeps along,  
 And makes e'en victory a sound of terror,—  
 For what is gain'd that we can turn to good?

*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

Away! away! I will not hear  
 Of aught save death or vengeance now;  
 By the eternal skies I swear  
 My knee shall never learn to bow!  
 I will not hear a word of peace,  
 Nor grasp in friendly grasp a hand  
 Link'd to the pale-brow'd stranger race  
 That work the ruin of our land.

*John O. Sargent.*

### RICHES.—(See also GOLD and WEALTH.)

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,  
 The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt  
 To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,  
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

Therefore, if at great things thou wouldest arrive,  
 Get riches first, get wealth.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,  
 In silken or in leathern purse retains  
 A splendid shilling.

*Philipps's Splendid Shilling.*

Much learning shows how little mortals know;  
 Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy:  
 At best, it babies us with endless toys,  
 And keeps us children till we drop to dust.  
 As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,  
 They fail to find what they so plainly see;  
 Thus men, in shining riches, see the face  
 Of happiness, nor know it as a shade;  
 But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,  
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?  
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;  
 Then, make a richer scramble for the throng.

*Young's Night Thoughts*

Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;  
 Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,  
 Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.  
 But for one end, one much-neglected use,  
 Are riches worth your care; (for nature's wants  
 Are few, and without opulence supplied;) This noble end is, to produce the soul;  
 To show the virtues in their fairest light;  
 To make humanity the minister  
 Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast  
 The generous luxury the gods enjoy.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,  
 He pitied man: and much he pitied those  
 Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means  
 To dissipate their days in quest of joy.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Then let us get money, like bees lay up honey;  
 We'll build us new hives and store each cell;  
 The sight of our treasure shall yield us great  
 pleasure,

We'll count it, and chink it, and jingle it well.

*Dr. Franklin—Drinking Song.*

My purse is very slim, and very few  
 The acres that I number;  
 But I am seldom stupid, never blue;  
 My riches are an honest heart and true,  
 And quiet slumber.

*Epes Sargent.*

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
 And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
 And he inherits soft white hands,  
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
 Nor dares to wear a garment old:  
 A heritage, it seems to me,  
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

*James Russell Lowell*

The rich man's son inherits cares;  
 The bank may break, the factory burn,  
 A breath may burst his bubble-shares,  
 And soft white hands could hardly earn  
 A living that would serve his turn.

*James Russell Lowell*

The rich scarce know the sweetest thought  
 That gives to gold its worth:  
 'T is in the dwelling of the poor  
 This thankful thought has birth,  
 When, for a time, the wolf of want  
 Is driven from the hearth.

*Mrs. Hale's Harry Gray*

Oh, rich man's son ! there is a toil,  
That with all others level stands,  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whitens, soft white hands.

*James Russell Lowell.*

### RIVERS.

And see the rivers how they run  
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,  
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,  
Wave succeeding wave, they go  
A various journey to the deep,  
Like human life, to endless sleep!

*Dyer's Gronger Hill.*

Sweet Teviot ! on thy silver tide  
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;  
No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
Along thy wild and willow'd shore ;  
Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,  
All, all is peaceful, all is still,  
As if thy waves, since time was born,  
Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,  
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,

Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,  
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,  
Retains each grief, retains each crime,  
Its earliest course was doom'd to know ;  
And darker as it downward bears,  
Is stain'd with past and present years.

*Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

A little stream came tumbling from the height,  
And straggling unto ocean as it might,  
Its bounding crystal frolick'd in the ray,  
And gush'd from cleft to crag with saltless spray.

*Byron's Island.*

Who may trace the ways that ye have taken,  
Ye streams and drops ? who separate ye all,  
And find the many places ye've forsaken,  
To come and rush together down the fall ?

*Miss Hannah F. Gould.*

Fair River ! not unknown to classic song ;—  
Which still in varying beauty rolls along,  
Where first thy infant fount is faintly seen,  
A line of silver 'mid a fringe of green ;  
Or where, near towering rocks thy bolder tide,  
To win the giant guarded pass doth glide ;  
Or where in azure mantle pure and free  
Thou giv'st thy cool hand to the waiting sea.

*Mrs. Sigourney's Connecticut River.*

The brook,  
That with its silvery gleam, comes leaping down  
From the hill-side, has, too, a tale to tell.

*Mrs. Ellet's Poems.*

And as I view'd the hurrying pace  
With which he ran his turbid race,  
Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,  
Through shades that frown'd and flowers that  
smil'd,  
Flying by every green recess  
That woo'd him to its calm caress,  
Yet sometimes turning with the wind,  
As if to leave one look behind !  
Oh ! I have thought, and thinking sigh'd —  
How like to thee, thou restless tide !  
May be the lot, the life of him,  
Who roams along thy water's brim !  
Through what alternate shades of woe,  
And flowers of joy my path may go !  
How many an humble, still retreat,  
May rise to court my weary feet,  
While still pursuing, still unblest,  
I wander on, nor dare to rest !  
But, urgont as the doom that calls  
Thy water to its destin'd falls,  
I see the world's bewildering force  
Hurry my heart's devoted course  
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,  
And the last current cease to run !

*Moore*

The waters in their brilliant path have seen  
The desperate strife that won a rescued world —  
The deeds of men who live in grateful hearts,  
And hymn'd their requiem.

*Mrs. Ellet.—The Susquehanna.*

Stream of my fathers ! sweetly still  
The sunset rays thy valley fill ;  
Pour slantwise down the long defile,  
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.

*Whittier.—The Merrimack.*

I have stood  
Where Hudson roll'd his lordly flood :  
Look'd down the Apalachian peak  
On Juninta's silver streak ;  
Have seen along his valley gloam  
The Mohawk's softly winding stream ;  
The level light of sunset shine  
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine ;  
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner  
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna ;  
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,  
Thy wandering child looks back to thee.

*Whittier.—The Merrimack.*

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

*Longfellow's Poems.*

When breezes are soft and skies are fair  
I steal an hour from study and care,  
And lie me away to the woodland scene,  
Where wanders the stream with waters of green;  
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink  
Had given their stain to the wave they drink;  
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,  
Had nam'd the stream from its own fair hue.

*Bryant's Poems.*

Ay, gather Europe's royal Rivers all —  
The snow-swell'd Neva, with an empire's weight  
On her broad breast, she yet may overwhelm;  
Dark Danube, hurrying, as by foe pursu'd,  
Through shaggy forests and by palace walls,  
To hide its terrors in a sea of gloom;  
The castled Rhine, whose vine-crown'd waters  
flow,  
The fount of fable and the source of song;  
The rushing Rhone, in whose cerulean depths  
The loving sky seems wedded with the wave;  
The yellow Tiber, chok'd with Roman spoils,  
A dying miser shrinking 'neath his gold;  
The Seine, where Fashion glasses fairest forms;  
And Thames, that bears the riches of the world:  
Gather their waters in one ocean mass,  
— Our Mississippi, rolling proudly on,  
Would sweep them from its path, or swallow up,  
Like Aaron's rod, these streams of fame and song!

*Mrs. Hale's Poems.*

O, river! gentle as a wayward child  
I saw thee 'mid the moonlight hills at rest,  
Capricious thing, with thine own beauty wild,  
How didst thou still the throbbing of thy breast?  
*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.—To the Hudson River.*

Where Hudson's wave, o'er silvery sands,  
Winds through the hills afar,  
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,  
Crown'd by a single star.

*George P. Morris.*

But bid him climb the Catskill to behold  
Thy flood, O Hudson! marching to the deep,  
And tell what strain of any bard of old  
Might paint thy grace and imitate thy sweep.  
*Thomas W. Parsons.*

River! O, river! thou roamest free,  
From the mountain height to the fresh blue sea!  
Free thyself, but with silver chain,  
Linking each charm of land and main.  
*Hoffman's Poems.*

River! O, river! upon thy tide  
Full many a freighted bark doth ride;  
Would that thou thus couldst bear away  
The thoughts that burden my weary day!  
*Hoffman's Poems.*

## RUINS.

I do love these ancient ruins:  
We never tread upon them, but we set  
Our foot upon some rev'rend history;  
And questionless, here in this open court,  
Which now lies naked to the injurics  
Of stormy weather, some lie interr'd, who  
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,  
They thought it should have canopy'd their bones  
Till doomsday: but all things have their end;  
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to  
men,  
Must have like death that we have.

*Webster's Duchess of Malfy.*

All things decay with time; the forest sees  
The growth and downfall of her aged trees:  
That timber tall, which threescore lustres stood  
The proud dictator of the state-like wood —  
I mean the sov'reign of all plants, the oak,  
Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

*Herrick.*

How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,  
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,  
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof!  
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable.  
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe  
And terror to my aching sight! The tombs  
And monumental caves of death look cold,  
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

*Congreve's Mourning Bride.*

'T is now the raven's bleak abode;  
'T is now the apartment of the toad;  
And there the fox securely feeds;  
And there the poisonous adder breeds,  
Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds;  
While, ever and anon, there falls  
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.  
Yet time has seen, which lifts the low,  
And level lays the lofty brow,  
Has seen the broken pile complete,  
Big with the vanity of state;  
But transient is the smile of fate!  
A little rule, a little sway,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

*Dyer's Gronger Hill*

Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye strike  
All phantasies, not even excepting mine:  
A grey wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,  
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line  
Between the present and past worlds, and hover  
Upon their airy confine, half-seas over.

*Byron*

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
All tenantless, save to the crannyng wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.  
There was a day when they were young and proud,  
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;  
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
And those which wav'd are shredless dust ere  
now,  
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future  
blow.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

There is given  
Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,  
A spirit's feeling; and where he hath lent  
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power  
And magic in the ruin'd battlement;  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its  
dower.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

There is a templo in ruin stands,  
Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands;  
Two or three columns, and many a stone,  
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!  
Out upon time! it will leave no more  
Of the things to come than the things before!  
Out upon time! who for ever will leave  
But enough of the past for the future to grieve  
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which  
must be:

What we have seen, our sons shall see;  
Remnats of things that have passed away,  
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay!

*Byron's Siege of Corinth.*

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!  
Here, where the mimic eagle glar'd in gold,  
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!  
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair  
Wav'd to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!  
Here, where on golden throne the Cesar sate,  
On bed of moss lies gloating the foul adder!

*Edgar A. Poe.*

But hold!—these dark, these perishing arcades,  
These mouldering plinths, these sad and blacken'd  
shafts,

These vague entablatures, this broken frieze,  
These shatter'd cornices, this wreck, this ruin,  
These stones—alas! these grey stones, are they all,  
All of the proud and the colossal left  
By the corrosive hours to fate and me?

*Edgar A. Poe.*

Herd<sup>a</sup> are feeding in the Forum, as in old Evan-  
der's time:

Tumbled from the steep Tarpeian every pile that  
sprang sublime.

*Thomas W. Parsons.*

But alas! if mightiest empires leave so little  
mark behind,  
How much less must heroes hope for, in the wreck  
of human kind!

*Thomas W. Parsons.*

### RUMOUR.

Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures.  
And of so easy and so plain a stop,  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
The numbers of the fear'd.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

I from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commenoced on this ball of earth:  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

But this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

*Shaks. King John.*

I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

*Shaks. King John.*

Old men and beldams in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.

*Shaks. King John.*

And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;  
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

*Shaks. King John.*

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,  
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,  
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,  
And all who told it added something new,  
And all who heard it made enlargement too,  
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.

*Pope's Temple of Fame.*

Curse the tongue

Whence slanderous rumour, like the adder's drop,  
Distils her venom, withering friendship's faith,  
Turning love's favour.

*Hillhouse.*

## SABBATH.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !  
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd  
 The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.  
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath  
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,  
 That yesternight bloom'd waving in the breeze :  
 The faintest sounds attract the ear, — the hum  
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.  
 Calmness seems thron'd on yon unmoving hill.  
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,  
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale,  
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark  
 Warbles his heaven-tun'd song ; the lulling brook  
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen ;  
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke  
 O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,  
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.  
 With dove-like wings peace o'er yon village broods :  
 The dizzing mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din  
 Has ceased : — all, all, around is quietness.

*Grahame.*

But, chiefly, man the day of rest enjoys.  
 Hail, sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day :  
 On other days, the man of toil is doom'd  
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground  
 Both seat and board — screen'd from the winter's  
 cold  
 And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or  
 tree ;  
 But on this day, embosom'd in his home,  
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;  
 With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy  
 Of giving thanks to God, — not thanks of form,  
 A word and a grimace, but reverently,  
 With cover'd face and upward earnest eye.  
 Hail, sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.  
 The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe  
 The morning air pure from the city's smoke,  
 As wandering slowly up the river's bank,  
 He meditates on Him whose powers he marks  
 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,  
 And in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom  
 Around the roots : and while he thus surveys  
 With elevated joy each rural charm,  
 He hopes, (yet fears presumption in the hope,)  
 That heaven may be one sabbath without end.

*Grahame.*

Let us escape ! This is our holiday —

God's day, devote to rest; and through the wood  
 We'll wander, and perchance find heavenly food,  
 So, profitless it shall not pass away.

*W. G. Simms's Poems.*

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,

Yet yonder halts the quiet mill ;  
 The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,  
 How motionless and still !

Six days stern Labour shut the poor  
 From nature's careless banquet-hall ;  
 The seventh, an Angel opes the door,  
 And, smiling, welcomes all !

*Bulwer's Poems.*

Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure  
 He who ordain'd the Sabbath loves the poor.

*O. W. Holmes.*

Oh ! welcome to the wearied Earth

The Sabbath resting comes,

Gathering the sons of toil and care

Back to their peaceful homes ;

And, like a portal to the skies,

Opens the House of God,

Where all who seek may come and learn

The way the Saviour trod.

But holier to the wanderer seems

The Sabbath on the deep,

When on, and on, in ceaseless course,

The toiling bark must keep,

And not a trace of man appears

Amid the wilderness

Of waters — then it comes like dove

Direct from heaven to bless.

*Mrs. Hale's Harry Guy.*

Hail, Holy Day ! the blessing from above

Brightens thy presence like a smile of love,

Smoothing, like oil upon a stormy sea,

The roughest waves of human destiny —

Cheering the good, and to the poor oppress'd

Bearing the promise of their heavenly rest.

*Mrs. Hale's Rime of Life.*

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! the blessing lingers yet  
 On the city of the Chosen, where the Sabbath  
 seal was set ;

And though her sons are scatter'd, and her  
 daughters weep apart, —

While desolation, like a pall, weighs down each  
 faithful heart, —

As the palm beside the waters, as the cedar on  
 the hills

She shall rise in strength and beauty, when the  
 Lord Jchovah wills :

He has promis'd her protection, and the holy  
 pledge is good, —

'T is whisper'd through the olive groves, and  
 murmur'd by the flood,

As in the Sabbath stillness the Jordan's flow  
 heard,

And by the Sabbath breezes the heavy trees are  
 stirr'd !

*Mrs. Hale's Rime of Life.*

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## SAFETY.

But when men think they most in safety stand,  
Their greatest peril often is at hand.

*Drayton's Baron's Wars.*

What though the sea be calm? trust to the shore;  
Ships have been drown'd, where late they danc'd  
before. *Herrick.*

Too happy were men, if they understood:  
There is no safety, but in doing good.

*Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.*

## SAILOR.

Hark to the sailors' shouts! the rocks rebound,  
Thundering in echoes to the joyful sound.  
Long have they voyaged o'er the distant seas;  
And what a heart-delight they feel at last,  
So many toils, so many dangers past,  
To view the port desir'd, he only knows  
Who on the stormy deep for many a day  
Hath tost, a-weary of his ocean way,  
And watch'd all anxious every wind that blows.

*Southey.*

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,  
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!  
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay,  
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

*Campbell.*

Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry!  
While through the seaman's hand the tackle  
glides;  
Or school-boy midshipman that, standing by,  
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,  
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire and behold our homé!  
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—  
Our flag the sceptre all we meet obey.  
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest, and joy in evry change.  
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;  
Nor thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!  
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot  
please—

Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense—the pulse's madd'ning play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?

*Byron's Corsair.*

How can I bear to think on all  
The dangers thou must brave?  
My fears will deem each gale a storm,  
While thou art on the wave.

*Miss Landon.*

There's a check that is getting ashy white,  
As the tokens of storm come on with night;  
There's a form that's fix'd at the lattice pane,  
To mark how the gloom gathers over the main,  
While the yeasty billows lash the shore  
With loftier sweep and hoarser roar:  
That check! that form! oh, whose can they be,  
But a mother's who hath a child at sea?

*Miss Eliza Cook's Poems.*

The dark blue jacket that enfolds the sailor's  
manly breast  
Bears more of real honour than the star and  
ermine vest;  
The tithe of folly in his head may wake the  
landsman's mirth,  
But nature proudly owns him as her child of  
sterling worth. *Miss Eliza Cook.*

O Thou, who in thy hand dost hold  
The winds or waves that wake or sleep,  
Thy tender arms of mercy fold  
Around the seamen on the deep!  
And when their voyage of life is o'er,  
May they be welcom'd to the shore  
Whose peaceful streets with gold are pav'd,  
And angels sing, "They're sav'd! they're sav'd!"

*Miss H. F. Gould's Poems.*

Toss'd on the billows of the main,  
And doom'd from zone to zone to roam,  
The seaman toil'd for others' gain,  
But, for himself, he had no home.

*John Pierpont.*

I love the sailor; his eventful life—  
His generous spirit—his contempt of danger—  
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, the strife;  
—And though a wild and reckless ocean-ranger,  
God grant he make the port, when life is o'er,  
Where storms are hush'd, and billows break no  
more. *Walter Colton.*

How cheery are the mariners—  
Those lovers of the sea!  
Their hearts are like its yeasty waves,  
As bounding and as free.

*Park Benjamin.*

## SATAN.

Th' infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,  
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd  
The mother of mankind:

*Milton's Paradise Lost*

Him there they found  
 Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
 Illusions as he list, phantasms, and dreams :  
 Or if inspiring venom, he might taint  
 Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distemp'r'd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits, engend'ring pride.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Their dread commander ; he, above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
 Stood like a tower ; his form had not yet lost  
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess  
 Of glory obscur'd ; as when the sun, new-risen,  
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
 Shorn of his beams ; or, from behind the moon,  
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight shds  
 On half the nations, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
 Above them all the archangel : but his face  
 Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,  
 Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

But bringing up the rear of this bright host,  
 A spirit of a different aspect wav'd  
 His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast  
 Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is pav'd ;  
 His brow was like the deep when tempest-tost ;  
 Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engrav'd  
 Eternal wrath on his immortal face,  
 And where he gaz'd a gloom pervaded space.

*Byron's Vision of Judgment.*

### SATIETY.

They surfeited with honey ; and began  
 To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof little  
 More than a little is by much too much.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Who riseth from a feast,  
 With that keen appetite that he sits down ?  
 Where is the horse, that doth untread again  
 His tedious measures with the unabated fire,  
 That he did pave them first ? all things that are,  
 Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

A surfeit is the father of much fast,  
 So every scope by the immoderate use  
 Turns to restraint ; our natures do pursue  
 (Like rats that raven down their proper bane)  
 A thirsty evil ; and when we drink, we die.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea*

That what we have we prize not to the worth,  
 Whilst we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,  
 Why, then we rack the value ; then we find  
 The virtue that possession would not show us  
 While it was ours.

*Shaks. Much Ado*

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noon tide sun,  
 Disporting there like any other fly ;  
 Nor deem'd before his little day was done  
 One blast might chill him into misery.  
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,  
 Worse than adversity the Childe beset ;  
 He felt the fulness of satiety.

*Byron's Childe Harold*

With pleasure drugg'd he almost long'd for woe,  
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades  
 below.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

But passion raves herself to rest, or flies ;  
 And vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb  
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise :  
 Pleasure's pall'd victim ! life-abhorring gloom  
 Wrot's on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting  
 doom.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

For ennui is a growth of English root,  
 Though nameless in our language : — we rotot  
 The fact for words, and let the French translate  
 That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.

*Byron.*

'Twas strange — in youth all action and all life,  
 Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife ;  
 Woman — the field — the ocean — all that gave  
 Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,  
 In turn he tried — he ransack'd all below,  
 And found his recompense in joy or woe,  
 No tame trite medium ; for his feelings sought  
 In that intenseness an escape from thought :  
 The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed  
 On that the feebler elements hath rais'd ;  
 The rapture of his heart had look'd on high,  
 And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky :  
 Chain'd to excess, the slave of such extreme,  
 How woke he from the wildness of that dream ?  
 Alas ! he told not — but he did awake  
 To curse the wither'd heart that would not break

*Byron's Lara*

The ear is cloy'd  
 Unto satiety with honied strains,  
 That daily from the fount of Helicon  
 Flow murmuring.

*William Herbert*

I sorrow that all fair things must decay,  
While time and accident and miseries last;  
That the red rose so soon must fade away,  
The white be sullied by the ruthless blast;  
The pure snow turned to mud in half a day;  
Even heaven's own glorious azure be o'ercast;  
Imperial ermine be with dust defiled,  
And China's finest crockery cracked and spoiled.

Halleck.

## SATIRE.

What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say — the city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders ?  
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,  
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour ?  
Or what is he of basest function,  
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,  
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech ?  
There then ; How, what then ? Let me see wherein  
My tongue hath wrong'd him : if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself : if he be free,  
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man.

Shaks. As you like it.

I'm one whose whip of steel can with a lash  
Imprint the characters of shame so deep,  
Ev'n in the brazen forehead of proud sin,  
That not eternity shall wear it out.

Randolph's Muse's Looking-Glass.

I have untruss'd the proudest; greatest tyrants  
Have quak'd below my powerful whip, half dead  
With expectation of the smarting jerk,  
Whose wound no salve can cure. Each blow doth  
leave

A lasting scar, that with a poison eats  
Into the marrow of their fame, and lives ;  
Th' eternal ulcer to their memories.

Randolph's Muse's Looking-Glass.

So dost thou aim thy darts, which ev'n when  
They kill the poisons, do but wake the men.  
Thy thunders thus but purge ; and we endure  
Thy lancings better than another's cure :  
And justly too ; for th' age grows more unsound  
From the fool's balsam, than the wise man's wound.

Cartwright.

Wise legislators never yet could draw  
A fox within the reach of common law :  
For posture, dress, grimace, and affection,  
Though foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.  
Our last redress is dint of verse to try,  
And satire is our court of chancery.

Dryden.

The labouring bee, when his sharp sting is gone,  
Forgets his golden work, and turns a drone ;  
Such is a satire, when you take away  
The rage in which his noble vigour lay.

Dryden.

Will the learn'd and the judicious know,  
That satire scorns to stoop so meanly low,  
As any one abstracted fop to show ?  
For, as when painters form a matchless face,  
They from each fair one catch some different

grace ;

And shining features in one portrait blend,  
To which no single beauty must pretend :  
So poets oft do in one piece expose  
Whole belles assemblies of coquettes and beaux.

Congreve. Epilogue to the Way of the World.

You must not think that a satiric style  
Allows of scandalous and brutish words ;  
The better sort abhor scurrility.

Roscommon.

Instructive satire ! true to virtue's cause !  
Thou shining supplement of public laws !  
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age  
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage ;  
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,  
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand ;  
When the law shows her teeth, but dares not bite,  
And South Sea treasures are not brought to light ;  
When churchmen scripture for the classics quit,  
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit ;  
When men grow great from their revenue spent,  
And fly from bailiffs into parliament ;  
To chase our spleen, when themés like these in-  
crease,

Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease ?

Young.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man ;  
'T is dull to be as witty as you can.  
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high ;  
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.  
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,  
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Young.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet  
To run a-muck and tilt at all I meet ;  
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,  
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.

Pope.

Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear.

Pope.

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,  
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;  
But when to truth allied, the wound she gives  
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.

Churchill.

Though folly, rob'd in purple, shines,  
Though vice exhausts Peruvian mines,  
Yet shall they tremble and turn pale  
When satire wields her mighty flail.

Churchill.

The man whose hardy spirit shall engage  
To lash the vices of a guilty age,  
At his first setting forward ought to know,  
That every rogue he meets must be his foe;  
That the rude breath of satire will provoke  
Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.

Churchill.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,  
Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame!  
He hides behind a magisterial air  
His own offences, and strips others bare;  
Affects indeed a most humane concern,  
That man, if gently tutor'd, will not learn,  
That mulish folly, not to be reclaim'd  
By softer methods, must be made ashamed;  
But (I might instance in St. Patrick's dean)  
Too often rails to gratify his spleen.  
Most sat'rists are indeed a public scourge;  
Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge;  
Their acrid temper turns, as soon as stirr'd,  
The milk of their good purpose all to curd.  
Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,  
By lean despair upon an empty purse,  
The wild assassins start into the street,  
Prepar'd to poniard whomsoe'er they meet.  
No skill in swordsmanship, however just,  
Can be secure against a madman's thrust;  
And even virtue, so unfairly match'd,  
Although immortal, may be prick'd or scratch'd.

Cowper.

Prepare for rhyme — I'll publish right or wrong :  
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

Say, shall I wound with satire's rankling spear,  
The pure, warm hearts that bid me welcome here ?

O. W. Holmes.

## SCHOOL.

Whipping, that's virtue's governess, .  
Tutoress of arts and sciences ;  
That mends the gross mistakes of nature,  
And puts new life into dull matter ;  
That lays foundation for renown,  
And all the honours of the gown.

Butler's *Hudibras*.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,  
Appears a hero in our eyes :  
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,  
Will have the teacher in her thought.  
A blockhead with melodious voice,  
In boarding-schools may have his choice ;  
And oft the dancing-master's art  
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.  
In learning let a nymph delight,  
The pedant gets a mistress by 't.

*Swift's Cadenus and Vanessa*

In every village mark'd with little spire,  
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,  
There dwells in lowly shod, and mean attire,  
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name ;  
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame,  
They grieve sore, in piteous durance pent,  
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame ;  
And, oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,  
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely  
shent.

*Shenstone's School-Mistress*.

The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,  
Do learning's little tenement betray ;  
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in looks profound,  
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel  
around.

*Shenstone's School-Mistress*.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !  
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show  
A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
And there a chancellor in embryo,  
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,  
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die !  
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,  
Nor weeting how the muse should soar so high,  
Wisheth, poor starveling elf ! his paper kite may  
fly.

*Shenstone's School-Mistress*.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way  
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school :  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning's face ;  
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault,  
The village all declar'd how much he knew .  
'T was certain he could write and cypher too  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran, that he could gauge.

*Goldsmith's Deserter Village*

Oh ye! who teach the ingenious youth of nations,  
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain,  
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,  
It mends their morals, never mind the pain.

Byron.

See, toward yon dome where village science  
dwells,  
Where the church-clock its warning summons  
swells,  
What tiny feet the well-known path explore,  
And gaily gather from each rustic door.  
Light-hearted group! — who carol wild and high,  
The daisy pull, or chase the butterfly,  
Or by some traveller's wheels arous'd from play,  
The stiff salute, with deep demureness, pay,  
Bare the curl'd brow, and stretch the sunburnt  
hand,

The home-taught homage of an artless land.  
The stranger marks, amid their joyous line,  
The little baskets, whence they hope to dine,  
And larger books, as if their dexterous art  
Dealt most nutrition to the noblest part! —  
Long may it be, ere luxury teach the shame  
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldy frame.

Mrs. Sigourney's Poems.

In a green lane that from the village street  
Diverges, stands the schoolhouse; long and low  
The frame, and blacken'd with the hues of time.

Street's Poems.

The room displays  
Long rows of desk and bench; the former stain'd  
And streak'd with blots and trickles of dried ink,  
Lumber'd with maps and slates, and well-thumb'd  
books,  
And carv'd with rude initials.

Street's Poems.

Yet is the schoolhouse rude,  
As is the chrysalis to the butterfly, —  
To the rich flower the seed. The dusky walls  
Hold the fair germ of knowledge, and the tree  
Glorious in beauty, golden with its fruits,  
To this low schoolhouse traces back its life.

Street's Poems.

## SCOLD.

O! rid me of this torture quickly there,  
My madam with the everlasting voice:  
The bells in time of pestilence ne'er made  
Like noise, as were in that perpetual motion!

All my house

But now steam'd like a bath with her thick breath;  
A lawyer could not have been heard, nor scarce  
Another woman such a hail of words  
Who has let fall

Jonson's Silent Woman.

Then must'ring all her wiles,  
With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,  
Tongue batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night  
To storm me, over-watch'd and wearied out,  
At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart.

Milton's Samson Agonistes.

## SCORN.

Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,  
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:  
Not to know me argues yourself unknown,  
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,  
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
Your message, like to end as much in vain.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

He hears

On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Infamous wretch!

So much below my scorn, I dare not kill thee.

Dryden's Duke of Guise.

And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity!  
Heap on me, heaven, the hate of all mankind;  
Load me with malice, envy, detestation;  
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,  
And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.

Lee.

Think not there is no smile  
I can bestow upon thee. There is a smile,  
A smile of nature too, which I can spare,  
And yet perhaps, thou wilt not thank me for it.

Joanna Baillie's De Montford.

Fame is the thirst of youth, — but I am not  
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;  
I stood and stand alone, remember'd or forgot.

Byron's Childe Harold.

That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,  
That spake of passions, but of passions past;  
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,  
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise:  
A high demeanour, and a glance, that took  
Their thoughts from others by a single look;  
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,  
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,  
That darts in seeming playfulness around,  
And makes those feel that will not own the  
wound: —

All these seem'd his, and something more beneath,  
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe.

Byron's Lara.

Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;  
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree  
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed:  
I should have known what fruit would spring from  
such a seed. *Byron's Childe Harold.*

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,  
That rais'd emotions both of rage and fear;  
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,  
Hope withering fled—and mercy sigh'd—farewell! *Byron's Corsair.*

Derision shall strike the forlorn,  
A mockery that never shall die;  
The curses of hate and the hisses of scorn  
Shall burthen the winds of the sky;  
And proud o'er thy ruin, for ever be hurl'd  
The laughter of triumph, the jeers of the world. *Byron.*

I could not tame my nature down; for he  
Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe and  
sue—

And watch all time—and pry into all place—  
And be a living lie—who would become  
A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such  
The mass are; I disdain'd to mingle with  
A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves.  
The lion is alone, and so am I. *Byron's Manfred.*

Pardon is for men,  
And not for reptiles—we have none for Steno,  
And no resentment; things like him must sting,  
And higher beings suffer: 'tis the charter  
Of life. The man who dies by the adder's fang  
May have the crawler crush'd, but feels no anger:  
'T was the worm's nature; and some men are  
worms

In soul, more than the living things of tombs. *Byron's Doge of Venice.*

In the flash of her glances were passion and pride,  
In the curve of her lip there was haughty con-  
tempt,  
As she spoke of the power to riches allied,  
Of the evil and pain from which she was exempt. *Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

But turn the heart's sweet current into gall,  
—No earthly power can heal the deadly flow;  
'T will poison the affections, till the blood  
Grows venomous and fiery, and beneath  
Its blasting influence are wither'd up  
The springs of love and hope; and then we taste  
No joy, save in the dignity of scorn,  
That dares seem what it has been made, and keeps  
Its likeness as in mockery of the fate  
Injustice had decreed for punishment. *Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,

Pass on—I heed you not;

Ye may pursue me till my form

And being are forgot;

Yet still the spirit which you see

Undaunted by your wiles,

Draws from its own nobility

Its high-born smiles. *Mrs. Stoddart.*

## SCOTLAND.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!  
And O! may heaven their simple lives prevent  
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
Then how'e'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd  
isle. *Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night.*

O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet muse for a poetic child;  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand.

*Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

## SECRESY.

'T is in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it. *Shaks. Hamlet.*

I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding but no tongue. *Shaks. Hamlet.*

Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me. *Shaks. Hamlet.*

I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;  
And so far will I trust thee. *Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak  
more  
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm. *Shakespeare.*

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Why have I blabb'd? Who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

A secret in his mouth,  
Is like a wild bird put into a cage;  
Whose door no sooner opens, but 't is out.

*Jonson's Case is alterea.*

When two know it, how can it be a secret?  
And indeed with what justice can you  
Expect secresy in me, that cannot  
Be private to yourself?

*Marston's Fawn.*

I'll keep this secret from the world,  
As warily as those that deal in poison,  
Keep poison from their children.

*Webster's Duchess of Malfy.*

He deserves small trust,  
Who is not privy counsellor to himself.

*John Forde's Broken Heart.*

I am ruin'd in her confession;  
The man that trusts woman with a privacy,  
And hopes for silence, he may as well expect it  
At the fall of a bridge.

*Marion's Antiquary.*

I cannot keep  
A secret to myself; but thy prevailing  
Rhetoric ravishes and leaves my breast  
Like to an empty casket, that once was blest  
With keeping of a jewel I durst not trust  
The air with, 't was so precious.

*Rawlin's Rebellion.*

All friendly trust is folly; ev'ry man  
Hath one, to whom he will commit as much  
As is to him committed: Our designs,  
When once they creep from our own private  
breasts,  
Do in a moment through the city fly;  
Who tells his secret, sells his liberty.

*Freeman's Imperiale.*

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid;  
Nor to know things, whose knowledge is forbid.

*Denham.*

Well, read my cheek, and watch my eye,—  
Too strictly school'd are they,  
The secret of my soul to show,  
One hidden thought betray.

*Miss Landon.*

In that corroding secresy, which gnaws:  
The heart v. show the effect, but not the cause.

*Brydone's Lament.*

## SEDUCTION.

Ay, so you serve us,

Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our baseness.

*Shaks. All's Well.*

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,  
If with too credent ear you list his songs;  
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open  
To his unmast'red importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;  
And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

He ended, and his words, replete with guile,  
Into her heart too easy entrance won.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Oh, the bewitching tongues of faithless men!  
'T is thus the false hyena makes her moan,  
To draw the pitying traveller to her den.  
Your sex are so, such false dissemblers all;  
With sighs and plaints y' entice poor women's  
hearts,  
And all that pity you are made your prey.

*Otway's Orphan.*

My mortal injuries have turn'd my mind,  
And I could hate myself for being kind,  
If there be any majesty above,  
That has revenge in store for perjur'd love;  
Send, heav'n, the swiftest ruin on his head,  
Strike the destroyer, lay the victor dead;  
Kill the triumph'r, and avenge my wrong,  
In height of pomp, when he is warm'd and young:  
Bolted with thunder, let him rush along:  
And when in the last pangs of life he lies,  
Grant I may stand to dart him with my eyes;  
Nay, after death  
Pursue his spotted soul, and shoot him as he flies.

*Lee's Alexander.*

Ah, turn thine eyes  
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies:  
She, once perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;  
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the  
show'r,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
When idly first ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
What art can wash her guilt away?  
The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom—is to die.

*Goldsmith.*

Ah then ye fair!  
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:  
Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look,  
Down-cast, and low, in meek submission drest,  
But full of guile. Let not the serpent tongue,  
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,  
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,  
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,  
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

\* *Thomson's Seasons.*

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—  
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!  
That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!  
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?  
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,  
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction  
wild?

*Burns's Cotter's Saturday Night.*

By heaven! I would rather for ever forswear  
The elysium that dwells on a beautiful breast,  
Than alarm for a moment the peace that is there,  
Or banish the dove from so hallow'd a nest.

*Moore.*

Shall beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bower?  
No: gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing on those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Nought so ill  
As the betrayer's sin! salvationless  
Almost.  
*Bailey's Festus.*

Her eyes may grow dim, and her cheek may grow pale,  
But tell they not both the same fond tale?  
Love's lights have fled from her eye and her cheek  
To burn and die on the heart which they seek.

*Miss Landon.*

What is the tale that I would tell? not one  
Of strange adventure, but a common tale  
Of woman's wretchedness; one to be read  
Daily, in many a young and blighted heart.

*Miss Landon.*

Accurs'd be he whose guilty tongue  
Can wrong a woman's captive heart—  
That fount from which has sweetly sprung  
The joys it could alone impart—  
Can turn that fount to grief and gall,  
And poison her existence all!  
Accurs'd be he, whose lips can press  
A woman's lips of sinless glow,  
Yet leave them, 'mid her happiness,  
To pour the lonely plaint of woe,  
That from the midnight shadows drear,  
Is wasted to no human ear!

*Anon.*

### SELFISHNESS.

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, trickling commo-  
dity—  
Commodity the bias of the world:  
The world, who of itself is poised well,  
Made to run even, upon even ground;  
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take heed from all indifference,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.

*Shakspeare.*

Self-love never yet could look on truth,  
But with blear'd beams; sleek flattery and she  
Are twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,  
As if you sever one, the other dies.

*Ben Jonson.*

And though all cry down self, none means  
His own self in a literal sense.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,  
No'one will chāngē his neighbour for himself;  
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,  
The fool is happy that he knows no more;  
The rich is happy in the plenty given,  
The poor contents him with the care of heaven.  
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing;  
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;  
The starving chemist, in his golden views  
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

*Pope.*

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;  
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,  
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Self is the medium least refin'd of all,  
Through which Opinion's searching beam can  
fall ;  
And passing there, the clearest, steadiest ray  
Will tinge its light and turn its line astray.

Moore.

How cold he hearkens to some bankrupt's woe,  
Nods his wise head, and cries—"I told you so!"

Sprague's Poems.

Ye may twine the living flowers  
Where the living fountains glide,  
And beneath the rosy bowers  
Let the selfish man abide ;  
And the birds upon the wing,  
And the barks upon the wave,  
Shall no sense of freedom bring,—  
All is slavery to the slave :

Mammon's close-link'd chains have bound him,  
Self-impos'd and seldom burst;  
Though heaven's waters gush around him,  
He would pine with earth's poor thirst.

Mrs. Hale's Poems.

The craven's fear is but selfishness,  
Like his merriment.

Whittier's Poems.

## SENSES.

This power's sense, which from abroad doth bring  
The colour, taste, and touch, and scent and sound,  
The quantity and shape of every thing  
Within earth's centre, or heaven's circle found.

Sir John Davis.

And though things sensible be numberless,  
But only five the senses' organs be ;  
And in those five all things their forms express,  
Which we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see.

Sir John Davis.

Something there is more needful than expense,  
And something previous e'en to taste—'tis sense :  
Good sense which only is the gift of heaven,  
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

Pope.

Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made ;  
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Young.

'T is hard, where dulness overrules,  
To keep good sense in crowds of fools.

Swift.

## SENSIBILITY.

Our sensibilities are so acute,  
The fear of being silent makes us mute.

Couper's Conversation.

O why are farmers made so coarse,  
Or clergy made so fine ?  
A kick, that scarce would move a horse,  
May kill a sound divine.

Couper.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till wak'd and kindled by the master's spell ;  
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before !

Rogers's Human Life.

Yet what is wit, and what the poet's art ?  
Can genius shield the vulnerable heart ?  
Ah no ! Where bright imagination reigns,  
The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains ;  
Where glow exalted sense and taste refin'd,  
There keener anguish rankles in the mind ;  
There feeling is diffus'd through every part,  
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart ;  
And those whose gen'rrous souls each tear would  
keep

From others' eyes, are born themselves to weep.

Hannah More.

Oh ! life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;  
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,  
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

Moore.

Sensibility, how charming,  
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell ;  
But distress, with horrors arming,  
Thou hast also known too well !

Burns.

Dearly bought, the hidden treasure,  
Finer feelings can bestow !  
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

Burns.

A delicate, frail thing,—but made  
For spring sunshine, or summer shade.  
A slender flower, unmeet to bear  
One April shower,—so slight, so fair.

Miss Landon.

Day by day,  
The gentle creature died away,  
As parts the odour from the rose,—  
As fades the sky at twilight's close,—  
She past so tender and so fair.

Miss Landon.

Like the mimosa, shrinking from  
The blight of some familiar finger—  
Like flowers which but in secret bloom,  
Where aye the shelter'd shadows linger,  
And which, beneath the noon's hot ray,  
Would fold their leaves and fade away.

Whittier.

And, dearest, though thine eye alone  
May see in me a single grace,  
I care not, so thou e'er canst find  
A hidden sweetness in my face.

Mrs. Neal.

Though time thy bloom is stealing,  
There's still beyond his art,  
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,  
The sunbeam of the heart.

Halleck.

'T was then the blush suffus'd her cheek,  
Which told what words could never speak;—  
The answer's written deeply now,  
On this warm cheek, and glowing brow.

Lucretia Maria Davidson.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;  
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;  
Shapes of light, are wafted hither,  
Then, like visions, hurry by.

Percival.

## SERVANTS. SERVICE.

'T is the curse of service,  
Preferment goes by lotter and affection,  
And not by old gradation; where each second  
Stood heir to the first.

Shaks. Othello.

I follow him to serve my turn upon him;  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd.

Shaks. Othello.

As in virtuous actions,  
The undertaker finds a full reward,  
Although conferr'd upon unthankful men:  
So, any service done to so much sweetness,  
However dangerous, in your favour finds  
A wish'd and glorious end.

Massinger's Duke of Milan.

Though I love

My limbs as well as any man, if you had now  
A humour to kick me lame into an office,  
Where I might sit in state and undo others,  
Should I not be bound to kiss the foot that did it?  
Though it seem strange, there have been such  
things seen

In the memory of man.

Massinger's Duke of Milan.

Expect not more from servants than is just;  
Reward them well, if they observe their trust,  
Nor with them cruelty or pride invade;  
Since God and nature them our brothers mado.

Denham.

I am not of that harsh and morose temper  
As some great men are tax'd with; who imagine  
They part from the respect due to their honours,  
If they use not such as follow them,  
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.

I am not so condition'd: I can make  
A fitting diff'rence between my foot-boy,  
And a gentleman, by want compell'd to serve me.

*Massinger's New Way to pay old Debts.*

## SEXTON.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,  
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!  
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole  
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,  
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,

By far his juniors! scarce a skull's cast up  
But well he knew its owner, and can tell  
Some passage of his life. Thus, hand in hand,  
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years  
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder  
Or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet,  
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand  
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch; he minds  
not

That soon some trusty brother of the trade  
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands

*Blair's Grave.*

## SHAME.

Shame sticks ever close to the ribs of honour,  
Great men are never found after it:  
It leaves some ache or other in their names still,  
Which their posterity feel at ev'ry weather.

*Middleton.*

For often vice provok'd to shame,  
Borrows the colour of a virtuous deed.  
Thus libertines are chaste, and misers good,  
A coward valiant, and a priest sincere.

*Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.*

I can bear scorpions' stings, tread fields of fire,  
In frozen gulfs of cold eternal lie,  
Be toss'd aloft through tracts of endless void,  
But cannot live in shame.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil*

That holy shame, which ne'er forgets  
What clear renown it us'd to wear;  
Whose blush remains when virtue sets,  
To show her sunshine has been there.

*Moore's Loves of the Angels*

When knaves and fools combin'd o'er all prevail  
 When justice halts, and right begins to fail,  
 E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,  
 Afraid of shame — unknown to others' fears.  
 More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,  
 And shrink from ridicule, though not from law.

*Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

### SHEPHERD.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
 Hies, merry-heartr'd ; and by turns relieves  
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ;  
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,  
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shown  
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

And leads me to the mountain-brow,  
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,  
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.  
 Around him feeds his many bleating flock,  
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,  
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,  
 Their frolics play.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The house-wife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
 With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.  
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,  
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
 Her smiles, sweet beaming, on her shepherd king;  
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls  
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;  
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
 Easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;  
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,  
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep ;  
 The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes  
 Of native music, the respondent dance.  
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The homely villager, the drudge of life,  
 Who eats but as he toils, is happier far :  
 No self-division, bosom anarchy,  
 Disturbs his hours ; thoughtless he labours on,  
 Nor is at leisure to be wretched.

*Haward's Scanderbeg.*

### SHIP.

Your ships are not well mann'd :  
 Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people  
 Ingross'd by swift impress.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
 Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
 The winds were love-sick with them : the oars  
 Were silver,  
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
 As amorous of their strokes.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

Suppose that you have seen  
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet  
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning,  
 Play with your fancies ; and in them behold,  
 Upon the hompt' tackle, ship-boys climbing :  
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
 To sounds confus'd : behold the threaden sails,  
 Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Do but think  
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold  
 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing ;  
 For so appears this fleet majestical,  
 Holding due course to Harfleur.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

So turns the faithful needle to the pole,  
 Though mountains rise between and oceans roll.

*Darwin.*

The obedient steel with living instinct moves,  
 And veers for ever to the pole it loves.

*Darwin.*

She comes majestic with her swelling sails,  
 The gallant bark ; along her watery way  
 Homeward she drives before the favouring gales ;  
 Now flirting at their length the streamers play,  
 And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.

*Southey.*

On each gay deck they might behold  
 Lances of steel and crests of gold,  
 And haubers with their burnish'd fold,  
 That shimmer'd fair and free ;  
 And each proud galley, as she pass'd,  
 To the wild cadence of the blast  
 Gave wilder minstrelsy.

*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,  
 And bounded o'er the swelling tide,  
 As she were dancing home ;  
 The merry seamen laugh'd to see  
 Their gallant ship so hustily  
 Furrow the green sea-foam.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,  
On a breeze from the northward free;  
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,  
Or the swan through the summer sca.

*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

How gloriously her gallant course she goes!  
Her white wings flying — never from her foes;  
She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
And seems to dare the elements to strife.  
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—  
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

*Byron's Corsair.*

That trembling vassal of the pole,  
The feeling compass, navigation's soul.  
*Byron's Island.*

O! gloriously upon the deep  
The gallant vessel rides;  
And she is mistress of the winds,  
And mistress of the tides.  
And never but for her tall ships  
Had England been so proud;  
Or before the might of the Island Queen  
The kings of the earth have bow'd.  
But alas! for the widow and orphan's tear;  
When the death-flag sweeps the wave;  
Alas! that the laurel of victory  
Must grow but upon the grave!

*Miss Landon.*

See how yon flaming herald treads  
The ridge'd and rolling waves,  
As crashing o'er their crested heads,  
She bows her surly slaves!  
With foam before and fire behind,  
She rends the clinging sea,  
That flies before the roaring wind,  
Beneath her hissing lee.

*O. W. Holmes — The Steamboat.*

With clashing wheel and lifting keel,  
And smoking torch on high,  
When winds are loud and billows reel,  
She thunders foaming by;  
When seas are silent and serene,  
With even beam she glides,  
The sunshine glimmering through the green  
That skirts her gleaming sides.

*O. W. Holmes — The Steamboat.*

### SHIPWRECK.

All, all, the storm  
Devour'd; and now, o'er his late envy'd fortune,  
The dolphins bound, and wat'ry mountains roar,  
Triumphant in his ruin.

*Young's Revenge.*

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)  
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea:  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,  
So long as I could see.

*Shaks. Twelfth Night.*

On Scylla or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)  
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak  
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,  
Admits the sea: in at the gaping side  
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,  
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize  
The mariners; death in their eyes appears,  
They stare, they rave, they pump, they swear, they  
pray;  
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,  
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,  
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

*Philip's Splendid Shilling.*

A pitous, fearful sight—  
A noble vessel labouring with the storm,  
Hath struck upon the rocks beneath our walls,  
And by the quivering gleams of livid blue  
Her deck is crowded with despairing souls,  
And in the hollow pauses of the storm  
We heard their piercing cries.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Wave high your torches on each crag and cliff—  
Let many lights blaze on our battlements—  
Shout to them in the pauses of the storm,  
And tell them there is hope—  
And let our deep-ton'd bell its loudest peal  
Send cheerfully o'er the deep—  
'T will be a comfort to the wretched souls  
In their extremity—all things are possible;  
Fresh hope may give them strength, and strength  
deliverance.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

It is too late;  
For many a fathom doth the beetling rock  
Rise o'er the breaker's surge that dashes o'er them;  
No help of human hand can reach them there  
One hour will hush their cries—and by the morn  
Thou wilt behold the ruin—wreck and corse  
Float on the weltering wave.

*Maturin's Bertram*

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread  
Are hurried o'er the deck;  
And fast the miserable ship  
Becomes a lifeless wreck.  
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,  
Her planks are torn asunder,  
And down comes her mast with a reeling shock,  
And a hideous crash like thunder,  
Her sails are draggled in the brine  
That gladden'd late the skics,  
And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine,  
Down many a fathom lies.

Wilson.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship  
An hour before her death;  
And sights of home with sighs disturb'd  
The sleepers' long drawn breath.  
Instead of the murmur of the sea  
The sailor heard the humming-tree  
Alive through all its leaves,  
The hum of the spreading sycamore  
That grows before his cottage door,  
And the swallow's song in the eaves.  
His arms enclos'd a blooming boy,  
Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy  
To the dangers his father had pass'd;  
And his wife — by turns she wept and smiled,  
As she look'd on the father of her child,  
Return'd to her heart at last.  
— He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,  
And the rush of waters is in his soul.

Wilson.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down  
Over the waste of waters, like a veil,  
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown  
Of one whose hate is mask'd, but to assail.  
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,  
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,  
And hopeless eyes, which o'er the deep alone  
Gazed dim and desolate; twelve days had fear  
Been their familiar; and now death was here.

Byron.

A wreck complete she roll'd  
At mercy of the waves: whose mercies are  
Like human beings during civil war.

Byron.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks, some put on  
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair:  
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun,  
And gnash'd their teeth, and howling, tore their  
hair.

Byron.

And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,  
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,  
With just enough of life to feel its pain,  
And deem that it was sav'd, perhaps in vain.

Byron.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,  
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,  
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave;  
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,  
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.  
And first one universal shriek there rush'd,  
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,  
Save the wild wind and the remorseless clash  
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Byron

The queenly ship! — brave hearts had striven,  
And true ones died with her! —  
We saw her mighty cable riven,  
Like floating gossamer.  
We saw her proud flag struck that morn  
A star once o'er the seas —  
Her anchor gone, her deck upturn —  
And sadder things than these!  
We saw her treasures cast away, —  
The rocks with pearls were sown,  
And, strangely sad; the ruby's ray  
Flash'd out o'er fretted stone,  
And gold was strown the wet sands o'er,  
Like ashes by a breeze;  
And gorgeous robes — but oh! that shore  
Had sadder things than these!  
We saw the strong man still and low,  
A crush'd reed thrown aside!  
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,  
Not without strife he died!

Mrs. Hemans's Poems.

The two proud sisters of the sea,  
In glory and in doom!  
Well may the eternal waters be  
Their broad, unsculptur'd tomb!  
The wind that rings along the wave,  
The clear, unshadow'd sun,

Are torch and trumpet o'er the brave,—  
Their last green wreath is won!  
No stranger-hand their banners furl'd,  
No victor's shout they heard,  
Unseen, above them ocean curl'd,  
Save by its own pale bird;

The gnashing billows heav'd and fell;  
Wild shriek'd the midnight gale;  
Far, far beneath the morning swell  
Were pennant, spar, and sail!

O. W. Holmes.—*The Wasp and the Hornet.*

I must go o'er the sea to other lands :  
It is the call of duty ; but fear not,  
I shall return, and then our loves are sure.  
Dream not of danger on the sea — one power  
Protects us always, and the honest heart  
Fears not the tempest.

*Percival*

### SHOOTING.

See from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,  
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings ;  
Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,  
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.  
Ah ! what avail his glossy varying dyes,  
His purpled crest and scarlet-circled eyes,  
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,  
His painted wings, and breast that flames with  
gold ?

*Pope's Windsor Forest.*

#### Thick around

Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,  
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,  
Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;  
And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,  
The gun fast thundering, and the winded horns,  
Would tempt the muse to sing the rural game :  
How in his mid-career, the spaniel struck  
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
Outstretched, and finally sensible, draws full,  
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;  
As in the sun the circling covey bask  
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way  
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat  
Their idle wings, entangled more and more :  
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
Though borne triumphant, are they safe, the gun,  
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,  
O'er takes their sounding pinions ; and again,  
Immediate brings them from the towering wing,  
Dead to the ground : or drives them wide dispers'd,  
Wounded and wheeling various, down the wind.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The East is now dappled with dawning of light ;  
To the woods for the deer, ere the sun is in sight !  
The white frost has spread its fresh, silver-like  
veil,  
And if a hoof passes it tells us the tale,  
The hound in swift gambols darts hither and yon,  
We shoulder our rifles, and rapidly on.

*Street's Poems.*

Hush ! hark to that sound stealing faint through  
the wood !

Heart hammers, breath thickens, swift rushes the  
blood !

It swells from the thicket more loud and more  
near,

'T is the hound giving tongue ! he is driving the  
deer !

My rifle is level'd — swift tramplings are heard —  
A rustle of leaves — then, with flight like a bird,  
His antlers thrown back, and his body in motion,  
With quick rise and fall like the surge of the  
ocean —

His eyeballs wide rolling in phrensy'd affright —  
Out bursts the magnificent creature to sight !  
A low cry I utter ; he stops — bends his head,  
His nostrils distended, limbs quaking with dread ;  
My rifle cracks sharp — he springs wildly on high,  
Then pitches down headlong, to quiver and die.

*Street's Poems.*

A morn in September — the East is yet grey,  
Come Carlo ! come Jupe ! we'll try fowling to-day.  
The rail-fence is leap'd, and the wood-boughs are  
round,

And a moss-couch is spread for my foot on the  
ground.

A quick startling whirr now bursts loud on my  
ear —

The partridge — the partridg — swift-pinion'd  
by fear,

Low onward he whizzes, Jupe yelps as he sees,  
And we dash through the brushwood, to note  
where he trees !

I see him — his brown-speckled breast is display'd  
On the branch of yon maple, that edges the glade !  
My fowling-piece rings, Jupe darts forward so fleet,  
Ere I loud he lays down the dead bird at my feet.

*Street's Poems.*

On a branch the bright oriole dances and sings,  
With rich crimson bosom, and black glossy wings ;  
And the robin lights warbling, then flutters away,  
For I harm not God's creatures, so tiny as they.

*Street's Poems.*

Near yonder hedge-row where high grass and  
ferns

The secret hollow shade, my pointers stand.  
How beautiful they look ! with outstretch'd tails,  
With heads immovable and eyes fast fix'd,  
One fore-leg rais'd and bent, the other firm,  
Advancing forward, presses on the ground !  
Convolv'd and flutt'ring on the blood-stain'd earth,  
The partridge lies : — thus one by one they fall,  
Save what with happier fate escape untouched,  
And o'er the open fields with rapid speed  
To the close shelt'ring covert wing their way

*Vincent*

Full of th' expected sport my heart beats high,  
And with impatient step I haste to reach  
The stubbles, where the scatter'd ears afford  
A sweet repast to the yet heedless game.  
How my brave dogs o'er the broad furrows bound,  
Quart'ring their ground exactly. Ah! that point  
Answers my eager hopes, and fills my breast  
With joy unspeakable. How close they lie!  
Whilst to the spot with steady pace I tend.  
Now from the ground with noisy wing they burst,  
And dart away. My victim singled out,  
In his aerial course falls short, nor skims  
Th' adjoining hedge o'er which the rest unhurt  
Have pass'd.

*Vincent.*

Ah, nut-brown partridges! ah, brilliant pheasants!  
And ah, ye poachers! — 'Tis no sport for pea-  
sants.

*Byron.*

## SILENCE.

Silence is only commendable  
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
That therefore are reputed wise,  
For saying nothing.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades, when speaking fails.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Out of this silence, yet I pick'd a welcome:  
And in the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:  
I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

*Shaks. Much Ado about Nothing.*

Still-born silence, thou that art  
Floodgate of the deeper heart;  
Offspring of a heavenly kind;  
Frost o' th' mouth and thaw o' th' mind;  
Secrecy's confidant, and he  
That makes religion mystery;  
Admiration's speaking'st tongue —  
Leave thy desert shades, among  
Reverend hermits' hallow'd cells,  
Where retir'dst devotion dwells;  
With thy enthusiasms come;  
Seize this maid, and make her dumb.

*Richard Flecknoe's Love's Dominion.*

Silence in woman, is like speech in man;  
Deny't who can.

*Jonson's Silent Woman.*

You know my wishes ever yours did meet:  
(If I be silent, 'tis no more but fear.)  
That I should say too little when I speak.

*Lady Carew's Mariam.*

'Tis, alas,  
His modest, bashful nature, and pure innocence,  
That makes him silent; think you that bright  
rose,  
That buds within his cheeks, was planted there  
By guilt or shame? no, he has always been  
So unacquainted with all arts of sin,  
That but to be suspected, strikes him dumb,  
With wonder and amazement.

*Randolph's Amyntas.*

Lo! silence himself is here;  
Methinks I see the midnight god appear.  
In all his downy pomp array'd,  
Behold the rev'rend shade;  
An ancient sigh he sits upon,  
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,  
And purposely annihilated for his throne:  
Beneath two soft transparent clouds do meet;  
In which he seems to sink his softer feet,  
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,  
Stolen from a lover in despair,  
Like a thin mantle, servs to wrap  
In fluid folds his visionary shape,  
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,  
Whose curling mists supply the want of hairs.  
While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,  
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

*Congreve.*

Silence! coeval with eternity;  
Thou wert, ere nature's self began to be;  
'T was one vast nothing 'all, and all slept fast in  
thee.

*Pope.*

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,  
Till wrangling sciense taught it noise and show,  
And wicked wit arose, thy most abusive foe.  
But rebel wit deserts thee oft in vain;  
Lost in the maze of woods he turns again,  
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle  
reign.

*Pope.*

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

*Keats — Sonnet.*

By day or night, in weal or woe,  
This heart, no longer free,  
Must bear the love it cannot show,  
And silent ache for thee

*Byron.*

They never felt,  
Those summer flies that flit so gayly round thee,  
They never felt one moment what I feel,  
With such a silent tenderness, and keep  
So closely in my heart.

*Percival.*

The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence!  
*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

There is a silenco where hath been no sound,  
There is a silenco where no sound may be,  
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,  
Or in wide desert where no life is found,  
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep pro-  
found;

No voice is hush'd,—no life treads silently,  
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,  
That never spoke, over the idle ground:  
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
Of antique palaces, where man hath been,  
Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,  
And owls that flit continually between,  
Shriek to the echo, and the low wind moan,  
There the true silence is, self-conscious and alone.

*Thomas Hood.*

## SIN.

From love of grace,  
Lay not that flatt'ring unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulc'rous place;  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unsoon; confess yourself to heav'n;  
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds  
To make them ranker.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Foul deeds will risc,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's  
eyes.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

He that for love of goodness hateth ill,  
Is more crown-worthy still  
Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears;  
His heart sins, though he fears.

*Jonson's Epigrams.*

O the dangerous siege

Sin lays about us! And the tyranny  
He exercises when he hath expung'd,  
Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,  
Mix'd with a gushing storm; that suffers nothing  
To stir abroad on earth, but their own rages,  
Is sin, when it hath gather'd head above us:  
No roof, no shelter can secure us so,  
But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.

*Chapman's Bussey D'Ambois.*

'T is fearful building upon any sin;  
One mischief enter'd, brings another in:  
The second pulls a third, the third draws more,  
And they for all the rest set ope the door:  
Till custom take away the judging sense,  
That to offend we think it no offence.

*Smith's Hector of Germany*

Our sins, like to our shadows  
When our day is in its glory, scarce appear'd:  
Towards our evening how great and monstrous  
They are!

*Suckling's Aglaura:*

The other shape,  
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;  
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd;  
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,  
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head,  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
Satan was now at hand; and from his seat  
The monster, moving onward, came as fast  
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Earnest toil and strong endeavour  
Of a spirit which within  
Wrestles with familiar evil  
And besetting sin.

*Whittier's Poems.*

Know'st thou not all germs of evil  
In thy heart await their time?  
Not thyself, but God's restraining,  
Stays their growth of crime.

*Whittier's Poems*

Thou wilt not chronicle our sand-like sins;  
For sin is small, and mean, and barren. Good  
Only is great, and generous, and fruitful.  
Number the mountains, not the sands, O God!

*Bailey's Festus.*

O sin, what hast thou done to this fair earth!

*Dana's Poems*

Sin hath broke the world's sweet peace—unstrung  
Th' harmonious chords to which the angels sung

*Dana's Buccaneer*

## SINCERITY.

I cannot hide what I am: I must be  
Sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's  
Jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for  
No man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy,  
And tend on no man's business; laugh when I  
Am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

*Shaks. Much Ado about Nothing.*

Men should be what they seem :  
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none.  
*Shaks. Othello.*

His nature is too noble for the world :  
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for's power to thunder : his heart's his  
mouth :  
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent ;  
And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death.  
*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles :  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart ;  
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.  
*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Because I lie here at thy feet,  
The humble booty of thy conqu'ring eyes,  
And lay my heart all open in thy sight,  
And tell thee I am thine, and tell thee right ;  
And do not suit my looks, nor clothe my words  
In other colours than my thoughts do wear,  
But do thee right in all, thou scornerst me  
As if thou didst not love sincerity.  
Never did crystal more apparently  
Present the colour it contain'd within,  
Than have these eyes, these tears, this tongue of  
mine

Bewray'd my heart, and told how much I'm thine.  
*Daniel's Arcadia.*

For my own part, I consider  
Nature without apparel ; without disguising  
Of custom or compliment ; I give thoughts  
Words, and words truth, and truth boldness. She  
whose

Honest freeness makes it her virtue to  
Speak what she thinks, will make it her necessity  
To think what is good.  
*Marston.*

I cannot clothe my thoughts, and just defence  
In such an abject phrase, but 't will appear  
Equal, if not above my low condition.  
I need no bombast language, stol'n from such,  
As make nobility from prodigious terms  
The hearers understand not ; I bring with me  
No wealth to boast of ; neither can I number  
Uncertain fortune's favours with my merits :  
I dare not force affection, or presume  
To censure her discretion that looks on me  
As a weak man, and not her fancy'd idol.  
*Massinger's Bondman.*

God weighs the heart ; whom we can never move  
By outward actions, without inward love.  
*Watkins.*

Innocence, below, enjoys  
Security, and quiet sleeps ; murder's not heard of,  
Treachery is a stranger there ; they enjoy  
Their friends and loves without ravishment ;  
They are all equal, ev'ry one's a prince,  
And rules himself ; they speak not with their eyes,  
Or brows, but with the tongue, and that too dwells  
In the heart.

*Sicily and Naples.*

Sincerity's my chief delight,  
The darling pleasure of the mind ;  
O that I could to her invite,  
All the whole race of human kind ;  
Take her, mortals, she's worth more  
Than all your glory, all your fame,  
Than all your glittering boasted store,  
Than all the things that you can name.  
She'll with her bring a joy divine,  
All that's good, and all that's fine.

*Lady Chudleigh.*

Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.  
*John Ford's Love's Sacrifice.*

Sincerity,  
Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave  
Thy onward path, although the earth should gape,  
And from the gulf of hell destruction rise,—  
To take dissimulation's winding way.

*Home's Douglass.*

You have a natural wise sincerity,  
A simple truthfulness ;  
And, though yourself not unacquaint with care,  
Have in your heart wide room.

*James R. Lowell's Poems.*

## SINGLE-LIFE.

A wife ! O fetters  
To man's bless'd liberty ! All this world's prison,  
Heav'n the high wall about it, sin the gaoler ;  
But th' iron shackles, weighing down our heels,  
Are only women.

*Decker's Wonder of the Kingdom*

Say a man never marry, nor have children ;  
What takes that from him ? Only the bare name  
Of being a father, or the weak delight  
To see the little wanton ride a cock-horse  
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter  
Like a taught starling.

*Webster's Duchess of Malfy*

A bachelor  
May thrive by observation on a little ;  
A single life's no burthen : but to draw  
In yokos is chargeable, and will require  
A double maintenance.

*John Ford's Fancy's Chaste and Noble*

O fie upon this single-life! forego it.  
*Webster's Duchess of Malfy.*

Fair Hermia, question your desires,  
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,  
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,  
 You can endure the livery of a nun;  
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
 To live a barren sister all your life,  
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.  
 Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,  
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:  
 But earlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
 Than that which withering on the virgin thorn,  
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Her bosom was a soft retreat  
 For love, and love alone,  
 And yet her heart had never beat  
 To love's delicious tone;  
 It dwelt within its circle free  
 From tender thoughts like these,  
 Waiting the little deity  
 As the blossom waits the breeze,  
 Before it throws it leaves apart,  
 And trembles like a love-touch'd heart.

*Mrs. Welby.*

### SKULL.

Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps;  
 Is that a temple where a God may dwell?  
 Why ev'n the worm at last despains her shatter'd  
 cell!

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:  
 Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,  
 The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:  
 Behold through each lacklustre, eyeless hole,  
 The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,  
 And passion's host, that never brook'd control:  
 Can all, saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

O empty vault of former glory!  
 Where'er thou wert in time of old,  
 Thy surface tells thy living story,  
 Though now so hollow, dead, and cold;  
 For in thy form is yet descried  
 The traces left of young desire;  
 The painter's art, the statesman's pride,  
 The muse's song, the poet's fire;  
 But these, forsooth, now seem to be  
 Mere lumps on thy periphery.

*Dr. Forster.*

These various organs show the place  
 Where friendship lov'd, where passion glow'd,  
 Where veneration grew in grace,  
 Where justice sway'd, where man was proud—  
 Whence wit its slippery sallies threw  
 On vanity, thereby defeated;  
 Where hope's imaginary view  
 Of things to come (fond fool) is seated;  
 Where circumspection made us fear,  
 'Mid gleams of joy some danger near.

*Dr. Forster*

Old wall of man's most noble part,  
 While now I trace with trembling hand  
 Thy sentiments, how oft I start,  
 Dismay'd at such a jarring band!  
 Man, with discordant frenzy fraught,  
 Seems either madman, fool, or knave;  
 To try to live is all he's taught—  
 To 'scape her foot who nought doth save  
 In life's proud race;—(unknown our goal)  
 To strive against a kindred soul.

*Dr. Forster*

And canst thou teach to future man  
 The way his evils to repair—  
 Say, O momento,—of the span  
 Of mortal life? for if the care  
 Of truth to science be not given,  
 (From whom no treachery can sever,)  
 There's no dependence under heaven  
 That error may not reign for ever.  
 May future heads more learning cull  
 From thee when my own head's a skull.

*Dr. Forster*

### SLANDER.

And therein were a thousand tongues empight  
 Of sundry kinds and sundry quality;  
 Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,  
 And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry,  
 And some of bears, that groan'd continually,  
 And some of tigers, that did seem to gren,  
 And snarl at all that ever passed by;  
 But most of them were tongues of mortal men,  
 Which spake reproachfully, not caring where nor  
 when.

And them amongst were mingled, here and there,  
 The tongues of serpents with three-forked stings,  
 That spat out poison and gore, bloody gere,  
 At all who came within his ravenings,  
 And spake licentious words and hateful things  
 Of good and bad alike, of low and high;  
 Nor Kessars spared he a whit nor kings,  
 But either blotted them with infamy,  
 Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen*

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,  
Foaming with poison round about her gills,  
In which her cursed tongue full sharp and short  
Appear'd like Asp his sting, that closely kills,  
Or cruelly does wound whomso she wills.  
A distaff in her other hand she had,  
Upon the which she little spins, but spills;  
And faynes to weave false tales and leasing bad,  
To throw amongst the good which others had dis-  
prad.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

A foul and loathly creature sure in sight,  
And in condition to be loathed no less,  
For she was stuff'd with rancour and despight  
Up to the throat, that oft with bitterness  
It forth would break and gush in great excess,  
Pouring out streams of poison and of gall  
'Gainst all that truth or virtue do profess,  
And wickedly backbite;—her name men slander  
call.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Slanderous reproaches, and foul infamies,  
Leasings, backbitings, and vain-glorious crakes,  
Bad counsels, praises, and false flatteries;  
All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy  
Inflicts with dint of swords, so sore doth light,  
As doth the poisonous sting which infamy  
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:  
For by no art nor any leaches might  
It ever can recure be again;  
Nor all the skill which that immortal spright  
Of Podalyrius did in it retain,  
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are hellish  
pain.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

'Tis slander;  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose  
tongue  
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and  
states,  
Maids, matrons,—nay, the secrets of the grave  
This viperous slander enters.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue  
In noise so rude against me?

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou  
Shalt not escape calumny.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes: what king so strong,  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

*Shaks. Measure for Measure.*

So viperous slander,—  
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his blank,  
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our  
name,  
And hit the woundless air.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

For slander lives upon succession;  
For ever housed, where it gets possession.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

I see, the jewel, best enamell'd,  
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,  
That others touch, yet often touching will  
Wear gold: and no man, that hath a name,  
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors.*

The best way is to slander Valentine  
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,—  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

I'll devise some honest slanders  
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know,  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*Shaks. Much Ado about Nothing.*

I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devis'd this slander.

*Shaks. Othello.*

She hath abated me of half my train;  
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her  
tongue,  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes,  
The canker galls the infants of the spring;  
For oft before their blossoms be disclos'd,  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,  
Contagious blusments are most imminent.

*Shakespeare.*

What we oft do best,

By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State-statues only.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

If I am traduc'd, by tongues, which neither know  
My faculties, nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,  
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

We speak no treason, man; — we say, the king  
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen  
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous; —  
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip,  
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;  
And the queen's kindred are made gentlofolks:  
How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

*Shaks. Richard III.*

They are the moths and scarabs of the state,  
The bane of empires, and the dregs of courts,  
Who, to endear themselves to an employment,  
Care not whose fame they blast, whose life they  
endanger;

And, under a disguised and cobweb mask  
Of love unto their sovereign, vomit forth  
Their own prodigious malice; a pretending  
To be the props and columns of their safety,  
The guards unto his person and his peace,  
Disturb it most, with their false, lapwing cries.

*Ben Jonson.*

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;  
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly;  
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

*Harvey.*

Where may a maiden live securely free,  
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the living;  
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,  
And make them truths; they draw a nourishment  
Out of defamings; grow upon disgraces;  
And when they see a virtue fortified  
Strongly above the battery of their tongues;  
Oh! how they cast to sink it; and defeated,  
(Soul sick with poison) strike the monuments  
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,  
And the cold marble melt.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster.*

It is a busy talking world,  
That with licentious breath blows like the wind  
As freely on the palace, as the cottage.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*

Those who murder fame  
Kill more than life destroyers.

*Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.*

Slander meets no regard from noble minds;  
Only the base believe, what the base only utter.

*Beller's Injured Innocence.*

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Whence proceeds this weight we lay  
On what detracting people say?  
Their utmost malice cannot make  
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;  
Nor spoil your shapes, distort your face,  
Or put one feature out of place.

*Swift*

Fond of those hives where folly reigns,  
And cards and scandal are the chains,  
Where the pert virgin slight a name,  
And scorns to redder into shame.

*Swift.*

Nor do they trust their tongues alone,  
But speak a language of their own:  
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,  
Far better than a printed book;  
Convey a libel in a frown,  
And wink a reputation down;  
Or, by the tossing of a fan,  
Describe the lady and the man.

*Swift's Journal of a Modern Lady.*

Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,  
Admires how girls can walk with fellows;  
And, full of indignation, frets,  
That women should be such coquets:  
Iris, for scandal most notorious,  
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"  
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,  
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red;  
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,  
Talks half a day in praise of silence:  
And Silvia, full of inward guilt,  
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

*Swift's Journal of a Modern Lady.*

He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff;  
But 't is so very foul, it won't go off.

*Young's Epistle to Pope.*

In various talks th' instructive hours they past,  
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;  
One speaks the glory of the British queen,  
And one describes a charming Indian screen;  
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;  
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat,  
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

The whisper'd tale,  
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows  
Fair-fac'd deceit, whose wily conscious eye  
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,  
But when it safely dares, as prompt to sting.

*Thomson's Liberty*

Soft buzzing slander; silky moths, that eat  
An honest name.

*Thomson's Liberty*

Be good yourself; nor think another's shame  
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.  
Prudes rail at . . . . ; as statesmen in disgrace  
At ministers, because they wish their place.

*Lord Littleton's Advice to a Lady.*

Talk of unusual swell of waist  
In Maid of Honour loosely lac'd,  
And beauty borrowing Spanish red,  
And loving pair with sep'rate bed,  
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,  
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;  
And thus, in modish manner, we,  
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

*Green's Spleen.*

The man that dares traduce, because he can  
With safety to himself, is not a man.

*Couper's Expostulation.*

'T is false! 't is basely false!  
What wretch could drop from his envenom'd  
tongue

A tale so damn'd? It chokes my breath.

*Joanna Baillie's De Montford.*

When I am cold, when my pale sheeted corse  
Sleeps the dark sleep no venom'd tongue can wake,  
List not to evil thoughts of her whose lips  
Have then no voice to plead.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

O many a shaft at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer never meant;  
And many a word at random spoken,  
May soothe or wound the heart that's broken!

*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

He threw his sting into a poisonous libel,  
And on the honour of—O God—my wife,  
The nearest, dearest part of all men's honour,  
Left a base slur to pass from mouth to mouth  
Of loose mechanics, with all coarse foul comments,  
And villainous jests, and blasphemies obscene;  
While sneering nobles, in more polish'd guise,  
Whisper'd the tale, and smil'd upon the lie.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints  
With all the kind mendacity of hints,  
While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with  
smiles,

And thread of candour with a web of wiles;  
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken seeming,  
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd  
scheming;

A lip of lies, a face form'd to conceal;  
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel:  
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown,  
A check of parchment, and an eye of stone.

*Byron's Sketch from Private Life.*

Does not the law of heaven say blood for blood?  
And he who taints kills more than he who shed it.  
Is it the pain of blows, or shame of blows,  
That make such deadly to the sense of man?

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,  
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips;  
To some she whispers, others speaks aloud;  
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips;  
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avow'd,  
Her lover brings the lemonade, she sips;  
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still,  
Her dearest friends for being drest so ill.  
One has false curls, another too much paint,  
A third—where did she buy that frightful turban?  
A fourth's so pale, she feare she's going to faint,  
A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish and suburban,  
A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,  
A seventh's thin muslin surely will be her bane,  
And lo! an eighth appears—"I'll see no more!"  
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

*Byron's Beppo.*

'Twas slander fill'd her mouth with lying words,  
Slander, the foulest whelp of sin. The man  
In whom this spirit enter'd was undone;  
His tongue was set on fire of hell, his heart  
Was black as death, his legs were faint with haste  
To propagate the lie his soul had fram'd.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

From door to door you might have seen him speed,  
Or plac'd amid a group of gaping fools,  
And whispering in their ears with his foul lips.  
Peace fled the neighbourhood in which he made  
His haunts.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

O thou, from whose rank breath nor sex can save,  
Nor sacred virtue, nor the powerless grave,  
Felon unwhipp'd! than whom in yonder cells  
Full many a groaning wretch less guilty dwells,—  
Blush, if of honest blood a drop remains,  
To steal its lonely way along thy veins;  
Blush—if the bronze long harden'd on thy cheek  
Has left one spot where that poor drop can speak;  
Blush to be branded with the Slanderer's name,  
And, though thou dread'st not sin, at least dread  
shame.

*Sprague's Poems.*

My dark-eyed darling! don't you know,

If you were homely, cold, and stupid,  
Unbent for you were Slander's bow?

Her shafts but follow those of Cupid.

Dear child of Genius! strike the lyre

And drown with melody delicious,

Soft answering to your touch of fire,

The envious hint—the sneer malicious.

Remember it is Music's law,  
Each *pure, true* note, though low you sound it,  
Is heard through Discord's wildest war  
Of rage and madness, storming round it.  
Serenely go your glorious way,  
Secure that every footstep onward,  
Will lead you from *their* haunts away,  
Since you go *up*, and they go — *downward*.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

A whisper woke the air —  
A soft light tone and low,  
Yet barb'd with shame and woe, —  
Now, might it only perish there!  
Nor further go.  
Ah me! a quick and eager ear  
Caught up the little meaning sound!  
Another voice has breath'd it clear,  
And so it wanders round  
From ear to lip — from lip to ear —  
Until it reach'd a gentle heart,  
And that — it broke.

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

### SLAVERY.

You have among you many a purchas'd slave, —  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts  
Because you bought them.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;  
But woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mother's spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.

*Shaks. Timon.*

Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,  
Though thither doom'd?

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

At first I thought that liberty and heaven  
To heav'nly soul had been all one; but now  
I see that most through sloth had rather serve;  
Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

We and our fathers, from our childhood bred  
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread  
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,  
(Outcast of mortal race!) can we conceive  
Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay?  
Alas! when we have toil'd the longsome day,  
The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know  
Is but some interval from active woe,  
In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,  
Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge, return.

*Prior's Soloman.*

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,  
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart  
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.  
God's image disinherited of day,  
Here, plung'd in mincs, forgets a sun was made:  
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,  
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;  
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace;  
Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;  
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast  
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;  
Investigation calm, whose silent powers  
Command the world; the light that leads to  
heaven;  
Kind, equal rule, the government of laws,  
And all-protecting freedom, which alone  
Sustain the name and dignity of man:  
These are not theirs.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,  
Which shook the waves and rent the sky?  
E'en now, e'en now on yonder western shores,  
Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars;  
E'en now, in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,  
Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell;  
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,  
And sable nations tremble at the sound!  
Ye bands of senators! whose suffrage sways  
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys;  
Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,  
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to  
save!

Thron'd in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,  
Inexorable *Conscience* holds his court;  
With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,  
Bares his mask'd brow, his lifted hand disarms,  
But wrapt in night, with terrors all his own,  
He speaks in thunder when the deed is done  
Hear him, ye senates! hear this truth sublime,  
He who permits oppression, shares the crime!

*Dr. Darwin.*

What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles !  
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.  
The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,  
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.

*Falconer's Shipwreck.*

A land of tyrants and a den of slaves,  
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves  
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,  
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

Canst thou, and honour'd with a Christian name,  
Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame ?  
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead  
Expedience as a warrant for the deed ?

So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold  
To quit the forest and invade the fold ;  
So may the ruffian, who with ghostly glide,  
Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side ;  
Not he, but his emergence forc'd the door,  
He found it inconvenient to be poor.

*Couper's Charity.*

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
Not colour'd like his own, and having pow'r  
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause  
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.

*Couper's Task.*

I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.

*Couper's Task.*

I could endure

Chains nowhere patiently ; and chains at home,  
Where I am free by birth-right, not at all.

*Couper's Task.*

To know

How salt another's bread is, and how toilsome  
The going up and down another's stairs.

*Rogers's Italy.*

Alas ! no glory smiles  
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles ;  
For ever fallen ! no son of nature now,  
With freedom charter'd on his manly brow !  
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,  
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,  
Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more  
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore.

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Alone upon his rocky height,  
The eagle rear'd his unstain'd crest,  
And soaring from his cloudy nest,  
Turn'd to the sun his daring eye,  
And wing'd at will the azure sky,  
For he alone was free

*Joanna Baillie.*

Belie the negro's powers : in headlong will,  
Christian ! thy brother thou shalt find him still ;  
Belie his virtue ; since his wrongs began,  
His follies and his crimes have stamp'd him man

*J. Montgomery.*

The broken heart which kindness never heals,  
The home-sick passion which the negro feels,  
When toiling, fainting, in the land of canes,  
His spirit wanders to his native plains ;  
His little lovely dwelling there he sees,  
Beneath the shades of his paternal trees,  
The home of comfort : — then before his eyes  
The terrors of captivity arise.

*J. Montgomery.*

The negro, spoil'd of all that nature gave,  
The free-born man thus shrunk into a slave,  
His passive limbs to measur'd looks confin'd,  
Obey'd the impulse of another mind ;  
A silent, secret, terrible control,  
That ruled his sinews, and repress'd his soul.  
Not for himself he waked at morning light,  
Toil'd the long day, and sought repose at night ;  
His rest, his labour, pastime, strength and health,  
Were only portions of a master's wealth ;  
His love — O name not love, where Britons doom  
The fruit of love to slavery from the womb.

*J. Montgomery.*

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave ?  
Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,  
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,  
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below ;  
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,  
A Christian broker in the trade of blood ;  
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,  
He buys, he sells, — he steals, he kills for gold.

*Montgomery.*

He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,  
But darkly scowling at the glorious day,  
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.  
When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,  
To meet the lightning midway from the skies ;  
When from the unburden'd hold his shrieking  
slaves  
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves ;  
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,  
But grimly smiling when the storm is o'er,  
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

*Montgomery.*

The hearts within thy valleys bred,  
The fiery souls that might have led  
Thy sons to deeds sublime,  
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,  
Slaves — nay the bondsmen of a slave,  
And callous, save to crime.

*Byron's Giaour.*

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,  
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,  
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,  
Bequeathing their hereditary rage  
To the new race of unborn slaves, who wage  
War for their chains, and rather than be free,  
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage  
Within the same arena, where they see  
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same  
tree.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Oh! where is the spirit of yore,  
The spirit that breathed in thy dead,  
When gallantry's star was the beacon before,  
And honour the passion that led?  
Thy storms have awaken'd their sleep,  
They groan from the place of their rest,  
And wrathfully murmur, and suddenly weep  
To see the foul stain on thy breast:  
For where is the glory they left thee in trust?  
'T is scatter'd in darkness, 't is trampled in dust.

*Byron.*

— Ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,  
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls her  
waves.

*Timothy Dwight.*

### SLEEP.

Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast!

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:  
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes  
Would with themselves shut up my thoughts.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

#### Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The forced title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
That beats upon the high shore of the world;  
No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,  
Not all these laid in bed majestical  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cram'm'd with distressful bread.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

How many thousands of my poorest subjects,  
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds: and leav'st the kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billow by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
With all appliances and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II*

Boy! Lucius! — Fast asleep? It is no matter:  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar*

To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,  
As infants empty of all thought.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida*

She bids you  
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,  
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,  
As is the difference 'twixt day and night.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I*

As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,  
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea*

Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.

*Sir P. Sidney.*

How happy is that balm to wretches, sleep!  
No cares perplex them for their future state,  
And fear of death thus dies in senseless sleep;  
Unruly love is this way lull'd to rest;  
And injur'd honour, when redress is lost,  
Is no way solv'd but this.

*Beaumont's Queen of Corinth.*

So sleeps the sea-boy on the cloudy mast,  
Safe as a drowsy Triton rock'd with storms,  
While tossing princes wake in beds of down.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

His sleep  
Was airy, light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound  
Of leaves and running rills (Aurora's fan,)  
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough.

*Milton.*

O, ye immortal powers that guard the just,  
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,  
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul  
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,  
And show mankind that goodness is your care!

*Addison's Cato.*

In thee, oppressors soothe their angry brow:  
In thee, th' oppress'd forget tyrannic pow'r;  
The wretch condemn'd is equal to his judge  
And the sad lover to his cruel fair;  
Nay, all the shining glories men pursue,  
When thou art wanted, are but empty noise.

*Sir R. Steel's Lying Lovers.*

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:  
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,  
'That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play  
'The various movements of this nice machine,  
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.  
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,  
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;  
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,  
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Sleep's dewy wand  
Has strok'd my drooping lids, and promises  
My long arcar of rest; the downy god  
(Wont to return with our returning peace)  
Will pay, ero long, and bless me with repose.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The noon of night is past, and gentle sleep,  
Which friendly waits upon the labour'd hind,  
Flies from the embraces of a monarch's arms;  
The mind disturb'd dñcias the body rest.

*Slade's Love and Duty.*

Kind sleep affords  
The only boon the wretched mind can feel;  
A momentary respite from despair.

*Murphy's Alzuma.*

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world  
Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops  
Through all her works. Now happy he whose toil  
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd  
A pleasing lassitude; he not in vain  
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.  
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve  
In soft repose: On him the balmy dows  
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

The murmuring wind, the moving leaves  
Lull'd him at length to sleep,  
With mingled lullabies of sight and sound.

*Southern's Thalaba.*

Oh! thou best comforter of that sad heart,  
Whom fortune's spite assails; come, gentle sleep,  
The weary mourner soothe! For well the art  
Thou knowest in soft forgetfulness to steep  
The eyes which sorrow taught to watch and weep;  
Let blissful visions now her spirit cheer,  
Or lull her cares to peace in slumbers deep,  
Till, from fatigue refresh'd and anxious fear,  
Hope, like the morning star, once more shall re-  
appear.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,  
Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's breast,  
Droop'd as the willow when no winds can breathe  
Lull'd like the deep of ocean when at rest,  
Fair as the crowning rose of the whole wreath,  
Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest.

*Byron.*

Sleep hath its own world,  
A boundary between the things thus named  
Death and existence: sleep hath its own world,  
And a wide realm of wild reality,  
And dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears, and tortures and the touch of joy.

*Byron.*

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;  
The courteous host, and all approving guest,  
Again to that accustom'd couch must creep,  
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,  
And man o'erlabour'd with his being's strife,  
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:  
There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,  
Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile,  
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,  
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.  
What better name may slumber's bed become?  
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,  
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,  
Alike in naked helplessness récline;  
Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,  
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,  
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,  
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

Byron's Lara.

Strange state of being! (for 't is still to be)  
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

Byron.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,  
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind  
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfin'd  
Restraint! imprison'd liberty! great key  
To golden palaces—ay, all the world  
Of silvery enchantment!

Keats's Poems.

Her vespers done,  
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;  
Uncclasps her warm'd jewels one by one;  
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees  
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:  
Half hidden like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees  
In fancy fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
But dares not look behind or all the charm is fled.  
Soon trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
In sort of wakeful swoon perplex'd she lay,  
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd  
Her smooth'd limbs, and soul fatigued away,  
Flown, like a thought until the morrow day;  
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;  
Clasp'd like a missal, where swart Paynims pray;  
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Keats's Eve of St. Agnes.

Sleep, the wide blessing, seem'd to me  
Distemper's worst calamity.

Coleridge.

Quoth Christabel,—so let it be!  
And as the lady bade, did she.  
Her gentle limbs did she undress,  
And lay down in her loveliness.

Coleridge.

O sleep it is a gentle thing  
Beloved from pole to pole!

Coleridge.

Thou hast seen call'd O, sleep! the friend of woe,  
But 't is the happy who have call'd thee so.

Southey.

Sleep! to the homeless, thou art home  
The friendless find in thee a friend;  
And well is, wheresoe'er he roams,  
Who meets thee at his journey's end.

Ebenezer Elliott.

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!  
A holy thing is sleep,  
On the worn spirit shed  
And eyes that wake to weep. Mrs. Hemans.  
Sleep, sleep! be thine the sleep that throws  
Elysium o'er the soul's repose,  
Without a dream, save such as wind,  
Like midnight angels, through the mind.

Robert M. Bird.

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto minds afar,

Along the Psalmist's music deep—  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace surpassing this—  
“He giveth His beloved sleep!”

Miss Barrett.

The oblivious world of sleep—  
That rayless realm where Fancy never beams,  
That nothingness beyond the land of dreams.

Mrs. S. A. Lewis's Child of the Sea.

Rest for the weary—freshness, strength and rest.  
O sleep! thy balm is to the troubled breast  
As time to sorrow. Gently dost thou take  
The arrows from the heart about to break,  
And with thy stealthy step and quiet eye,  
Around thee couch in grateful ministry,  
Thy form as noiseless as the foot of love,  
Doth like the spirit of an angel move.

Robert Morris.

Life may not be without thee, gentle sleep,  
But with thee,—mid the desert—on the deep—  
Still to the care-worn heart some joy remains,  
Some sunny spot amid thy mystic plains.

Robert Morris.

## SOCIETY..

But this is worshipful society,  
And fits the mounting spirit like myself.

Shaks. King John

I am ill; but your being by me,  
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort  
To one not sociable.

Shaks. Cymbeline

Without good company, all dainties  
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,  
Are only seen, not tasted.

*Massinger.*

Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony or true delight.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Now I feel by proof,  
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

Hail, social life! into thy pleasing bounds  
Again I come to pay the common stock,  
My share of service, and, in glad return,  
To taste thy comforts, thy protected joys.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Meantime the song went round and dance and  
sport,  
Wisdom and friendly talk successive stole  
Their hours away.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

I too remember well that cheerful bowl,  
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there  
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;  
Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth;  
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.

*Thomson.*

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,  
Society, cut off, is left alone  
Amid this world of death.

*Thomson.*

Study with care, politeness, that must teach  
The mediæval forms of gesture and of speech:  
In vain formality, with matron mien;  
And pertness apes with her familiar grin:  
They against nature for applauses strain,  
Distort themselves, and give all others pain.

*Stillingfleet.*

Man, in society, is like a flow'r  
Blown in its native bud. 'Tis there alone  
His faculties expanded in full bloom  
Shine out, there only reach their proper use.

*Couper's Task.*

She, who invites  
Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,  
And dreads their coming; they,—what can they  
less?  
With shrug and grimace hide their hate of her.

*Couper's Task.*

Though few the days, the happy evenings few,  
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,  
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,  
And rested there, as in a dream at home!

*Moore.*

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives:  
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.  
On their own axis as the planets run,  
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;  
So two consistent motions act the soul;  
And one regards itself, and one the whole.  
Thus God and nature link'd the general frame,  
And bade self-love and social be the same.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Heaven forming each on other to depend,  
A master, or a servant, or a friend,  
Bids each on other for assistance call,  
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.  
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally  
The common interest, or endear the tie.  
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,  
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Society itself, which should create  
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:  
To feel for none is the true social art  
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart.

*Byron.*

Society is now one polish'd horde,  
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the bores and bor'd.

*Byron.*

Blessed we sometimes are! and I am now  
Happy in quiet feelings; for the tones  
Of a most pleasant company of friends  
Were in my ear but now, and gentle thoughts  
From spirits whose high character I know;  
And I retain their influence, as the air  
Retains the softness of departed day.

*Willis.*

How many pleasant faces shed their light on  
every side,  
How many angels unawares have crossed thy  
casual way!

How often, in thy journeyings, hast thou made  
thee instant friends,  
Found, to be loved a little while, and lost, to meet  
no more;  
Friends of happy reminiscences, although so  
transient in their converse,

Liberal, cheerful, and sincere, a crowd of kindly  
traits.

I have sped by land and sea, and mingled with  
much people,  
But never yet could find a spot unsunned by  
human kindness;  
Some more, and some less,—but, truly, all can  
claim a little:  
And a man may travel through the world, and  
sow it thick with friendships.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy*

Nature does  
Never wrong: 'tis society that sins.  
*Bailey's Festus.*

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,  
And gathering crowds expand,  
Far as my fancy's vision spreads,  
O'er many a boundless land,  
Till what was once a world of savage strife,  
Teems with the richest gifts of social life,  
*James K. Paulding.*

## SOLDIER.

'T is the soldier's life,  
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.  
*Shaks. Othello.*

Rude am I in speech,  
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years'  
pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself.  
*Shaks. Othello.*

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly  
breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history:  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
heaven,  
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;  
And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow bencath their shoulders.  
*Shaks. Othello.*

Say to them,  
Thou art a soldier, and being bred in broils,  
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,  
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves.  
*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

Then a soldier  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

'T is much he dares;  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

His sword (death's stamp)  
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot  
He was a thing of block, whose every motion  
Was tim'd with dying cries.  
*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:  
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to outport discretion.  
*Shaks. Othello.*

His death, whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,  
Being bruted once, took fire and heat away  
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:  
For from his metal was his party steel'd;  
Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II*

You say you are a better soldier;  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.  
*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Hear you me, Jessica:  
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the public street  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces.  
*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all  
Mankind awake, while they by their great deeds  
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,  
Only to make a sound to last for ages.  
*Crowne.*

The beaten soldier proves most manful,  
That, like his sword, endures the anvil,  
And justly's held more formidable,  
The more his valour's malleable:  
But he that fears a bastinado,  
Will run away from his own shadow.  
*Butler's Hudibras.*

Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
And out he rode a colonelling.  
*Butler's Hudibras.*

He was by birth, some authors write,  
A Russian; some, a Muscovite;  
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,  
Of whom we in diurnals read,  
That serve to fill up pages here,  
As with their bodies ditches there.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great admirul, were but a wand.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

The country rings around with loud alarms,  
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;  
Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast expense,  
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:  
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,  
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;  
This was the morn, when issuing on the guard,  
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd  
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,  
Then haston to be drunk, the business of the day.

*Dryden's Cymon and Iphigenia.*

The brave abroad fight for the wise at home:  
You are but camp camleons, fed with air;  
Thin fame is all the bravest hero's share.

*Dryden's King Arthur.*

No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,  
So they perform the drudgery they're fit for;  
Why let 'em starve for want of their arrears,  
Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

*Lee.*

'Tis the sport of statesmen,  
When heroes knock their knotty heads together,  
And fall by one another.

*Roge's Ambitious Stepmother.*

See, now comes the captain all daub'd with gold  
lace;  
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;  
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,  
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his  
hand.

And his horse, the dear creter, it prances and  
rears,  
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears.

*Swift.*

Some for hard masters, broken under arms,  
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,  
Beg bitter bread though realms their valour sav'd.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

See her generous troops,  
Whose pay was glory, and their best reward,  
Free for their country, and for me to die,  
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

*Thomson's Liberty.*

Dost thou not know the fate of soldiers?  
They're but ambition's tools, to cut away  
To her unlawful ends: and when they're worn,  
Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside,  
To rust in peace, and rot in hospitals.

*Southern's Loyal Brothers*

Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,  
The battle is their pastime. They go forth  
Gay in the morning, as to the summer's sport:  
When evening comes, the glory of the morn,  
The youthful warrior is a clod of clay.

*Home's Douglass*

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were  
won.

*Goldsmith's Deserter Village.*

The guards, mechanically form'd in ranks,  
Playing, at beat of drum, their martial pranks;  
Should'ring and standing as if struck to stone,  
While condescending majesty looks on.

*Couper's Tale of a Tub*

'T is universal soldiership has stabb'd  
The heart of merit in the meaner class.

*Couper's Task.*

To swear, to game, to drink, to show at home  
By lowdness, idleness and sabbath-breach,  
The great proficiency he made abroad,  
To astonish and to grieve his gazing friends,  
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart,  
To be a pest where he was useful once,  
Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.

*Couper's Task.*

I hate the camp,  
I hate its noise and stiff parade, its blank  
And empty forms, and stately courtesy,  
Where between bows and blows, a smile and stab,  
There's scarce a moment. Soldiers always live  
In idleness or peril: both are bad.

*Proctor's Mirandola.*

I died no felon death —  
A warrior's weapon freed a warrior's soul.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

From early youth war has my mistress been,  
And though a rugged one, I'll constant prove,  
And not forsake her now. There may be joys  
Which, to the strange o'erwhelming of the soul,  
Visit the lover's breast beyond all others:  
E'en now, how dearly do I feel there may!

But what of them? they are not made for me —  
The hasty flashes of contending steel  
Must serve instead of glances from my love,  
And for soft-breathing sighs the cannon's roar.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil*

But such bitter thoughts  
Will pass away, how soon ! and those who here  
Are following their dead comrade to the grave,  
Ere the night fall, will in their revelry  
Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life  
Unnaturally rent, a man who knew  
No resting-place, no dear delights of home,  
Belike who never saw his children's face,  
Whose children knew no father; he is gone,  
Dropt from existence, like the wither'd leaf  
That from the summer tree is swept away,  
Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death  
Who bore him, and already for her son  
Her tears of bitterness are shed: when first  
He had put on the livery of blood,  
She wept him dead to her.

Southey.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,  
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—  
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,  
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.  
Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,  
And hers their scorn of death in freedom's cause,  
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,  
And the blunt speech that burst without a pause,  
And free-born thoughts, which league the soldier  
with the laws.

And oh ! lov'd warriors of the minstrel's land !  
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave !  
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,  
And harsher features, and a mien more grave;  
But ne'er in battle-field throb'd heart more brave  
Than that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid.

Scott.

Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,  
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,  
His jest while each blithe comrade round him  
flings,

And moves to death with military glee ;  
Boast, Erin, boast them ; tameless, frank, and free,  
In kindness warm, and fierœ in danger known,  
Rough nature's children, humorous as she :  
And he, yon chieftain — strike the proudest tone  
Of thy bold harp, green isle ! — the hero is thine  
own.

Scott.

Right English-all, they rush to blows,  
With naught to win, and all to lose.  
I could have laugh'd — but lack'd the time —  
To see, in phrenesy sublime,  
How the fierce zealots fought and bled,  
For king or state as humour led ;  
Some for a dream of public good,  
Some for church-tippet, gown and hood,  
Draining their veins, in death to claim  
A patriot's or a martyr's name.

Scott's Rokeby.

How beautiful in death  
The warrior's corse appears,  
Embalm'd by fond affection's breath,  
And bath'd in woman's tears !

Montgomery

Give me the death of those  
Who for their country die ;  
And oh ! be mine like their repose,  
When cold and low they lie !  
Their loveliest mother earth  
Enshrines the fallen brave,  
In her sweet lap who gave them birth,  
They find their tranquil grave.

Montgomery.

A mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind  
Of human sword in a fiend's hand : the other  
Is master-mover of his warlike puppet.

Byron's Sardanapalus.

Thon there were foreigners of much renown,  
Of various nations, and all volunteers ;  
Not fighting for their country or its crown,  
But wishing to be one day Brigadiors :  
Also to have the sacking of a town ;  
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.  
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,  
Sixteen call'd Thomson, and nineteen nam'd  
Smith.

Byron.

There shall they rot — ambition's honour'd fools :  
Yes, honour decks the turf that wraps their  
clay !

Vain sophistry ! in these behold the tools,  
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away  
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way  
With human hearts — to what ? — a dream alone.

Byron's Childe Harold.

Enough of battle's minions ! let them play  
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame :  
Fame that will scarce re-animate their clay,  
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.  
In sooth 't were sad to thwart their noble aim  
Who strike, blest hirelings ! for their country's  
good,  
And die, that living might have prov'd her shame.

Byron's Childe Harold

I see them on their winding way,  
About their ranks the moonbeams play ;  
Their lofty deeds and daring high,  
Blend with the notes of victory ;  
And waving arms and banners bright,  
Are glancing in the mellow light.

Heber's Poems

There were sad hearts in a darken'd home,  
When the brave had left their bower ;  
But the strength of prayer and sacrifice  
Was with them in that hour.

Mrs. Hemans

Fame is my mistress, madam, and my sword  
The only friend I ever woo'd her with.

*Frances Kemble Butler.*

'Mid the din of arms, when the dust and smoke  
In clouds are curling o'er thee,  
Be firm till the enemy's ranks are broke,  
And they fall, or flee before thee !  
But I would not have thee towering stand  
O'er him who's for many crying,  
But bow to the earth, and with tender hand  
Raise up the faint and dying.

*Miss Gould's Poems.*

At midnight in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris rang'd his Suliote band,  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drank their blood  
On old Platæa's day ;  
And now there breath'd that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,  
With arm to strike and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far as they.

*Halleck's Bozzaris.*

They fought like brave men, long and well ;  
They pil'd that ground with Moslem slain,  
They conquer'd — but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won ;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

*Halleck's Bozzaris.*

The Green-Mountaineer — the Stark of Bennington :—  
When on the field his band the Hessians fought,  
Briefly he spoke before the fight began :  
“ Soldiers ! those German gentlemen are bought  
For four pounds eight-and-sev'n pence per man,  
By England's king ; a bargain as is thought.  
Are we worth more ? Let's prove it now we  
can ;  
For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,  
Or Molly Stark's a widow.” — It was done !

*Halleck's Connecticut.*

Each soldier's name  
Shall shine untarnish'd on the rolls of fame,  
And stand the example of each distant age,  
And add new lustre to the historic page.

*David Humphreys.*

Ours are no hirelings train'd to the fight,  
With cymbal and clarion glittering and bright ;  
No parancing of chargers, no martial display  
No war-trump is heard from our silent array

O'er the proud heads of free men our star-banner  
waves,  
Men firm as their mountains and still as their  
graves, —  
To-morrow shall pour out their life-blood like  
rain ; —  
We come back in triumph, or come not again.

*Thomas Grey.*

### SOLITUDE.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,  
The notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet ;  
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made  
To th' instruments divine responce meet ;  
The silver sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmur of the water's fall.  
The water's fall with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted paup' ? are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court ?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The season's difference ; as the icy fang,  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;  
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,  
This is no flattery : these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

*Shaks. As you like it.*

How use doth breed a habit in a man !  
The shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :  
There can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Oh ! solitude ! first state of human kind !  
Which bless'd remain'd till man did find  
Ev'n his own helper's company :  
As soon as two, alas ! together join'd,  
The serpent made up three.

*Cowley.*

Sweet solitude ! still mirth ! that fear'st no wrong,  
Because thou dost none ; morning all day long !  
Truth's sanctuary ! innocence's spring !  
Invention's Limbeck ! contemplation's wing !  
Peace of my soul, which I too late pursu'd ;  
That know'st not the world's vain inquietude :  
Where friends, the thieves of time, let us alone  
Whole days, and a man's hours are all his own.

*Sir Richard Fanshaw.*

I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
'Till fancy had her fill.

*Milton's Comus.*

Alone, for other creature in this place,  
Living or lifeless, to be found was none.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

In solitude

What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
Or of enjoying what contentment find?

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Solitude is sometimes best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye can look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep.

*Milton's Il Penseroso.*

Wisdom's self

Oft seek to sweet retired solitude;  
Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

*Milton.*

The silent heart which grief assails,  
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,  
Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
And seeks (as I have vainly done)  
Amusing thought; but learns to know  
That solitude's the nurse of woe.

*Parnell.*

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,  
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,  
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws  
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:  
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,  
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,  
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,  
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

Bear me, some God! oh, quickly bear me hence  
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense;  
Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,  
And the free soul looks down to pity kings.

*Pope.*

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!  
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!  
By the pure stream, or in thy waving shade,  
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:  
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,  
(Strangers on earth!) are innocence and peace.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,  
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!  
Who think it solitude to be alone,

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Then horrid silence follow'd, broke alone  
By the low murmurs of the restless deep,  
Mixt with the doubtful breeze, that now and then  
Sigh'd thro' the mournful woods.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Majestic woods, of every vigorous green  
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;  
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd  
A boundless deep immensity of shade.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,  
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is  
heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

O bear me then to vast embowering shades,  
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;  
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;  
Where angel forms, athwart the solemn dusk,  
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;  
And voices more than human, thro' the void  
Deep sounding, seize the enthusiastic ear!

*Thomson's Seasons.*

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noon tide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

*Gray's Churchyard.*

O solitude! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.  
I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone,  
Never hear the sweet music of speech,  
I start at the sound of my own.

*Cowper.*

Such a gloom  
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind  
The mind contemplative, with some new theme  
Pregnant, or indispos'd alike to all.

*Cowper's Task.*

For solitude, however some may rave,  
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave,  
A sepulchre in which the living lie,  
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.  
I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,  
How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!  
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper — solitude is sweet.

*Couper's Retirement.*

But me perhaps  
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile  
With faint illumination, that uplifts  
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits  
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.

*Couper's Task.*

Me oft as fancy ludicrous and wild  
Sooth'd with a waking dream of houses, tow'rs,  
Trees, churches, and strange visages express'd  
In the red cinders, while with poring eye  
I gaz'd, myself creating what I saw,  
Nor less amus'd have I quiescent watch'd  
The sooty films that play upon the bars  
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view  
Of superstition, prophesying still,  
Though still deceiv'd, some stranger's near  
approach.  
'T is thus the understanding takes repose  
In indolent vacuity of thought,  
And sleeps and is refresh'd. Meanwhile the face  
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask  
Of deep deliberation, as the man  
Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd and lost.

*Couper's Task.*

Oft when the winter storm had ceas'd to rave,  
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view  
The clouds stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave  
High-towering, sail along the horizon blue :  
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,  
Fancy a thousand wond'rous forms descries,  
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,  
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,  
And glitt'ring cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam,  
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem ;  
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,  
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

*Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming.*

Enthusiast of the woods ! when years apace  
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,  
I he sunrise path at morn, I see thee trace,  
To hills with magnolia overgrown,  
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

*Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming.*

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,  
When all in mist the world below was lost.  
What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand sublime,  
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,  
And view the enormous waste of vapour, lost  
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,  
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now  
emboss'd !

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound ;  
Flocks, herds, and waterfulls, along the hoar pro  
found !

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,  
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.  
In darkness and in storm he found delight:  
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene  
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.  
Even sad vicissitudes amus'd his soul :  
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,  
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,  
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

*Beattie's Minstrel.*

The wildest waste but this can show,  
Some touch of nature's genial glow ;  
But here,—above, around, below,  
On mountain or on glen,  
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,  
Nor aught of vegetative power,  
The weary eye can ken.

*Scott's Lord of the Isles*

Oh ! who can tell the unspeakable misery  
Of solitude like this !

No sound hath ever reach'd my ear,  
Save of the passing wind.  
The fountain's everlasting flow,  
The forest in the gale,  
The patterning of the shower,  
Sounds dead and mournful all.

*Southeby's Thalaba.*

No traces of those joys, alas ! remain !  
A desert solitude alone appears.  
No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,  
The wide-spread waste no gentle fountain cheers.  
One barren face the dreary prospect wears ;  
Nought through the vast horizon meets her eye  
To calm the tumult of her fears,  
No trace of human habitation nigh,  
A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

To view alone  
The fairest scenes of land and deep,  
With none to listen and reply  
To thoughts with which my heart beat high,  
Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,  
In sooth I love not solitude.

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And, hating no one, love but only her!  
Ye elements in whose ennobling stir  
I feel myself exalted — can ye not  
Accord me such a being? do I err  
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?  
Though with them to converse can rarely be our  
lot.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me; and to me,  
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum  
Of human cities torture.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Are not the mountains, waves and skies, a part  
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?  
Is not the love of these deep in my heart?  
With a pure passion? should I not contemn  
All objects, if compared with these? and stem  
A tide of sufferings, rather than forego  
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm  
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,  
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which  
dare not glow?

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen;  
With the wild flock that never heeds a fold;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with nature's charms, and see her stores  
unroll'd.

But, 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,  
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless;  
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!  
None that with kindred consciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less  
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;  
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

To follow through the night the moving moon,  
The stars and their development; or catch  
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;  
Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,  
While autumn winds were at their evening song  
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;  
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—  
Hating to be so,— cross'd me in my path,  
I felt myself degraded back to them,  
And was all clay again.

*Byron's Manfred*

Man, nor brute,  
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,  
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;  
No sign of travel — none of toil;  
The very air was mute;  
And not an insect's shrill small horn,  
Nor matin bird's new voice, was borne  
From herb nor thicket.

*Byron's Mazeppa*

And here no more shall human voice  
Be heard to rage — regret — rejoice —  
The last sad note that swelled the gale  
Was woman's wildest funeral will.

*Byron's Giaour*

If solitude succeed to grief,  
Release from pain is slight relief;  
The vacant bosom's wilderness  
Might thank the pang that made it less.  
We loathe what none are left to share—  
Even bliss — 't were woe alone to bear;  
The heart, once left thus desolate,  
Must fly at last for ease — to hate.

*Byron's Giaour*

Perhaps, there's nothing—I'll not say appals,  
But saddens more by night as well as day,  
Than an enormous room without a soul  
To break the lifeless splendour of the whole.

*Byron*

To wander through the festive scene,  
With soul but ill at ease;  
To stray where lighter hearts have been,  
And mock at thoughts like these;  
To look for one 'mid those around,  
Would glad our mournful mood,  
Then start at mirth's distracting sound,  
This — this is solitude.

*Byron*

If from society we learn to live,  
'T is solitude should teach us how to die;  
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give  
No hollow aid; alone — man with his God must  
strive.

*Byron*

No, 'tis not here that solitude is known.  
Through the wide world he only is alone  
Who lives not for another.

*Rogers's Human Life.*

A child, 'midst ancient mountains have I stood,  
Where the wild falcons make their lordly nest  
On high. The spirit of the solitude  
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,  
Though there I pray'd not; but deep thoughts have  
press'd  
Into my being since I breath'd that air,  
Nor could I now one moment live the guest  
Of such dread scenes, without the springs of  
prayer  
O'erflowing all my soul.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

Oh! to lie down in wilds apart,  
Where man is seldom seen or heard,  
In still and ancient forests, where  
Mows not his scythe, ploughs not his share,  
With the shy deer and cooing bird!  
To go in dreariness of mood,  
O'er a lone heath, that spreads around,  
A solitude like a silent sea,  
Where rises not a hut or tree,  
The wide-embracing sky its bound!  
Oh! beautiful those wastes of heath,  
Stretching for miles to lure the bee,  
Where the wild bird, on pinions strong,  
Wheels round and pours its piping song,  
And timid creatures wander free.

*Mary Howitt.*

Yon gentle hills,  
Rob'd in a garment of untrodden snow;  
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,  
So stainless that their white glittering spires  
Tinge not the moon's pure beams; yon castled  
steep,  
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it  
A metaphor of peace; all form a scene  
Where musing solitude might love to lift  
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness.

*Shelley.*

He goes to the river side,—  
Nor hook nor line hath he:  
He stands in the meadows wide,—  
Nor gun nor scythe to see;  
With none has he to do;  
And none to seek him,  
Nor men below  
Nor spirits dim,  
What he knows nobody wants;  
What he knows he hides, not vaunts.

*Ralph W. Emerson.*

I am alone; and yet  
In the still solitude there is a rush  
Around me, as were met  
A crowd of viewless wings; I hear a gush  
Of utter'd harmonies.

*George W. Bethune.*

Leave — if thou would'st be lonely —  
Leave Nature for the crowd;  
Seek there for one — one only  
With kindred mind endow'd!  
There — as with Nature erst  
Closely thou would'st commune —  
The deep soul-music nursed  
In either heart, attune!  
Heart-wearied thou wilt own,  
Vainly that phantom woo'd,  
That thou at least hast known  
What is true Solitude!

*Hoffman's Poems.*

These are the gardens of the desert, these  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
For which the speech of England has no name—  
The prairies. I behold them for the first,  
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight  
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch  
In airy undulations, far away,  
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,  
Stood still, with all his rounded billows, fix'd  
And motionless for ever. Did the dust  
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life  
And burn with passion?

*Bryant's Poems.*

Alone! alone! how drear it is  
Always to be alone!

*Willis.*

## SORROW.

My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,  
Which beats upon it like a Cyclops' hammer,  
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,  
And makes me frantic.

*Marlowe's Edward II.*

One fire burns out another's burning;  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning.  
One desp'rate grief cure with another's languish:  
Take thou some new infection to the eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;  
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them prest  
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast  
shown,  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own,

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;  
But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body stirs;  
Words had no passage, tears no issue found;  
For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears;  
Confus'd effects each other do confound:  
Oppress'd with grief, his passions had no bound.  
Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;  
For light carcs speak, when mighty griefs are  
dumb.

*Daniel's Rosamond.*

I drink  
So deep of grief, that he must only think,  
Not dare to speak, that would express my woe:  
Small rivers murmur, deep gulfs silent flow.

*Marston's Sophonisba.*

Oh, be of comfort!  
Make patience a noble fortitude,  
And think not how unkindly we are us'd:  
Man, like a cassia, is prov'd best being bruis'd.  
My heart's turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,  
With which I sound my danger.

*Webster's Duchess of Malfy.*

Past sorrows, let us mod'rately lament them,  
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

*Webster's Duchess of Malfy.*

Unkindness do thy office; poor heart break:  
Those are the killing griefs which dare not speak.

*Webster's White Devil.*

Be of comfort, and your heavy sorrow  
Part equally among us; storms divided,  
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.

*Heywood's Woman Kill'd with Kindness.*

Great sorrows have no leisure to complain:  
Least ills vent forth, great griefs within remain.

*Goffe's Raging Turk.*

There's no way to make sorrow light  
But in the noble bearing; be content;  
Blows given from heaven are our due punishment;  
All shipwrecks are not drownings; you see build-

ings

Made fairer from their ruins.

*W. Rowley's New Wonder.*

He, sad heart, being robb'd  
Of all kins comfort, having lost the beauty  
Whic gave him life and motion, seeing Claius  
Enjoy those lips, whose cherries were the food  
That aurs'd his soul, spent all his time in sorrow,  
In melancholy sighs and discontents:  
Look'd like a wither'd tree o'ergrown with moss;  
His eyes were ever dropping icicles.

*Randolph's Amyntas.*

There is no joy  
But either past or fleeting; and poor man  
Grows up but to experience of grief;  
And then is truly past minority,  
When he is past all happiness.

*Gomersall's Lodovic Sforza.*

How beautiful is sorrow, when 'tis drest  
By virgin innocence? it makes  
Felicity in others seem deform'd.

*Sir W. Davenant's Love and Honour*

Grief conceal'd, like hidden fire, consumes,  
Which, flaming out, would call in help to quench  
it.

*Denham's Sophy*

A great man vanquishing his destiny,  
Is a great spectacle worthy of the gods.

*Crown's Darius*

Who that hath ever been,  
Could bear to be no more?  
Yet who would tread again the scene  
He trod through life before?

*James Montgomery.*

Sorrow lives with those whose pleasures add unto  
their sins.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves behind  
A deep impression, e'en when she departs:  
While joy trips by with steps light as the wind,  
And scarcely leaves a trace upon our hearts  
Of her faint foot-falls: only this is sure,  
In this world nought, save misery, can endure.

*Mrs. Embury.*

When the cold breath of sorrow is sweeping  
O'er the chords of the youthful heart,  
And the earnest eye, dimm'd with strange weep  
ing,

See the visions of fancy depart;  
When the bloom of young feeling is dying,  
And the heart throbs with passion's fierce strife,  
When our sad days are wasted in sighing,  
Who then can find sweetness in life?

*Mrs. Embury.*

Ye wither'd leaves! Ye wither'd leaves!  
To mark your premature decay,  
With sympathy my bosom heaves,  
For like its hopes, ye pass away!  
Like you, they brighten'd in the gleam  
Of summer's sweetly genial ray,  
But brilliant, transient as a dream,  
The autumn found them in decay.

*Mrs. Dinnies.*

What bliss is born of sorrow!  
'Tis never sent in vain—  
The heavenly Surgeon maims to save,  
He gives no useless pain.

*Thomas Wa*

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief,  
Or is thy heart oppress'd with woes untold ?  
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief;  
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold !

'Tis when the rose is wrapp'd in many a fold  
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there  
Its life and beauty; not when, all unroll'd,  
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,  
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the am-  
bient air.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know.

*Carlos Wilcox.*

Alas, for my weary and care-haunted bosom !

The spells of the spring-time arouse it no more;  
The song in the wild-wood, the sheen in the blos-  
som,

The fresh swelling fountain—their magic is is  
o'er!

When I list to the stream, when I look to the  
flowers,

They tell of the Past, with so mournful a tone,  
That I call up the throngs of my long-vanish'd  
hours,

And sigh that their transports are over and gone.

*Willis Gaylord Clark.*

### SOUL.

Why should we the busy soul believe,  
When boldly she concludes of that and this ;  
When of herself she can no judgment give,  
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is.

*Sir John Davis.*

Some her chair up to the brain do carry;  
Some sink it down into the stomach's heat;  
Some place it in the root of life, the heart;  
Some in the liver, fountain of the veins;  
Some say, she's all in all, and all in every part;  
Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.  
Thus these great clerks their little wisdom show,  
While with their doctrines they at hazard play,  
Losing their light opinions to and fro,  
To mock the learn'd, as learn'd in this as they.

*Sir John Davis.*

To the soul time doth perfection give,  
And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still,  
And make her in eternal youth to live;  
Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.  
The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth;  
The more she feeds, the strength doth more in-  
crease;

And what is strength but an effect in youth,  
Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease.

*Sir John Davis.*

Doubtless in man there is a nature found,  
Beside the senses, and above them far;  
Though most men being in sensual pleasures  
drown'd,  
It seems their souls but in their senses are.

*Sir John Davis.*

That our souls, in reason, are immortal,  
Their natural and proper objects prove;  
Which immortality and knowledge are.  
For to that object, ever is referr'd  
The nature of the soul; in which the acts  
Of her high faculties are still employ'd:  
And that true object must her pow'r obtain,  
To which they are in nature's aim directed.

*Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.*

How formless is the form of man, the soul !  
How various still, how diff'rent from itself!  
How falsely call'd queen of this little world !  
When she's a slave, and subject not alone,  
Unto the body's temperature, but all  
The storms of fortune.

*May's Cleopatra.*

'T is true that the souls  
Of all men are alike; of the same substance,  
By the same maker into all infus'd;  
But yet the sev'ral matters which they work on,  
How different they are, I need not tell you;  
And as these outward organs give our souls  
Or more or less room as they are contriv'd  
To show their lustre; so again comes fortune  
And darkens them to whom the gods have given  
A soul divine, and body capable  
Of that divinity and excellence.

*Rutter's Shepherd's Holiday.*

Our souls but like unhappy strangers come  
From heav'n, their country, to this world's bad  
coast;  
They land, then straight are backward bound for  
home,  
And many are in storms of passion lost !  
They long with danger sail through life's vex'd seas,  
In bodies as in vessels full of leaks;  
Walking in veins, their narrow galleries,  
Shorter than walks of seamen on their decks.

*Sir W. Davenant's Philosopher to the Christian.*

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
Upon a thankless errand;  
Fear not to touch the best,  
For truth must be thy warrant;  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

*William Davison's Rhapsody.*

Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;  
Death, of the spirit infinite ! divine !

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven!  
By tyrant life dethroned, imprison'd, pain'd?  
By death enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?  
Death but entombs the body; life the soul.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Tell wit how much it wrangles,  
In treble points of niceness,  
Tell wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness;  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

*William Davison's Rhapsody.*

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like season'd timber never gives;  
But when the whole world turns to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

*George Herbert.*

There is, they say, (and I believe there is,)  
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,  
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;  
And when the body sinks, escapes to heaven;  
Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,  
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast:  
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force:  
A stream diverted from its parent source;  
A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea;  
A moment, parted from eternity;  
A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;  
An exile, anxious for his native home.

*Hannah More.*

The soul, of origin divine,  
God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
A star of day!  
The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky;  
The soul, immortal as its sire,  
Shall never die.

*Montgomery.*

We endow  
Those whom we love, in our fond, passionate blindness,  
With power upon our souls too absolute  
To be a mortal's trust.

*Mrs. Hemans's Siege of Valencia.*

The soul, the mother of deep fears,  
Of high hopes infinite,  
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears,  
Of sleepless inner sight;  
Lovely, but solemn, it arose,  
Unfolding what no more might close.

*Mrs. Hemans's Poems.*

'T would take an angel from above  
To paint th' immortal soul.

*Mrs. Welby's Poems.*

The soul once sav'd shall never cease from bliss,  
Nor God lose that He buyoth with His blood!

*Bailey's Festus.*

The soul,  
Advancing ever to the source of light  
And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns  
In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are  
frail,

Our souls immortal, though our limbs decay;  
Though darken'd in this poor life by a veil  
Of suffering, dying matter, we shall play  
In truth's eternal sunbeams; on the way  
To Heaven's high capitol our cars shall roll;  
The temple of the Power whom all obey,  
That is the mark we tend to, for the soul  
Can take no lower flight, and seek no meaner goal.

*Percival's Prometheus.*

What, my soul, was thy errand here?

Was it mirth or ease,  
Or heaping up dust from year to year?

"Nay, none of these!"

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight,

Whose eye looks still

And steadily on thee through the night;

"To do His will!"

*Whittier's Poems.*

Oh, laggard soul! unclose thine eyes—

No more in luxury soft  
Of joy ideal waste thyself:  
Awake, and soar aloft!  
Unfurl this hour these falcon wings  
Which thou dost fold too long;  
Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze,  
And sing thy loftiest song!

*Mrs. Osgood's Poems.*

Inward turn

Each thought and every sense,  
For sorrow lingers from without,  
Thou canst not charm it thence  
But all attun'd the soul may be  
Unto a deathless melody.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

Oh soul! I said, "thy boding murmurs cease;  
Though sorrow bind thee as a funeral pall,  
Thy Father's hand is guiding thee through all,  
His love will bring a true and perfect peace.

Look upward once again; though drear the  
night,  
Earth may be darkness, Heaven will give thee  
light!"

*Mrs. Neal.*

Awake in me a truer life !  
 A soul to labour and aspire ;  
 Touch thou my mortal lips, O God,  
 With thine own truth's immortal fire !

*Sara J. Clarke.*

Oh ! press on !  
 For the high ones and powerful shall come  
 To do you reverence ; and the beautiful  
 Will know the purer language of your soul,  
 And read it like a talisman of love.  
 Press on ! for it is godlike to unloose  
 The spirit, and forget yourself in thought  
 Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,  
 And, in the very fetters of your flesh,  
 Mating with the pure essences of heaven.  
 Press on ! for in the grave there is no work,  
 And no device.—Press on ! while yet ye may.

*Willis's Poems.*

My soul would wind itself in love  
 Around all human things.

*A. H. J. Duganne.*

### SPLEEN.

Hail, wayward queen  
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen ;  
 Parent of vapours, and of female wit,  
 Who give th' hysterick, or poetic fit,  
 On various tempers act by various ways,  
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays :  
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,  
 And send the godly in a pet to pray.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ;  
 The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,  
 And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,  
 And mar the face of beauty, when no cause  
 For such immeasurable woe appears,  
 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair  
 Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her  
 own.

*Cowper.*

### SPLENDOUR.

What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye  
 Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,  
 That is not blinded by her majesty ?

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
 But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

The glorious sun  
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,  
 Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,  
 The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold.

*Shaks. King John.*

To splendour only do we live ?  
 Must pomp alone our thoughts employ ?  
 All, all that pomp and splendour give,  
 Is dearly bought with love and joy.

*Cartwright.*

Can wealth give happiness ? look around and see  
 What gay distress ? what splendid misery !  
 I envy none their pageantry and show,  
 I envy none the gilding of their woe.

*Young.*

The splendours of our rank and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things.

*Young.*

### SPRING.

So forth issu'd the seasons of the year ;  
 First lusty spring, all dight in leaves of flowers  
 That freshly budded, and new blossoms did bear,  
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,  
 That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;  
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,  
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stores)  
 A gilt engraven morion he did wear,  
 That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
 Mirth, youth, and warm desire :  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

*Milton's May Morning*

Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring  
 In triumph to the world, the youthful spring.  
 The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,  
 Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.  
 Now all things smile.

*Carew.*

How Flora decks the fields  
 With all her tapestry ! and the choristers  
 Of ev'ry grove chaunt carols ! mirth is come  
 To visit mortals. Ev'ry thing is blithe,  
 Jocund, and jovial !

*Randolph's Jealous Lovers.*

Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,  
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
 While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower  
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

See where surly winter passes off,  
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts ;  
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,  
 The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;  
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,  
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleet  
Deform the day delightless.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

No more  
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;  
But, full of life and vivifying soul,  
Lifts the bright clouds sublime, and spreads them  
thin,  
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,  
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom  
Shoots, less and less, the live commotion round;  
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of  
youth;  
The shining moisture swells into her eys,  
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves,  
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize  
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,  
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,  
And swells, and deepens; to the cherish'd eye  
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds, unfolding, by degrees,  
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

In these green days,  
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;  
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health exalts  
The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss  
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings  
To purchase.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.

*Thomson.*

Grateful and salutary spring the plants  
Which crown our numerous gardens, and  
Invite to health and temperance, in the simple  
meal,  
Unpoison'd with rich sauces, to provoke  
Th' unwilling appetite to glutony.

*Dodsley.*

Sweet is thy coming spring! and, as I pass  
Thy hedge-rows, where from the half-naked sprays  
Peeps the sweet bud, and 'midst the dewy grass  
The tufted primrose opens to the day:  
My spirits light and pure confess thy pow'r  
Of balmiest influence.

*Athenaeum.*

Oh, how delightful to the soul of man,  
How like a renovating spirit comes,  
Fanning his cheek the breath of infant spring!

*Anon*

O'er the moisten'd fields  
A tender green is spread; the bladed grass  
Shoots forth exuberant; th' awaking trees,  
Thaw'd by the delicate atmosphere, put forth  
Expanding buds; while, with mellifluous throat,  
The warm ebullience of internal joy,  
The birds hymn forth a song of gratitude  
To him who shelter'd when the storms were deep,  
And fed them through the winter's cheerless gloom.

*Anon.*

O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and  
gladness,  
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!  
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's  
sadness,  
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?  
Sister of joy, thou art the child that wearest  
Thy mother's dying smile tender and sweet;  
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest  
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle  
feet,  
Disturbing not the leaves, which are her winding-  
sheet.

*Shelley.*

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,  
Fair Venus' train, appear;  
Disclose the long-expected flowers,  
And wake the purple year!  
The Attic warbler pours her throat,  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
The untaught harmony of spring;  
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,  
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

*Gray.*

The busy murmur glows!  
The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honied spring,  
And float amid the liquid noon:  
Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
Some show their gaily-gilded trim  
Quick glaring to the sun.

*Gray*

Soon reviving plants and flowers  
Anew shall deck the plain:  
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,  
And flourish green again.

*Logan.*

'Tis a month before the month of May,  
And the spring comes slowly up this way.

*Wilderidge.*

I mark'd the Spring as she pass'd along,  
With her eye of light and her lip of song;  
While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's  
breast,  
While the streams sprang out from their icy rest.  
The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh,  
And their breath went forth in the scented sky;  
When the fields look'd fresh in their sweet repose,  
And the young dews slept on the new-born rose.

*Willis Gaylord Clark.*

There's perfume upon every wind —  
Music in every tree —  
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers —  
Sweets for the sucking bee;  
The sick come forth for the healing South,  
The young are gathering flowers;  
And life is a tale of poetry,  
That is told by golden hours.

*Willis's Poems.*

If 't is not a true philosophy,  
That the spirit when set free  
Still lingers about its olden home,  
In the flower and the tree,  
It is very strange that our pulses thrill  
At the sight of a voiceless thing,  
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness,  
In the beautiful time of Spring.

*Willis's Poems.*

When the warm sun that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has return'd again,  
'T is sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

*Longfellow.*

#### SPORTS.—(See HUNTING and SHOOTING.)

#### STARS.

Whom their great stars

Throne and set high.

*Shaks. Lear.*

Here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

See, at the call of night,  
The star of evening sheds her silver light.

*Gay's Dione.*

There they stand,  
Shining in order, like a living hymn  
Written in light.

*Willis's Poems.*

They are all up — the innumerable stars  
That hold their place in heaven. My eyes have  
been  
Searching the pearly depths through which they  
spring  
Like beautiful creations.

*Willis's Poems*

Ye stars, that are the poetry of heaven.

*Byron's Childe Harold*

The sky

Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light  
So wildly, spiritually bright.  
Who ever gaz'd upon them shining,  
And turn'd to earth without repining,  
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray?

*Byron's Siege of Corinth.*

But the stars, the soft stars! — when they glitter  
above us,

I gaze on their beams with a feeling divine;  
For, as true friends in sorrow more tenderly love us,  
The darker the heaven, the brighter they shine

*Mrs. Welby's Poems.*

And infant cherubs pierc'd the blue,  
Till rays of heaven came shining through.

*W. B. O. Peabody.*

#### STATESMAN.

There is  
A statesman, that can side with ev'ry faction,  
And yet most subtly can untwist himself,  
When he hath wrought the business up to danger.

*Shirley's Court Secret.*

Forbear, you things,  
That stand upon the pinnacles of state,  
To boast your slipp'ry height; when you do fall,  
You dash yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise:  
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.

*Jonson's Sejanus.*

Why thus should statesmen do,  
That cleave through knots of craggy policies,  
Use men like wedges, one strike out another;  
Till by degrees the tough and gnarly trunk  
Be riv'd in sunder.

*Marston's Antonio and Melida. Part II.*

I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,  
And the huge Leviathans of villainy  
Sip up the merits, nay then men and all  
That do them service, and spout them out again  
Into the air, as thin and unregarded  
As drops of water that are lost i' th' ocean.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's False One.*

You have not, as good patriots should do, study'd  
The public good, but your particular ends ;  
Factious among yourselves; preferring such  
To offices and honours, as ne'er read  
The elements of saving policy ;  
But deeply skill'd in all the principles  
That usher to destruction.

*Massinger's Bondman.*

To hold a place  
In council which was once esteem'd an honour,  
And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost  
Lustre, and reputation, and is made  
A mercenary purchase.

*Massinger's Bondman.*

Thus the court-wheel goes round like fortune's  
ball;

One statesman rising on another's fall.

*Richard Brone's Queen's Exchange.*

He was not of that strain of counsellors,  
That, like a tuft of rushes in a brook,  
Bonds every way the current turns itself,  
Yielding to every puff of appetite  
That comes from majesty, but with true zeal  
He faithfully declared all.

*Brewer's Love-sick King.*

D'ye think that statesmen's kindnesses proceed  
From any principles but their own need ?  
When they're afraid, they're wondrous good and  
free ;  
But when they're safe, they have no memory.

*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

A statesman all but interest may forget,  
And only ought in his own strength to trust :  
'T is not a statesman's virtue to be just.

*Earl of Orrery's Henry V.*

With grave

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat and public care ;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic though in ruin.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Taming thought to human pride !—  
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.  
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
'T will trickle to his rival's bier ;  
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,  
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.  
The solemn echo seems to cry,—  
" Herc let their discord with them die,  
Speak not for those a separate doom,  
Whom fate made brothers in the womb,  
But search the land of living men,  
Where' wilt thou find their like again?"

*Scott.*

With more than mortal powers endow'd  
How high they soar'd above the crowd !  
Theirs was no common party race,  
Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;  
Like fabled gods, their mighty war  
Shook realms and nations in its jar ;  
Beneath each banner proud to stand,  
Looked up the noblest of the land,  
Till through the British world were known  
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.

*Scott*

He that seeks safety in a statesman's pity,  
May as well run a ship upon sharp rocks,  
And hope a harbour.

*Howard's Duke of Lerma.*

And minds have there been nurtur'd whose control  
Is felt even in their nation's destiny ;  
Men who sway'd senates with a statesman's soul.

*Halleck.*

From germs like these have mighty statesmen  
sprung,  
Of prudent counsel and persuasive tongue ;  
Unblenching minds, who rul'd the willing throng,  
Their well-brac'd nerves by early labour strung.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

### STORM.—(See TEMPEST.)

### STUBBORNNESS.—(See OBSTINACY.)

### STUDY.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks ,  
Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost*

Why, universal plodding prisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries ;  
As motion, and long-during action, tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,  
Study's the specious trifling of the mind ;  
Or is at best a secondary aim,  
A chase for sport alone and not for game.

*Young.*

I know what study is ; it is to toil  
Hard through the hours of the sad midnight watch  
At tasks which seem a systematic curse,  
And course of bootless penance.

*Bailey's Festus*

— All mankind are students. How to live  
And how to die forms the great lesson still.

*Bailey's Festus.*

I am devote to study. Worthy books  
Are not companions—they are solitudes;  
We lose ourselves in them and all our cares.

*Bailey's Festus.*

“ Much study is a weariness.” The sage  
Who gave his mind to seek and search until  
He knew all Wisdom—found that on the page  
Knowledge and grief were vow'd companions  
still!

And so the students of a later day  
Sit down among the records of old time  
To hold high commune with the thoughts  
sublime

Of minds long gone:—so they too pass away,  
And leave us what? their course, to toil—  
reflect—

To feel the thorn pierce through our gather'd  
flowers—

Still 'midst the leaves the earth-worm to detect,  
And this is Knowledge.

\* *Mrs. E. J. Eames.*

### STYLE.—(See CRITICISM.)

### SUBMISSION.

You shall be as a father to my youth  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well practis'd, wise directions.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;  
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
And he retiros.

*Shaks. Othello.*

It grieves me to the soul  
To see how man submits to man's control;  
How overpower'd and shackled minds are led  
In vulgar tracks, and to submission bred.

*Crabbe's Tales.*

And I said it underbreath—  
All our life is mix'd with death,—  
And who knoweth which is best?  
And I smil'd to think God's greatness  
Flow'd around our incompleteness,—  
Round our restlessness, His rest.

*Miss Barrett's Poems.*

### SUCCESS.

The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and dis-  
asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida*

Proud success admits no probe  
Of justice to correct or square the fate,  
That bears down all as illegitimate;  
For whatsoe'er it lists to overthrow,  
It either finds it, or else makes it so.

*Cleveland.*

In tracing human story, we shall find  
The cruel more successful, than the kind.

*Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

'T is not in mortals to command success;  
But we'll do more, Scampronius, we'll deserve it.

*Addison's Cato.*

Had I miscarried, I had been a villain;  
For men judge actions always by events:  
But when we manage by a just foresight,  
Success is prudence, and possession right.

*Higgon's Generous Conqueror.*

It is success that colours all in life:  
Success makes fools admir'd, makes villains  
honest,  
All the proud virtue of this vaunting world  
Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquir'd.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

What though I am a villain, who so bold  
To tell me so? let your poor petty traitors  
Feel the vindictive lash, and scourge for wrong;  
But who shall tax successful villainy,  
Or call the rising traitor to account?

*Havard's Scanderbeg.*

Applause  
Waits on success; the fickle multitude,  
Like the light straw that floats along the stream,  
Glide with the current still, and follow fortune.

*Franklin's Earl of Warwick.*

### SUICIDE.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:  
Whether, 't is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles;  
And, by opposing, end them?

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine,  
That cravens my weak hand.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life; arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high pow'rs  
That govern us below.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

My desolation does begin to make  
A better life: 'T is paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will; and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

He is dead;  
Not by the public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

Death is not free for any man's election,  
'Till nature, or the law impose it on him.

*Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.*

He

That kills himself, t' avoid mis'ry, fears it;  
And at the best shows but a bastard valour:  
This life's a fort committed to my trust,  
Which I must not yield up, till it be forc'd;  
Nor will I: he's not valiant that dares die;  
But he that boldly bears calamity.

*Massinger's Maid of Honour.*

'T is not courage, when the darts of chance  
Are thrown against our state, to turn our backs,  
And basely run to death; as if the hand  
Of heaven and nature had lent nothing else  
T' oppose against mishap, but loss of life:  
Which is to fly, and not to conquer it.

*Jonson's Adrasta.*

When affliction thunders o'er our roofs;  
To hide our heads, and run into our graves,  
Shows us no men, but makes us fortune's slaves.

*Jonson's Adrasta.*

Take heed  
How you do threaten heav'n, by menacing  
Yourself; as we have no authority  
To take away the being of another, whom  
Our pride contemns; so we have less t' annihilate  
Our own, when it is fall'n in our dislike.

*Sir W. Davenant's Distresses.*

Self-murder, that infernal crime,  
Which all the gods level their thunder at!

*Fane's Sacrifice.*

Let us seek death, or, he not found, supply  
With our own hand his office on ourselves:  
Why stand we shivering longer under fears,  
That show no end but death, and have the power  
Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

He who, superior to the checks of nature,  
Dares make his life the victim of his reason,  
Does in some sort that reason deify,  
And take a flight at heav'n.

*Young's Revenge.*

Fear, guilt, despair, and moon-struck frenzy,  
rush  
On voluntary death: the wise, the brave,  
When the fierce storms of fortune round 'em roar  
Combat the billows with redoubled force:  
Then, if they perish ere the port is gain'd,  
They sink with decent pride; and from the deep  
Honour retrieves them bright as rising stars.

*Fenton's Mariamne.*

Our time is set and fix'd; our days are told;  
And no man knows the limit of his life;  
This minute may be mine, the next another's;  
But still all mortals ought to wait the summons,  
And not usurp on the decrees of fate,  
By hastening their own ends.

*Smith's Princess of Parma.*

Venture not rashly on an unknown being—  
E'en the most perfect shun the brink of death,  
And shudder at the prospect of futurity.

*Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.*

What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?  
'T is she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?  
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?  
Oh! ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,  
Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well?  
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,  
To act a lover's, or a Roman's part?  
Is there no bright reversion in the sky  
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

*Pop.*

Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd;  
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,  
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,  
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission.  
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd stand,  
And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.  
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,  
And keep it to the last. To run away  
Is but a coward's trick: to run away  
From this world's ills, that at the very worst  
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves  
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,  
And plunging headlong in the dark! 'tis mad:  
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

*Blair's Grave.*

If there be an hereafter,  
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd  
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,  
Then must it be an awful thing to die;  
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.

*Blair's Grave.*

Far about they wander from the grave  
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd  
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
Of impious violence.

*Thomson.*

When all the blandishments of life are gone,  
The coward sneaks to death—the brave live on.

Beware of desp'rate steps. The darkest day,  
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

*Couper.*

He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,  
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Then plung'd; the rock below receiv'd like glass  
His body crush'd into one gory mass,  
With scarce a shred to tell of human form,  
Or fragment for the sea-bird or the worm.

*Byron's Island.*

My spirit shrunk not to sustain  
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;  
Nor sought the self-accorded grave  
Of ancient fools and modern knaves;  
Yet death I have not fear'd to meet;  
And in the field it had been sweet.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Fool! I mean not  
That poor-soul'd piece of heroism, self-slaughter:  
Oh ne! the miserablest day we live  
There's many a better thing to do than die!

*George Darley.*

Let it not be said  
He sought his God in the self-slayer's way.

*Bailey's Festus.*

## SUMMER.

Then came the jolly summer, being dight  
In a thin silken cassock colour'd green,  
That was unlined all, to be more light,  
And on his head a garland well bescene  
He wore, from which, as he had chaffed been,  
The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore  
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green  
Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,  
And now would bathe his limbs, with labour  
Heated sore. *Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Now comes thy glory in the summer months,  
With light and heat resplendent.

*Thomson.*

'T is raging noon; and vertical the sun  
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.  
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all  
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

From brightening fields of ethor fair disclos'd,  
Child of the sun, resplendent summer comes,  
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth,  
He comes attended by the sultry hours,  
And ever fanning breezes on his way;  
While, from his ardent look, the turning spring  
Averts her bashful face; and earth, and skies,  
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

'T was noon; and every orange-bud  
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,  
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes  
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!

*Moore.*

Thou art bearing hence thy roses,  
Glad Summer, fare thee well!  
Thou art singing thy last melodies  
In every wood and dell.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Brightly, sweet Summer, brightly  
Thine hours have floated by,  
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,  
To the rangers of the sky.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Unto me, glad summer,  
How hast thou flown to me?  
My chainless footsteps nought hath kept  
From thy haunts of song and glee  
Thou hast flown in wayward visions,  
In memories of the dead—  
In shadows from a troubled heart,  
O'er thy sunny pathway shed.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

I dread to see the summer sun  
Come glowing up the sky,  
And early pansies, one by one,  
Opening the violet eye?  
They speak of one who sleeps in death,  
Her race untimely o'er.

*Mrs. Whitman.*

Nor longer in the lingering light  
Of summer eve, shall we,  
Lock'd hand in hand, together sit  
Beneath the greenwood tree.

*Mrs. Whitman.*

The Spring's gay promise melted into thee,  
Fair Summer! and thy gentle reign is here;  
Thy emerald robes are on each leafy tree;  
In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear;  
And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign—  
They leap in music 'midst thy bright domain.

*Willis G. Clark.*

Thus gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,  
O, Summer! in my inmost soul arise  
Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,  
And the bland air with its soft melodies;—  
Till basking in some vision's glorious ray,  
I long for eagles' plumes to flee away!

*Willis G. Clark.*

## SUN.

Know'st thou not,  
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;  
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their  
backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves!

*Shaks. Richard II.*

I marvel not, O sun! that unto thee,  
In adoration, man should bow the knee,  
And pour the prayer of mingled awe and love;  
For like a God thou art, and on thy way  
Of glory sheddest, with benignant ray,  
Beauty and life, and joyance from above.

*Southey.*

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain  
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,  
In unapproachable divinity,  
Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light.

*Southey.*

Thou tide of glory which no rest doth know,  
But ever ebb and ever flow!  
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!  
Who doth in thee descend, and heaven to earth  
make love!

*Cowley.*

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes,  
Is but thy several liveries;  
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,  
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou  
go'st.

*Cowley.*

Through the soft ways of heaven, and air, and sea,  
Which open all their pores to thee,  
Like a clear river thou dost glide,  
And with thy living stream through the close  
channel slide.

*Cowley.*

Blest power of sunshine! genial day,  
What balm, what life are in thy ray!  
To feel thee is such real bliss,  
That, had the world no joy but this,  
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,  
It were a world too exquisite  
For man to leave it for the gloom,  
The deep cold shadow of the tomb.

*Moore.*

And see—the sun himself! on wings  
Of glory up the east he springs.  
Angel of light! who from the time  
Those heavens began their march sublime,  
Hath first of all the starry choir  
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere  
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!  
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,  
Which gladden'd, on their mountain-tops, the  
hearts

Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd  
Themselves in orisons! Thou material God!  
And representative of the unknown—  
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star!  
Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth  
Endurable, and temperest the hues

And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!  
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,  
And those who dwell in them! for near or far,  
Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,  
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise,  
And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!  
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance  
Of love and wonder was for thee, then take  
My latest look: thou wilt not beam on one  
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been  
Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:  
I follow.

*Byron's Manfred*

Would that yon orb, whose matin glow  
Thy listless eyes so much admire,  
Did lend thee something of his fire!

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,  
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,  
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,  
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wand'ring  
streams,  
High gleaming from afar.

*Thomson.*

Centre of light and energy! thy way  
Is through the unknown void; thou hast thy throne,  
Morning and evening, and the close of day,  
Far in the blue, unended, and alone:  
Ere the first waken'd airs of earth had blown,  
On thou didst march, triumphant in thy light;  
Then thou didst send thy glance, which still  
hath flown

Wide through the never-ending worlds of night,  
And yet thy keen orb burns with flash as keen  
and bright. *Percival's Poems.*

The summer day has closed—the sun is set;  
Well have they done their office, those bright hours,  
The latest of whose train goes softly out  
In the red West. *Bryant's Poems.*

Open the casement, and up with the sun!  
His gallant journey has now begun,  
Over the hills his chariot is roll'd,  
Banner'd with glory and burnish'd with gold;  
Over the hills he comes sublime,  
Bridegroom of earth, and brother of time!

*Martin F. Tupper.*

It is no task  
For suns to shine. *Bailey's Festus.*

The sunshine is a glorious birth,—  
And yet I know, where'er I go,  
That thero hath pass'd away a glory from the earth,  
*Wordsworth's Poems.*

We invoke the sun's warm ray,  
And we bless it all the day;  
Looking up as to a friend,  
When its beams on us descend;  
And we watch it down the west,  
As it early sinks to rest;  
Then, with sorrow at our hearts,  
Sigh—"How soon the sun departs!"

*Caroline May.*

Summer has gone,  
And fruitful autumn has advanc'd so far  
That there is warmth, nor heat, in the broad sun  
And you may look with naked eye, upon

The ardours of his car!  
*Philip P. Cooke.*

### SUPERIORITY.—(See EQUALITY.)

### SUPERSTITION.

England a happy land we know,  
Where follies naturally grow,  
Where without culture they arise,  
And tow'r above the common size;  
England a fortune-telling host,  
As num'rous as the stars could boast,  
Matrons, who toss the cup, and see  
The grounds of fate in grounds of tea.

*Churchill.*

Gypsies, who every ill can cure,  
Except the ill of being poor,  
Who charms 'gainst love and argues sell,  
Who can in hen-roost set a spell,  
Prepar'd by arts, to them best known,  
To catch all feet except their own,  
Who as to fortune can unlock it,  
As easily as pick a pocket.

*Churchill.*

'Tis a history  
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale—  
Which children, open-ey'd and mouth'd, devour;  
And thus as garrulous ignorance relates,  
We learn it and believe.

*Southey's Thalaba.*

We may smile, or coldly sneer,  
The while such ghostly tales we hear,—  
And wonder why they were believ'd,  
And how wise men could be deceiv'd :—  
Bathing our renovated sight  
In the free Gospel's glorious light,  
We marvel it was ever night!

*Mrs. Hale's Vigil of Love.*

'T is Christian science makes our day,  
And freedom lends her lovely ray;  
And we forget 'neath our fair skies,  
The world that still in shadow lies ;—  
That India bows to Juggernaut ;—  
And China worships gods of clay;  
And healing amulets are bought,  
Even where our Saviour's body lay;  
And holy miracles are wrought  
Beneath St. Peter's cross-crown'd sway;  
And over Afric's wide domain  
The powers of Death and Darkness reign!

*Mrs. Hale's Vigil of Love.*

SURPRISE.—(See ASTONISHMENT.)

### SUSPENSE.

But be not long, for in the tedious minutes,  
Exquisite interval, I'm on the rack;  
For sure the greatest evil man can know,  
Bears no proportion to the dread suspense.

*Froude's Fall of Saguntum.*

Uncertainty!

Fell demon of our fears! The human soul,  
That can support despair, supports not thee.

*Mallet's Mustapha.*

### SUSPICION.

He lour'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,  
Showing his nature in his countenance;  
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,  
But walk'd each where for fear of hid mischance,  
Holding a lattis still before his face,  
Through which he still did peep as forward he  
did pace. *Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Suspicion is a heavy armour, and  
With its own weight impedes more than it pro-  
tects. *Byron's Werner.*

Suspect!—that's a spy's office. Oh! we lose  
Ten thousand precious moments in vain words,  
And vainer fears. *Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Better is the mass of men, Suspicion, than thy  
fears:  
Yea, let the moralist condemn, there be large ex-  
tenuations of his verdict,  
Let the misanthropé shun men and abjure, the  
most are rather loveable than hateful. *Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

Better confide and be deceiv'd,  
A thousand times, by treacherous foes,  
Than once accuse the innocent,  
Or let suspicion mar repose. *Mrs. Osgood.*

### SWAN.

The swan with arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
Her state with oary feet. *Milton's Paradise Lost.*

The stately-sailing swan  
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,  
And, arching proud his neck, with pary feet  
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,  
Protective of his young. *Thomson's Seasons.*

Hark! hark! what music! from the rampart  
hills,  
How like a far-off bugle, sweet and clear,  
It searches through the listening wilderness!—  
A swan! I know it by the trumpet-tone;  
Winging her pathless way in the cool heavens,  
Piping her midnight melody, she comes!

*L. L. Noble.*

There is a panting in the zenith—hush!  
The swan! how strong her great wings time the  
silence!

She passes over high and quietly.

—Ah! thou wilt not stoop:

Old Huron haply glistens on thy sky.

*L. L. Noble.*

### SWIMMING.

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

There was one did battle with the storm  
With careless, desp'rate force; full many times  
His life was won and lost, as though he reck'd  
not—

No hand did aid him, and he aided none—  
Alone he breasted the broad wave, alone  
That man was sav'd. *Maturin's Bertram.*

How many a time have I  
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring  
The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's strokè  
Flung the billows back from my drench'd hair,  
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,  
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup rising o'er  
The waves as they rose, and prouder still  
The loftier they uplifted me. *Byron's Two Foscari.*

SYCOPHANT.—(See FLATTERY.)

### SYMPATHY.

Thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,  
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,  
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I.*

O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case — O woeful sympathy!

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall  
say.  
*Shaks. Richard II.*

Kindness by secret sympathy is tied,  
For noble souls in nature are allied.

*Dryden.*

Love's soft sympathy imparts  
That tender transport of delight  
That beats in undivided hearts.  
*Cartwright.*

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,  
While each was in quest of a fugitive love:  
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,  
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.  
"Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore,  
"Oh, never was maid so deserted before."  
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,  
And jump in together for sympathy!"  
At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear;  
"The weather is cold for a watery bier,  
When the summer returns, we may easily die;  
Till then let us sorrow in sympathy."

*Reginald Heber.*

Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much  
Of sympathy below;  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountain flow.  
*Mrs. Hemans.*

If there be one that o'er thy dead  
Hath in thy grief borne part,  
And watch'd through sickness by thy bed, —  
Call this a kindred heart!  
*Mrs. Hemans.*

We pine for kindred natures  
To mingle with our own;  
For communings more full and high  
Than aught by mortals known.  
*Mrs. Hemans.*

Oh! who the exquisite delights can tell,  
The joy which mutual confidence imparts?  
Or who can paint the charm unspeakable,  
Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts?  
*Mrs. Tighe's Pevche.*

It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.

*Scott.*

I know thee not — and yet our spirits seem  
Together link'd by sympathy and love,  
And, like the mingling waters of a stream,  
Our thoughts and fancies all united rove,  
*Mrs. Welby's Poems.*

I know thee not — I never heard thy voice;  
Yet could I choose a friend from all mankind.  
Thy spirit high should be my spirit's choice,  
Thy heart should guide my heart, thy mind, my  
mind.  
*Mrs. Welby's Poems.*

Like warp and woof all destinies  
Are woven fast,  
Link'd in sympathy like the keys  
Of an organ vast;  
Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;  
Break but one  
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar  
Through all will run.  
*Whittier's Poems*

In the same beaten channel still have run  
The blessed streams of human sympathy;  
And though I know this ever hath been done,  
The why and wherefore I could never see!  
*Phæbe Carey.*

It is not well,  
Here in this land of Christian liberty,  
That honest worth or hopeless want should dwelt  
Unaided by our care and sympathy.  
*Phæbe Carey.*

Oh, there is need that on man's hearts should fall  
A spirit that can sympathize with all!  
*Phæbe Carey*

Like the sweet melody which faintly lingers  
Upon the wind-harp's strings at close of day,  
Whon gently touch'd by evening's dewy fingers  
It breathes a low and melancholy lay,  
So the calm voice of sympathy me seemeth;  
And while its magic spell is round me cast,  
My spirit in its cloister'd silence dreameth,  
And vaguely blends the future with the past.  
*Mrs. Fymbury.*

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough  
Press'd round to hear the praise of one  
Whose heart was made of manly, simpler stuff,  
As homespun as their own.  
And when he read, they forward lean'd,  
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,  
His brook-like songs whose glory never wean'd  
From humble smiles and tears:  
Slowly there grew a tenderer awe,  
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,  
As if in him who read they felt and saw  
Some presence of the bard.  
It was a sight for sin and wrong  
And slavish tyranny to see,  
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong  
In high humanity.  
*James R. Lowell. — An Incident in a Rail-Road.*

*Car.*

## TALKING.

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

*Shaks. King John.*

He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;  
Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his,  
But buffets better than a fist of France :  
Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's futher, dad.

*Shaks. King John.*

You cram these words into mine ears, against  
The stomach of my sense.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Why what a wasp-stung and impatient fool  
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

These haughty words of hers  
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,  
And made me almost yield upon my knees.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

O, he's as tedious  
As is a tired horse, or railing wife ;  
Worse than a smoky house : — I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic, in a wind-mill, far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

When he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honied sentences.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words : and I do know  
A many fools, that stand in bitter place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,  
Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd,  
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

I hold my peace, sir ? No ;  
No, I will speak as liberal as the air ;  
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,  
All, all cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Shaks. Othello.*

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart ;  
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break :  
And, rather than it shall, I will be free,  
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

*Shakspeare.*

But words are words ; I never yet did hear,  
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the  
ear.

*Shaks. Othello.*

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,  
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :  
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Why, what an ass am I ! this is most brave  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a \* \* \* \*, unpack my heart with words,  
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion !

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears ?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue  
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,  
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew*

A flourish, trumpets ! — strike alarum, drums !  
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the lord's anointed : strike, I say.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

It was the copy of our conference  
In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;  
At board, he fed not for my urging it ;  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;  
In company, I often glanc'd it ;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*Shaks. Comedy of Errors*

But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease ;  
And with its everlasting clack,  
Set all men's ears upon the rack.

*Butler's Hudibras*

And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
When he engag'd in controversy,  
Not by the force of carnal reason,  
But indefatigable teasing ;  
With volleys of eternal babble,  
And clamour more unanswerable.

*Butler's Hudibras*

In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd,  
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;  
One speaks the glory of the British queen,  
And one describes a charming Indian screen.  
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes.  
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat  
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that

*Pope*

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,  
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear:  
In that the skill of conversation lies;  
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;  
But keen Zantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,  
Cant vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,  
O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse,  
But talking is not always to converse;  
Not more distinct from harmony divine,  
The constant creaking of a country sign.

*Courter's Conversation.*

But light and airy, stood on the alert,  
And shone in the best part of dialogue.  
By humouring always what they might assort,  
And listening to the topics most in vogue;  
Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert;  
And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!  
He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer—  
In short, there never was a better hearer.

*Byron.*

Nor did we fail to see within ourselves  
What need there is to be reserved in speech,  
And temper all our thoughts with charity.

*Wordsworth.*

And we talk'd—oh, how we talk'd! her voice so  
cadenc'd in the talking,  
Made another singing—of the soul! a music with-  
out bars—

While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming  
round where we were walking,

Brought interposition worthy—sweet,—as skies  
about the stars,

And she spake such good thoughts natural, as if  
she always thought them.

*Miss Barrett.*

Every one within the house

Loves to talk about thee;

What an alter'd place it were,

Beatrice, without thee.

*Mary Howitt.*

It may be glorious to write

Thoughts that shall glad the two or three

High souls, like those far stars that come in sight

Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak

One simple word, which now and then

Shall waken their free nature in the weak

And friendless sons of men.

*James Russell Lowell.*

Thy talk is the sweet extract of all speech,  
And holds mine ear in blissful slavery.

*Bailey's Festus.*

She spake,

And his love-wilder'd and idolatrous soul  
Clung to the airy music of her words,  
Like a bird on a bough, high swaying in the wind.

*Bailey's Festus.*

I cannot tell thee, hour by hour,

That I adore thee dearly;

I cannot talk of passion's power—

But oh! I feel sincerely!

*Mrs. Osgood.*

Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing

Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;

The good, the joy which it may bring

Eternity shall tell.

*David Bates.*

#### TASTE.—(See CRITICISM.)

#### TAXATION.

By heaven, I had rather coin my hoard,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? if  
Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a  
Blanket, or put the moon in his pocket,  
We will pay him tribute for light; else, sir,  
No more tribute.

*Shaks. Cymbeline.*

A moderation keep;  
Kings ought to shear, not skin their sheep.

*Herrick.*

The law takes measure of us all for clothes,  
Dicts us all, and in the sight of all,  
To keep us from all private leagues with wealth.

*Crown's Regulus.*

What is 't to us, if taxes rise or fall,  
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.  
Let muckworms who in dirty acres deal,  
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel,  
His grace who smarts, may bellow if he please,  
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?  
By custom safe, the poëts' numbers flow,  
Free as the light and air some years ago,  
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains  
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.  
Burthens like these will earthly buildings bear,  
No tributes laid on castles in the air.

*Churchill.*

TEACHER.—(See SCHOOL.)

## TEARS.

With that adown, out of her crystal eyne,  
Few trickling tears she softly forth let fall,  
That like two orient pearls did purely shine  
Upon her snowy cheek.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villany is not without such rheum;  
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

*Shaks. King John.*

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silently doth progress on thy cheeks.

*Shaks. King John.*

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I'have  
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns  
Worse than tears drown.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Friends, I owe more tears,  
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

Thy heart is big! get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

No, I'll not weep. Though I have full cause of  
weeping,  
This heart shall break into a thousand flaws,  
Or e'er I weep.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Patience and sorrow strove  
Which should express her goodliest. You have  
seen

Sun-shine and rain at once: those happy smiles  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Touch me with noble anger!  
O, let not woman's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks!

*Shaks. King Lear.*

My manly eyes did scorn an humbler tear;  
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with  
weeping.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt  
tears,  
Stained their aspects with sore childish drops.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me  
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

What I should say,  
My tears gainsay: for every word I speak,  
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:  
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge for me!

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Shake. Titus Andronicus.*

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;  
But I had not so much of man in me,  
But all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Command these fretting waters from your eyes,  
With a light heart.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea*

I am a fool,  
To weep at what I am glad of.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,  
About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,  
Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,  
And words suppress'd seem into tears dissolv'd,  
Wetting the borders of her silken veil.

*Milton's Samson Agonistes.*

Compassion quell'd  
His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
Apace, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

These thanks I pay you:  
And know that when Sebastian weeps, his tears  
Come harder than his blood.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Believe these tears, which from my wounded  
heart,  
Bleed at my eyes.

*Dryden's Spanish Friar.*

But these are tears of joy! to see you thus, has  
fill'd

My eyes with more delight than they can hold

*Congreve's Mourning Briar.*

By heav'ns, my love, thou dost distract my soul!  
There's not a tear that falls from those dear eyes,  
But makes my heart weep blood.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

I found her on the floor  
In all the storm of grief; yet beautiful!  
Sighing such a breath of sorrow, that her lips,  
Which late appear'd like buds, were now o'er-blown!

Pouring forth tears, at such a lavish rate,  
That were the world on fire, they might have drown'd  
The wrath of heaven, and quench'd the mighty ruin.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

I could perceive with joy, a silent shew'r  
Run down his silver beard.

*Lee's Junius Brutus.*

I weep, 'tis true; but Machiavel, I swear  
They're tears of vengeance; drops of liquid fire!  
So marble weeps, when flames surround the quarry,  
And the pil'd oaks spout forth such scalding bubbles,

Before the general blaze.

*Lee's Caesar Borgia.*

Stop, stop those tears, Monima! for they fall  
Like baneful dew from a distemper'd sky!  
I feel them chill me to the very heart.

*Olivay's Orphan.*

Thou weep'st: O stop that shower of falling sorrows,

Which melts me to the softness of a woman,  
And shakes my best resolves.

*Trap's Albramule.*

Down her cheeks flow'd the round drops:  
And as we see the sun shine thro' a show'r,  
So look'd her beauteous eyes,  
Casting forth light and tears together.

*Lansdown's Heroic Love.*

Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,  
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

From his big heart o'ercharg'd with generous sorrow;  
See the tide working upward to his eye,  
And stealing from him in large silent drops,  
Without his leave.

*Young's Busiris.*

Our funeral tears from different causes rise:  
Of various kinds they flow. From tender hearts,  
By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once,  
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.  
Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.  
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,  
Struck by the public eye, gush out again.

*Young.*

Her tears, like drops of molten lead,  
With torment burn the passage to my heart.

*Young's Busiris.*

Heav'n, that knows

The weakness of our natures, will forgive,  
Nay, must applaud love's debt, when decent paid:  
Nor can the bravest mortal blame the tear  
Which glitters on the bier of fallen worth.

*Shirley's Parricide.*

Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,  
Which suddenly took birth, but overweigh'd  
With its own weight, swelling, dropp'd upon her bosom,

Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd  
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.

*Shirley's Brothers.*

Hide not thy tears; weep boldly—and be proud  
To give the flowing virtue manly way:  
'T is nature's mark, to know an honest heart by.  
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt,  
In soft adoption of another's sorrow.

*Hill's Alzira.*

The eye that will not weep another's sorrow,  
Should boast no gentler brightness than the glare,  
That reddens in the eye-ball of the wolf.

*Mason's Elfrida.*

How, thro' her tears, with pale and trembling radiance,

The eye of beauty shines, and lights her sorrows!  
As rises o'er the storm some silver star,  
The seaman's hope, and promise of his safety.

*Francois's Eugenia.*

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,  
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears;  
Not tho' bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn;

Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn;  
Shine with such lustre as the tear, that flows  
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

*Darwin.*

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;  
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.

*Scott's Lady of the Lake.*

With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,  
And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.

*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

A child will weep a bramble's smart,  
A maid to see her sparrow part,  
A stripling for a woman's heart,  
But woe awaits a country, when  
She sees the tears of bearded men.

*Scott's Marmion.*

He turn'd away—his heart throb'd high,  
The tear was bursting from his eye.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

What gem hath drop'd, and sparkles o'er his  
chain?

The tear most sacred shed for others' pain,  
That starts at once — bright, pure — from pity's  
mine,  
Already polish'd by the hand divine.

*Byron's Corsair.*

Oh! too convincing — dangerously dear —  
In woman's eye th' unanswerable tear!  
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,  
To save, subdue — at once her spear and shield;  
Avoid it — virtue ebbs and wisdom errs,  
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!  
What lost a world, and made a hero fly?  
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.  
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,  
By this — how many lose not earth — but heaven!  
Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,  
And seal their own to spare a wanton's woe!

*Byron's Corsair.*

In a gushing stream  
The tears rush'd forth from her unclouded brain,  
Like mountain mists, at length dissolv'd in rain.

*Byron.*

I wish'd but for a single tear,  
As something welcome, new, and dear,  
I wish'd it then, I wish it still,  
Despair is stronger than my will.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Hide thy tears —  
I do not bid thee not to shed them — 't were  
Easier to stop Euphrates at its source  
Than one tear of a true and tender heart —  
But let me not behold them; they unman me.

*Byron's Surdanapalus.*

The tear that is shed, though in secret it roll,  
Shall long keep his memory green in my soul.

*Moore.*

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not  
More grief than ye can weep for.

*Miss Barrett.*

Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in his  
cot,  
The mother singing; at her marriage bell,  
The bride weeps; and before the oracle  
Of high-fam'd hills, the poet hath forgot  
The moisture on his cheeks.

*Miss Barrett.*

Commend the grace,  
Mourners who weep.

*Miss Barrett.*

Oh! those are tears of bitterness,  
Wrung from the breaking heart,  
When two, blest in their tenderness,  
Must learn to live apart!

*Miss Landon.*

Raise it to heaven, when thine eye fills with tears,  
For only in a watery sky appears  
The bow of light; and from the invisible skies  
Hope's glory shines not, save through weeping  
eyes.

*Mrs. F. A. Butler.*

Give our tears to the dead! For humanity's claim  
From its silence and darkness is ever the same;  
The hope of the world whose existence is bliss,  
May not stifle the tears of the mourners of this.

*Whittier.*

Yet thou, didst thou but know my fate,  
Wouldst melt, my tears to see;  
And I, methinks, would weep the less,  
Wouldst thou but weep with me.

*Percival.*

### TEMPER.—(See ANGER.)

### - TEMPEST.

Sudden they see from midst of all the main  
The surging waters like a mountain rise,  
And the great sea, puff'd up with proud disdain,  
To swell above the measure of his guise,  
As threat'ning to devour all that his power despise.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen*

The tyranny of th' open night's too rough  
For nature to endure.

*Shakespeare.*

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell, rage, and foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;  
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,  
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear wou'd  
couch,

The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will, take all.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou  
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulg'd crimes,  
Unwhipt of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand,  
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue,  
That art incestuous! Caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming,  
Hast practis'd on man's life! Close pont-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!  
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the  
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers to oak-clearing thunder-bolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking  
thunder,  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,  
That make ungrateful man.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness,  
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children,  
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall  
Your horrible displeasure; here I stand, your  
slave,

A poor, infirm, weak and despis'd old man.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night,  
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies  
Gallow the very wand'lers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves: since I was  
man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chiding billows seem to bolt the clouds;  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous  
main,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:  
I never did like molestation view  
On the enchafed flood.

*Shaks. Othello.*

I heard the wrack  
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself  
Was distant, and these flows, though mortals fear  
them,

As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heaven,

Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,  
Are to the main as inconsiderable,  
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
To man's less universe, and soon are gone.

*Milton's Paradise Regained*

Call you these peals of thunder but the yawn  
Of bellowing clouds? by Jove, they seem to me  
The world's last groans! and those vast sheets  
of flame

Are its last blaze! the tapers of the gods,  
The sun and moon, run down like waxen globes,  
And chaos is at hand.

*Lee's Oedipus.*

The gathering clouds like meeting armies  
Come on apace.

*Lee's Mithridates.*

'T is well, said Jove, and for consent,  
Thundering he shook the firmament.

*Parnell,*

Look, from the turbid south  
What floods of flame in red diffusion burst,  
Frequent and furious, darted thro' the dark  
And broken ridges of a thousand clouds,  
Pil'd hill on hill; and hark, the thunder rous'd,  
Groans in long roarings through the distant gloom.

*Mallet's Mustapha.*

'T is listening fear and dumb amazement all:  
When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;  
And following slower, in explosion vast,  
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;  
Till, in the furious elemental war  
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass  
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

A boding silence reigns,  
Dread, through the dun expanse; save the dull  
sound

That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.  
Prone, to the lowest vale, aerial tribes

Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce  
Darcs wing the dubious dusk. In awful gaze  
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
Cast a doploring eye; by man forsook,  
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought,  
And yet not always on the guilty head  
Descends the fated flash.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,  
And hurls the whole precipitated air,  
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main  
Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust  
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.  
Thro' the black night that sits immense around,  
Lash'd into foam, the fierce contending brine  
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;  
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook  
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,  
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Thro' all the burden'd air,  
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant  
sighs,  
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,  
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

In vain for him the officious wife prepares  
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!  
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,  
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all  
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;  
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din  
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights  
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Peace, peace—thou rash and unadvised man  
Oh! add not to this night of nature's horrors  
The darker shadowing of thy wicked fears.  
The hand of heaven, not man, is dealing with us,  
And thoughts like thine do make it deal thus  
sternly.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

The strife of fiends is on the battling clouds,  
The glare of hell is in these sulphurous lightnings;  
This is no earthly storm.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Of winds and waves, the strangely mingled sounds  
Ride heavily; the night-winds hollow sweep,  
Mocking the sounds of human lamentation.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

*Monk.*—How hast thou fared in this most awful  
time?

*Prior.*—As one whom fear did not make pitiless:  
I bow'd me at the cross for those whose heads  
Are naked to the visiting blasts of heav'n  
In this its hour of wrath.—

For the lone traveller on the hill of storms,  
For the toss'd shipman on the perilous deep;  
Till the last peal that thunder'd o'er mine head  
Did force a cry of—mercy for myself.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Storms, when I was young,  
Would still pass o'er like nature's fitful fevers,  
And render'd all more wholesome. Now their  
rage,

Sent thus unseasonably and profitless,  
Speaks like the threats of heaven.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

The night grows wond'rous dark: deep swelling  
gusts  
And sultry stillness take the rule by turn,  
Whilst o'er our heads the black and heavy clouds  
Roll slowly on. This surely bodes a storm.

*Joanna Baillie's Rayner.*

Ev'n o'er my head

The soft and misty-textur'd clouds seem chang'd  
To piles of harden'd rocks, which from their base,  
Like the upbreaking of a ruin'd world,  
Are hurl'd with force tremendous.

*Joanna Baillie's Rayner.*

He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky  
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on  
high!

Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,  
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!  
Wide waves his flickering sword, his bright arms  
glow

Like summer suns, and light the world below!  
Earth, and her trembling isles in ocean's bed,  
Are shook; and nature rocks beneath his tread!

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope*

'Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear  
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,  
And pause at times and feel that we are safe;  
Then listen to the perilous tale again,  
And with an eager and suspended soul  
Woo terror to delight us; but to hear  
The roaring of the raging elements,  
To know all human skill, all human strength,  
Avail not; to look round, and only see  
The mountain wave incumbent with its weight  
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark,—  
O God! this is indeed a dreadful thing!

*Southey*

The sky is changed! and such a change! oh night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!  
And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing on the earth!  
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's  
birth.

*"Byron's Childe Harold."*

#### The sky

Is overcast, and musters muttering thunder,  
In clouds that seem approaching fast, and show  
In forked flashes a commanding tempest.

*"Byron's Sardanapalus."*

Hark, hark! deep sounds, and deeper still,  
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:  
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,  
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:  
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

*"Byron's Heaven and Earth."*

The billows are leaping around it,  
The bark is weak and frail,  
The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it  
Darkly strew the gale.

*Shelley.*

I stood where the deepening tempest pass'd,  
The strong trees groan'd in the sounding blast,  
The murmuring deep—with its wrecks roll'd on;  
The clouds o'ershadow'd the mighty sun;  
The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,  
And hills to the thunder-peal replied;  
The lightning burst on its fearful way,  
While the heavens were lit in its red array.

*"Willis Gaylord Clark."*

The night came down in terror. Through the air  
Mountains of clouds, with lurid summits roll'd;  
The lightning kindling with its vivid glare  
Their outlines, as they rose, heap'd fold on fold,  
The wind, in fitful sighs, swept o'er the sea;  
And then a sudden lull, gentle as sleep,  
Soft as an infant's breathing, seem'd to be  
Lain, like enchantment, on the throbbing deep,  
But false the calm! for soon the strengthen'd gale  
Burst in one loud explosion, far and wide,  
Drawing the thunder's voice!

*Eves Sargent's Poems.*

#### TEMPERANCE.

#### TEMPERANCE.

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
Nor did I with unashamed forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility:  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.

*Shaks. As you like it*

Philosophy, religious solitude  
And labour wait on temperance; in these  
Desires are bounded: they instruct the mind's  
And body's action.

*Nabb's Microcosmus*

#### Health and liberty

Attend on these bare meals; if all were blest  
With such a temperance, what man would fawn,  
Or to his belly sell his liberty?

There would be then no slaves, no sycophants  
At great men's tables.

*May's Old Couple*

With riotous banquets, sicknesses came in,  
When death gan muster all his dismal band  
Of pale diseases.

*May's Old Couple*

From our tables here, no painful surfeits,  
No fed diseases grow, to strangle nature,  
And suffocate the active brain; no fevers,  
No apoplexies, palsies or catarrhs  
Are here; where nature, not entic'd at all  
With such a dang'rous bait as pleasant cates,  
Takes in no more than she can govern well.

*May's Old Couple.*

He, who the rules of temperance neglects,  
From a good cause may produce vile effects.

*Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours*

#### If thou well observe

The rule of—not too much,—by temperance  
taught

In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from  
thence

Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
'Till many years over thy head return:  
So may's thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop,  
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; in death mature

*Milton.*

O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health;  
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to  
rear

His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

*Milton's Samson Agonistes.*

If men will shun swoln fortune's ruinous blasts,  
Let them use temperance : nothing violent lasts.

*W. Strachey.*

Fatal effects of luxury and ease !  
We drink our poison, and we eat disease,  
Indulge our senscs at our reason's cost,  
Till sense is pain, and reason hurt or lost.  
Not so, O temperance bland ! when rul'd by  
thcc,  
The brute 's obedient, and the man is free.  
Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest,  
His veins not boiling from the midnight feast.  
Touch'd by Aurora's rosy hand, he wakes  
Peaceful and calm, and with the world partakes  
The joyful dawnings of returning day,  
For which their grateful thanks the whole creation  
pay,  
All bu the human brute : 't is he alone,  
Whose works of darkness fly the rising sun.  
'T is to thy rules, O temperance ! that we owe  
All pleasures, which from health and strength can  
flow ;  
Vigour of body, purity of mind,  
Unclouded reason, sentiments refin'd,  
Unmixt, untainted joys, without remorse,  
Th' intemperate sinner's never-failing curse.

*Mary Chandler.*

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,  
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,  
To make mankind to social virtue sour,  
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour ;  
For this the kitchen muse first fram'd her book,  
Commanding sweat to steam from ev'ry cook ;  
Children no more their antic gambols tried,  
And friends to physic wonder'd why they died.  
Not so the Yanke ; his abundant feast,  
With simples furnish'd, and with plainness dress'd,  
A numerous offspring gathers round his board,  
And cheers alike the servant and the lord ;  
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous  
taste,  
And health attends them from the short repast.

*Joel Barlow.*

Temperance in every place,—abroad, at home,  
Thence will applause, and hence will profit come ;  
And health from either he in time prepares  
For sickness, age, and their attendant cares.

*Crabbe.—The Borough.*

Beware the bowl ! though rich and bright  
Its rubies flash upon the sight,  
An adder coils its depths beneath,  
Whose lure is woe, whose sting is death.

*Street's Poems.*

### TEMPTATION.

But all in vain : no fort can be so strong,  
No fleshly breast can armed be so sound,  
But will at last be won with battery long,  
Or unawares at disadvantage found :  
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground :  
And who most trusts in arm of fleshly might,  
And boasts in beauty's chain not to be bound,  
Doth soonest fall in disadventurous fight,  
And yields his caitiff neck to victor's most despight.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

What ! do I love her,  
That I desire to speak to her again ?  
And feast upon her eyes ? what is't I dream on ?  
O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,  
With saints dost bait thy hook ! most dangerous  
Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
To sin, in loving virtue.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Look upon the very mother of mischief,  
Who as her daughters ripen, and do bud  
Their youthful spring, straight she instructs them  
how

To set a gloss on beauty, add a lustre  
To the defect of nature ; how to use  
The mystery of painting, curling, powd'ring,  
And with strange periwigs, pin-knots, borderings  
To deck them up like a winter's bush,  
For men to gaze at on a midsummer night.

*Suetnam the Woman-Hater.*

And these once learn'd, what wants the tempter  
now,

To snare the stoutest champion of men ?

*Suetnam the Woman-Hater.*

What a frail thing is man ! it is not worth  
Our glory to be chaste, while we deny  
Mirth and converse with women : He is good,  
That dares the tempter, yet corrects his blood.

*Shirley's Lady of Pleasure.*

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,  
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old ;  
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,  
And tempts by making rich, not making poor

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek  
To wear it ? who can curiously behold  
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,  
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old ?

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Could'st thou boast, oh child of weakness ?

O'er the sons of wrong and strife,

Were their strong temptations planted

In thy path of life ?

*Whittier's Poems*

And while in peace abiding  
Within a shelter'd home,  
We fee as sin and evil  
Could never, never come;  
But let the strong temptation rise,  
As whirlwinds sweep the sea —  
We find no strength to 'scape the wreck,  
Save, pitying God, in Thee!

*Mrs. Hale's Alice Ray.*

## THIEVES.

Thieves for their robbery have authority,  
When judges steal themselves.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that;  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house: you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

I'll example you with thievery,  
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,  
And her pale face she snatches from the sun;  
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,  
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolon  
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;  
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough  
power

Have uncheck'd theft.

*Shaks. Timon.*

Bankrupts, hold fast;  
Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters' throats; bound servants,  
steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
And pill by law.

*Shaks. Timon.*

Shun such as lounge through afternoons and eves,  
And on thy dial write — " Beware of thieves!"  
Felon of minutes, never taught to feel  
The worth of treasures which thy fingers steal;  
Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,  
But spare the right, — it holds my golden time!

*O. W. Holmes. — A Rhymed Lesson.*

## THOUGHT.

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sunbeams,  
Driving back shadows over lowering hills.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

Could we but keep our spirit to that height,  
We might be happy; but the clay will sink  
Its thoughts immortal.

*Byron*

Return, my thoughts, come home!  
Ye wild and wing'd! what do yo o'er the deep?  
And wherefore thus th' abyss of time o'ersweep  
As birds the ocean foam?

Oh, no! return ye not!

Still farther, loftier let your soarings be!  
Go, bring me strength from journeyings bright  
and free  
O'er many a haunted spot.  
Go, visit cell and shrine  
Whore woman has endur'd! — through wrong,  
through scorn,  
Unshar'd by fame — yet silently upborne  
By promptings more divine!

*Mrs. Hemans*

To me the meanest flower that plows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

*Wordsworth.*

Who can mistake great thoughts?  
They seize upon the mind; arrest, and search,  
And shake it; bow the tall soul as by the wind;  
Rush over it like rivers over reeds,  
Which quiver in the current; turn us cold,  
And pale, and voiceless; leaving in the brain  
A rocking and a ringing, — glorious,  
But momentary; madness might it last,  
And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Not a single path  
Of thought I tread, but that it leads to God.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of  
which

Men are, and ought to be, accountable.

*Bailey's Festus.*

— All the past of Time reveals  
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,  
Whenever Thought hath wedded Fact.

*Tennyson.*

We met, and we drank from the crystalline well,  
That flows from the fountains of science above;  
On the beauties of thought we would silently  
dwell,

Till we look'd — though we never were talking  
of love.

*Percival.*

All thoughts that mould the age, begin

Deep down within the primitive soul;

And from the many, slowly upward win

To one who grasps the whole.

*James Russell Lowell*

All thought begins in feeling,—wide  
In the great mass its base is hid,  
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,  
A moveless pyramid.

*James Russell Lowell.*

Many are the thoughts that come to me  
In my lonely musing;  
And they drift so strange and swift,  
There's no time for choosing  
Which to follow, for to leave  
Any, seems a losing.

*C. P. Cranch.*

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go!  
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,  
Or arrows from the archer's bow,  
To the far aim of your desire!  
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,  
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,  
Bearing like them your sacrifice  
Of music unto God!

*Whittier's Poems.*

The car without horses, the car without wings,  
Roars onward and flies  
On its pale iron edge,  
'Neath the heat of a thought sitting still in our  
eyes.

*Miss Barrett's Poems.*

As streams the lightning o'er a stormy sky,  
Thus Thought amid the tumult flashes forth!  
For mighty minds at rest too often lie,  
Like clouds in upper air, cold, calm and high,  
Till, tempest-toss'd and driven toward the earth,  
They meet the uprising mass,—and then is  
wrought

The burning thunderbolt of human Thought,  
That sends the living light of Truth abroad,  
And dashes down the towers of Force and Fraud,  
And awes the trembling world like oracle of  
God!

*Mrs. Hale.*

Thoughts fit and flutter through the mind,  
As o'er the waves the shifting wind;  
Trackless and traceless is their flight,  
As falling stars of yesternight,  
Or the old tide-marks on the shore,  
Which other tides have rippled o'er.

*Dr. Bourring.*

Stay, winged Thought! I fain would question thee!  
Though thy bright pinion is less palpable  
Than filmy gossamer, more swift in flight  
Than light's transmitted ray.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Human thought,  
Oh poet, lightly may take wondrous wings.  
Thy careless link binds words to travel far;  
And as thy sway of the world's heart, will be  
Thy reckoning with thy Maker.

*Willis.*

So truly, faithfully, my heart is thine,  
Dear Thought, that when I am debarr'd from  
thee,  
By the vain tumult of vain company;  
And when it seems to be the fix'd design  
Of heedless hearts, who never can incline  
Themselves to seek thy rich, though hidder  
charms,  
To keep me daily from thy outstretch'd arms—  
My soul sinks faint within me, and I pine  
As lover pines when from his love apart;  
For thou'rt the honour'd mistress of my heart,  
Pure, quiet, beautiful, beloved Thought!

*Caroline May.*

## THREATENING.

Hence,

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unchain thy head;  
Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

Hence, begone:—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I further shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

If thou more murmurrest, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Unband me, gentlemen:—

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you  
down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,  
If it be made of penetrable stuff;  
If damned custom hath not braz'd it so,  
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,  
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.

*Shaks. Othello.*

Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,  
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

I'll note you in my book of memory,  
To scourge you for this reprobation;  
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I.*

Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:  
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,  
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, evn the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Back to thy punishment,  
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,  
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
Thy ling'ring.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Do me justice,  
Or, by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood,  
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.

*Otway's Orphan.*

Oh! wert thou young again, I would put off  
My majesty to be more terrible;  
That like an angel I might strike this haro,  
Trembling on earth! shake thee to dust, and  
tear

Thy heart for this bold lie, thou feeble dotard.

*Lee's Alexander.*

Speak then, or I will tear thee limb from limb:  
Thou shalt be safe, if thou confess the truth;  
But if thou hide aught from me, I will rack thee,  
Till with thy horrid groans thou wake the dead:  
Or I will cut thee to anatomy,

And search through all thy veins to find it out.

*Lee's Caesar Borgia.*

Old as I am, and quench'd with scars and sorrows,  
Yet could I make this wither'd arm do wonders,  
And open in an enemy such wounds,  
Mercy would weep to look on.

*Rochester's Valentianian.*

Stand there, damn'd meddling villain, and be silent;  
For if thou utt'rest but a single word,  
A cough or hem, to cross me in my speech,  
I'll send thy cursed spirit from the earth,  
To bellow with the aarin'd!

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

### THIRST.

Till taught by pain,  
Men really know not what good water's worth  
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,  
Or with a famish'd boat's-crow had your berth,  
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,  
You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well.

*Byron*

The panting thirst, which scorches in the breath  
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,  
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave  
One drop— one last—to cool it for the grave.

*Byron's Lara.*

The incessant fever of that arid thirst  
Which welcomes as a well the clouds that burst  
Above their naked heads, and feels delight  
In the cold drenchings of the stormy night.

*Byron's Island.*

### TIME.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherin he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:  
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are  
devour'd  
As fast as they are made, forgotten as soon  
As done.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

I bring the truth to light, detect the ill;  
My native greatness scorneth bounded ways;  
Untimely power, a few days ruin will;  
Yea, worth itself falls, till I list to raise.  
The earth is mine; of earthly things the care  
I leave to men that, like them, earthly are.

*Lord Brooke's Mustapha.*

Even such is time, that takes on trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wander'd all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days!

*Sir W. Raleigh.*

Time is the feather'd thing,  
And, whilst I praise  
The sparkling of thy locks, and call them rays,  
Takes wing—  
Leaving behind him, as he flies,  
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

*Mayne.*

Old time will end our story;  
But no time, if we end well, will end our glory.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Sea Voyage.*

Time's minutes, whilst they're told,  
Do make us old;  
And every sand of his fleet glass,  
Increasing age as it doth pass,  
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,  
Where flowers and roses do appear.

*Mayne.*

Time flows from instants, and of these, each one  
Should be esteem'd, as if it were alone:  
The shortest space, which we so highly prize  
When it is coming, and before our eyes,  
Let it but slide into th' eternal main,  
No realms, no worlds can purchase it again:  
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,  
When winged time, which fix'd the prints, is past.

*Sir John Beaumont.*

Time lays his hand  
On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite  
What all the fond artificers did think  
Immortal workmanship; he sends his worms  
To books, to old records, and they devour  
Th' inscriptions. He loves ingratitude,  
For he destroys the memory of man.

*Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

Our time consumes like smoke, and posts away;  
Nor can we treasure up a month or day.  
The sand within the transitory glass  
Doth haste, and so our silent minutes pass.

*Watkyns.*

Desire not to live long, but to live well;  
How long we live, not years, but actions tell.

*Watkyns.*

Time, the prime minister of death,  
There's nought can bribe his honest will;  
He stops the richest tyrant's breath,  
And lays his mischief still.

*Marvel.*

Time wears all his locks behind;  
Take thou hold upon his forehead;  
When he flies, he turns no more,  
And behind his scalp is naked.  
Works adjourn'd have many stays:  
Long demurs breed new delays.

*Robert Southwell.*

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
Call on the lazy leaden stepping hours,  
Where speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;  
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
And merely mortal dross.

*Milton.*

The greatest schemes that human wit can forge,  
Or bold ambition dares to put in practice,  
Depend upon our husbanding a moment.

*Rowe.*

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,  
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,▲  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours;  
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.  
It is the signal that demands despatch:  
How much is to be done!

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor  
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay  
No moment but in purchase of its worth;  
And what it's worth ask death-beds; they can  
tell.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,  
And seems to creep decrepit with his age;  
Behold him when past by: what then is seen,  
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?  
And all mankind in contradiction strong,  
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The day in hand,  
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going,  
Scarce now possess'd—so suddenly 't is gone.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Time, which all things else removes,  
Still heightens virtue and improves.

*Gay.*

Time hurries on,  
With a resistless, unremitting stream,  
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,  
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,  
And carries off his prize.

*Blair's Grave.*

What does not fade? the tower, that long had stood  
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,  
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer, time,  
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,  
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,  
Descend; the Babylonian spires are sunk;  
Achaea, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.  
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,  
And tottering empires crush by their own weight.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,  
Unsoil'd and swift, and of a silken sound.

*Couper's Task.*

Still on it creeps,  
Each little moment at another's heels,  
Till hours, days, years, and ages are made up  
Of such small parts as these, and men look back  
Worn and bewilder'd, wondering how it is.  
Thou travallest like a ship in the wide ocean,  
Which hath no bounding shore to mark its progress.

*Joanna Baillie's Rayner.*

Yes, gentle time, thy gradual, healing hand  
Hath stolen from sorrow's grasp the envenom'd  
dart;

Submitting to thy skill, my passive heart  
Feels that no grief can thy soft power withstand;  
And though my aching breast still heaves the sigh,  
Though oft the tear swells silent in mine eye;  
Yet the keen pang, the agony is gone;  
Sorrow and I shall part; and those faint throbs  
Are but the remnant of severer woes.

*Mrs. Tighe.*

The beautifier of the dead,

Adorner of the ruin, comforter  
And only healer when the heart hath bled—  
Time! the corrector when our judgments err,  
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,  
For all beside are sophists.

*Byron.*

"Where is the world," cries Young, "at eighty?  
Where

The world in which a man was born?" Alas!  
Where is the world of eight years past? 'Twas  
there—

I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass!  
Crack'd, shiver'd, vanish'd, scarcely gazed on ere  
A silent change dissolves the glittering mass.  
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,  
And dandies, all are gone on the wind's wings.

*Byron.*

On! on! our moments hurry by,  
Like shadows of a passing cloud,  
Till general darkness wraps the sky,  
~~And man sleeps senseless in his shroud.~~  
He sports, he trifles time away,  
Till time is his to waste no more:  
Headless he hears the surges play;  
And then is dash'd upon the shore  
He has no thought of coming days,  
Though they alone deserve his thought,  
And so the headless wanderer strays,  
And treasures nought and gathers nought.  
Though wisdom speak—his ear is dull;  
Though virtue smile—he sees her not;  
His cup of vanity is full;  
And all besides foregone—forgot.

*Bowring.*

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,  
Who danc'd our infancy upon their knee,  
And told our marvelling boyhood legend's store,  
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,  
How are they blotted from the things that be!  
How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,  
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,  
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,  
To sweep them from our sight

*Scott.*

O time, that over with resistless wing  
Cuts off our joys and shortens all our pain,  
Thou great destroyer that doth always bring  
Relief to man—all bow beneath thy reign;  
Nations before thee fall, and the grim king  
Of death and terror follows in thy train!

*Anon.*

Time past, and time to come, are not—  
Time present is our only lot;  
O God, henceforth our hearts incline  
To seek no other love than thine!

*Montgomery.*

Touch us gently, Time!  
Let us glide adown thy stream  
Gently—as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream!

*Bryan W. Proctor.*

Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all  
That speeds thy winged foot so fast;  
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,  
And all thy pains are quickly past.

*Bryant's Poems.*

Art is long and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

*Longfellow's Psalm of Life.*

There is no charm in time as time, nor good:  
The long days are no happier than the short ones.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Time! Time! in thy triumphal flight  
How all life's phantom's fleet away!  
The smile of hope and young delight,  
Fame's meteor beam, and fancy's ray;  
They fade; and on the heaving tide,  
Rolling its stormy waves afar,  
Are borne the wreck of human pride,  
The brok'n wreck of Fortune's war.

*James G. Brooks.*

Romorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe—what power  
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt  
His iron heart with pity!

*George D. Prentice.*

Time  
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,  
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind  
His rushing pinion.

*George D. Prentice.*

The hours are viewless angels,  
That still go gliding by,  
And bear each minute's record up  
To Him who sits on high.

*C. P. Cranch.*

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,  
The only righteous judge art thou!

*Thomas W. Parsons.*

Oh! never chide the wing of time,  
Or say 'tis tardy in its flight;  
You'll find the days speed quick enough,  
If you but husband them aright.

*Miss Cook.*

Time is indeed a precious boon,  
But with the boon a task is given;  
The heart must learn its duty well  
To man on earth and God in heaven.

*Miss Cook.*

Not wholly can the heart unlearn  
The lesson of its better hours,  
Nor yet has Time's dull footstep worn  
To common dust the path of flowers.

*Whittier.*

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,  
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?

*Whittier's Poems.*

Ah, sigh not, love, to mark the trace  
Of Time's unsparing wand!  
It was not manhood's outward grace,  
No charm of faultless form or face,  
That won my heart and hand.

*William Pitt Palmer.*

### TIMIDITY.—(See MODESTY.)

### TITLES.

Titles of honour add not to his worth,  
Who is an honour to his title.

*Ford's Lady's Trial.*

Man—is name of honour for a king;  
Additions take away from each chief thing.

*Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois.*

All transitory titles I detest,  
A virtuous life I mean to boast alone:  
Our birth 's our sires', our virtues be our own.

*Drayton's Legend of Matilda.*

I look down upon him  
With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave;  
He 's a name only, and all good in him  
He must derive from his great-grandsire's ashes:  
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd  
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead—  
This is a lord—he had liv'd unobserv'd  
By any man of mark, and died as one  
Amongst the common rout.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Brush off

This honour'd dust that soils your company;  
This thing whom nature carelessly obtruded  
Upon the world to teach that pride and folly  
Make titular greatness the envy but  
Of fools—the wise man's pity.

*Habington's Queen of Arragon.*

I learn'd to admire goodness; that  
Gives the distinction to men; without  
This, I behold them but as pictures, which  
Are flourish'd with a pencil, to supply  
The absence of inward worth, their titles  
Like landscapes gracing them only far off.

*Sir W. Davenant's Siege.*

A fool, indeed, has great need of a title,  
It teaches men to call him count and duke,  
And to forget his proper name of fool.

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward,  
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft  
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and  
Sycophants. *Rowe's Jane Shore.*

With their authors in oblivion sunk  
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft  
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.

*Thomson*

The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd, for a' that.

*Burns.*

Our God has said

That He will reign on earth! and it is here.  
His empire will begin; and send its light  
Through the dark labyrinths of human pride,  
Showing oppression's hideousness;—the chains  
That bind old Europe to the bigots' car,  
Keeping her nobles slaves to sense and sin;  
Till lords shall feel their titles are a scoff,  
Blotting man's dignity, and throw them by,  
Like gaudes whose tinsel fashion has decay'd,  
—And put on the true gold of worthiness,  
And learn their duty from the people's voice,  
And yield their homage to the God of heaven!  
This time will come;—but first the trial comes.

*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor*

### TOKEN.

She so loves the token,  
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss and talk to.

*Shaks. Othello*

This is some token from a newer friend.

*Shaks. Othello*

Accept of this; and could I add beside  
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;  
If all the gems in Eastern rocks were mine,  
On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.

Lyttleton.

All the token flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well.

Byron.

All my offering must be  
Truth, and spotless constancy.

Miss Landon.

I send this flower to one made up  
Of loveliness alone;  
A woman of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon;  
O would that on the earth there mov'd  
Others of such a frame,  
That life might be all poetry,  
And weariness a name.

Edward C. Pinckney.

O! what tender thoughts beneath  
Those silent flowers are lying,  
Hid within the mystic wreath,  
My love hath kiss'd in tying!

Moore.

I form'd for thee a small bouquet,  
A keepsake near thy heart to lay,  
Because 't is there, I know full well,  
That charity and kindness dwell.

Miss Gould.

I look upon the fading flowers  
Thou gav'st me, lady, in thy mirth,  
And mourn that with the perishing hours  
Such fair things perish from the earth;  
For this I know the moment's feeling  
Its own light web of life unweaves,  
The dearest trace from memory stealing,  
Like perfume from the dying leaves;—  
The thought that gave it, and the flower,  
Alike the creatures of an hour.

Willis.

Thou may'st live to bless the giver,  
Who, himself but frail and weak,  
Would at least the highest welfare  
Of another seek.  
And his gift, though poor and lowly  
It may seem to other eyes,  
Yet may prove an angel holy  
In a pilgrim's guise.

Whittier.

## TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry:  
'n what far country does this morrow lie,  
That 't is so mighty long ere it arrive?  
Revond the Indies does this morrow live?

'T is so far-fetch'd this morrow, that I fear  
'T will be both very old and very dear.  
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say;  
To-day itself's too late; the wise liv'd yesterday.

Martial.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.

Shaks. Macbeth.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;  
That is not ours, which is to come.  
The present moment's all our store:  
The next, should heaven allow,  
Then this will be no more:  
So all our life is but one instant now.

Congreve.

Arrest the present moments;  
For be assur'd they are all arrant tell-tales;  
And though their flight be silent, and their path  
trackless  
As the wing'd couriers of the air,  
They post to heaven, and thore record their folly—  
Because, tho' station'd on the important watch,  
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,  
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimprov'd.  
And know, for that thou slumber'st on the guard,  
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar  
For every fugitive: and when thou thus  
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal  
Of hood-wink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit?  
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,  
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;  
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more  
precious  
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.  
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like  
The good old patriarch upon record,  
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

Cotton.

To-morrow's action? can that hoary wisdom,  
Borne down with years, still doat upon to-morrow?  
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,  
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose  
An useless life in wishing for to-morrow,  
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!  
Strange that this general fraud from day to day  
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.  
The soldier lab'ring through a winter's march,  
Still sees to-morrow dress'd in robes of triumph;  
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms,  
To-morrow brings the visionary bride;  
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,  
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

Dr. Johnson's Irene

To-morrow, didst thou say ?

Methought I heard Horatio say, to-morrow.  
Go to—I will not hear of it—to-morrow!  
'T is a sharper that stakes his penury  
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,  
And pays thee naught but wishes, hopes, and  
promises,  
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,  
That gulls the easy creditor! to-morrow!  
It is a period nowhere to be found  
In all the hoary registers of time,  
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.  
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society  
With those that own it. No, my Horatio,  
'T is fancy's child, and folly is its father:  
Wrought on such stuff as dreams are; and baseless  
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

*Cotton.*

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise,  
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn ?  
Where is to-morrow? In another world.  
For numbers this is certain; the reverse  
Is sure to none; and yet on this "perhaps,"  
This "peradventure," infamous for lies,  
As on a rock of adamant we build  
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes  
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,  
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

A broad in the world, like a shadow

I pass, and am pass'd in my turn;  
We're civil to-day—does it matter,  
To-morrow, who's civil or stern?

*Miss Jewsbury.*

I have friends—and they vow that they love me,  
Far better than praise, or than self—  
I trust them to-day; and to-morrow  
I leave to take care of itself.

*Miss Jewsbury.*

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,

As we bear blossoms of the dead:  
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed  
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

*Tennyson.*

Thoughts that frown upon our mirth  
Will smile upon our sorrow,  
And many dark fears of to-day  
May be bright hopes to-morrow.

*Pinckney.*

### TORTURE.

Wire-draw his skin, spin all his nerves like hair,  
And work his tortur'd flesh as thin as flame.

*Lee's Constantine.*

Bring forth the rack:

Fetch hither cords, and knivcs, and sulphurous  
flames!

He shall be bound and gash'd, his skin fleec'd off,  
and burnt alive:

He shall be hours, days, years, a-dying.

*Lee's Oedipus.*

Thou shalt behold him stretch'd in all the agonies  
Of a tormenting and shameful death!

His bleeding bowels, and his broken limbs,  
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain.

*Otway's Venice Preserved*

To-morrow—yea, to-morrow's evening sun  
Will sinking see impalment's pangs begun,  
And rising with the wonted blush of morn,  
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.  
Of torments this the longest and the worst,  
Which adds all other agony to thirst,  
That day by day death still forbears to slake,  
While famish'd vultures fit around the stake.

*Byron's Corsair*

### TRANSPORT.—(See ECSTASY.)

### TRAVELLER. TRAVELLING.

He did request me to importune you,  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his age,  
In having known no travel in his youth.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

I have consider'd well his loss of time;  
And how he cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world;  
Experience is by industry achiev'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by their late voyage, is but merely  
A fit or two o' th' face.

*Shaks. Henry VIII*

This is a traveller, sir; knows men and  
Manners, and has plough'd up the sea so far  
Till both the poles have knock'd; has seen the sun  
Take coach, and can distinguish the colour  
Of his horses, and their kinds.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady*

He returns, his travel spent.

Less knowing of himself than when he went  
Who knowledge hunt, kept under foreign locks,  
May bring home wit to hold a paradox;  
Yet be fools still.

*Bishop King*

His travel has not stopp'd him  
 As you suppose, nor alter'd any freedom,  
 But made him far more clear and excellent:  
 It drains the grossness of the understanding,  
 And renders active and industrious spirits:  
 He that knows men's manners, must of necessity  
 Best know his own, and mend those by examples:  
 'T is a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse,  
 Still in the place he was born in, round and blinded.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth.*

He foreign countries knew, but they were known  
 Not for themselves, but to advance his own.

*Lluellin.*

Those travell'd youths, whom tender mothers  
 wean,  
 And send abroad to see, and to be seen;  
 With whom, lest they should lose their way, or  
 worse,  
 A tutor's sent, by way of a dry-nurse;  
 Each of whom just enough of spirit bears  
 To show our follies, and to bring home theirs,  
 Have made all Europe's vices so well known,  
 They seem almost as nat'r al as our own.

*Churchill.*

Me other cares in other climes engage,  
 Cares that become my birth, and suit my age:  
 In various knowledge to instruct my youth,  
 And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;  
 By foreign arts, domestic faults to mend,  
 Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;  
 The useful science of the world to know,  
 Which books can never teach, nor pedants show.

*Lord Lyttleton.*

Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,  
 And marvel men should quit their easy chair,  
 The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace;  
 Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,  
 And life, that bloated ease can never hope to  
 share.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

She had resolv'd that he should travel through  
 All European climes, by land or sea,  
 To mend his former morals, and get new,  
 Especially in France and Italy,  
 (At least this is the thing most people do.)

*Byron.*

I can't but say it is an awkward sight  
 To see one's native land receding through  
 The growing waters; it unmans one quite  
 Especially when life is rather new.

*Byron.*

Returning he proclaims by many a grace,  
 By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,  
 How much a dunce that has been sent to roam;  
 Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.

*Couper's Progress of Error.*

With rev'rend tutor clad in habit lay,  
 To tease for cash, and quarrel with all day;  
 With memorandum-book for ev'ry town,  
 And ev'ry post, and where the chaise broke down;  
 His stock, a few French phrases got by heart,  
 With much to learn, but nothing to impart.  
 The youth, obedient to his sire's commands,  
 Sets off a wand'r or into foreign lands.  
 Surpris'd at all they meet, the gosling pair,  
 With awkward gait, stretch'd neck, and silly stare,  
 Discover huge cathedrals built with stone,  
 And steeples tow'ring high much like our own;  
 But show peculiar light, by many a grin  
 At popish practices observ'd within.

*Couper's Progress of Error.*

I travel all the irksome night,  
 By ways to me unknown;  
 I travel, like a bird of flight,  
 Onward, and all alone.

*James Montgomery.*

Joy! the lost one is restor'd!  
 Sunshine comes to hearth and board.  
 From the far-off countries old,  
 Of the diamond and red gold,  
 From the dusky archer bands,  
 Roamers of the desert sands,  
 He hath reach'd his home again.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Where'er thou journeyest, or whate er thy care,  
 My heart shall follow and my spirit share.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

## TREASON.

Treason is but trusted like the fox:  
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,  
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
 Alack, what mischief might be set abroad,  
 In shadow of such greatness!

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?  
 Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend  
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
 Thou wear'st a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Shaks. King John.*

Thus do all traitors;  
 If their purgation did consist in words,  
 They are as innocent as grace itself.

*Shaks. As you like it*

He has betray'd your business, and given up,  
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,  
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

I protest,  
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,  
Despite thy victor-sword, and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valour, and thy heart, — thou art a traitor:  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;  
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;  
And from th' extremest upward of thy head,  
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,  
A most toad-spotted traitor.

*Shaks. King Lear.*

I tell ye all,  
I am your better, traitors as ye are; —  
And thou usurp'st my father's rights and mine.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Talk'st thou to me of ifs? thou art a traitor: —  
Off with his head: — now, by Saint Paul, I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Treason and murder ever kept together,  
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose:  
Working so grossly in a natural cause,  
That admiration did not whoop at them.  
But thou 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
Wonder to wait on treason, and on murthor;  
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,  
That wrought upon thee so prepost'rously,  
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep,  
And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part II.*

Were my breast  
Transparent, and my thoughts to be discern'd,  
Not one spot should be found to taint the candour  
Of my allegiance. And I must be bold  
To tell you, sir, for he that knows no guilt  
Can know no fear, 't is tyranny t' o'ercharge  
An honest man, and such till now I've liv'd,  
And such, my lord, will die.

*Massinger's Great Duke of Florence.*

The man, who pauses on the paths of treason,  
Halts on a quicksand,—the first step engulphs him.

*Hill's Henry V.*

He therefore wisely cast about,  
All ways he could, t' ensure his throat,  
And hither came, t' observe and smoke  
What courses other riskers took;  
And to the utmost do his best  
To save himself, and hang the rest.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,  
When none can sin against the people's will  
Where crowds can wink and no offence be known,  
Since in another's guilt they find their own.

*Dryden.*

Is there not some chosen curse,  
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n  
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,  
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

*Addison's Cato.*

He who contends for freedom,  
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe:  
No, 't is the wretch who tempts him to subvert it,  
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,  
Who best deserves that name.

*Thomson's Edward and Eleanora.*

It is the curse of treachery like mine,  
To be most hated, where it most has serv'd.

*Havard's Regulus.*

The man who rises on his country's ruin,  
Lives in a crowd of foes, himself the chief:  
In vain his power, in vain his pomp and pleasure!  
His guilty thoughts, those tyrants of the soul,  
Steal in unseen, and stab him in his triumph.

*Martyn's Timoleon.*

By heav'n, there's treason in his aspect!  
That cheerless gloom, those eyes that pore on  
earth,  
That bended body, and those folded arms,  
Are indications of a tortur'd mind,  
And blazon equal villainy and shame.

*Shirley's Edward the Black Prince.*

For know that treason,  
And prostituted faith, like strumpets vile,  
The slaves of appetite, when lust is sated—  
Are turn'd adrift to dwell with infamy,  
By those that us'd them.

*Brown's Athelstan*

Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,  
The future miseries that await th' apostate.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of might!

*Moore*

His country's curse, his children's shame,  
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame.

*Moore.*

Treason does never prosper; what's the reason?  
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

*Anon.*

'Tis he — 'tis he — I know him now,  
I know him by his pallid brow;  
I know him by the evil eye  
That aids his envious treachery.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Lies it within

The bounds of possible things, that I should link  
My name to that word — *traitor?*

*Mrs. Hemans.*

At last I know thee — and my soul  
From all thy arts set free,  
Abjures the cold consummate art  
Shrin'd as a soul in thee,  
Priestess of falsehood — deeply learn'd  
In all heart-treachery!

*Sara J. Clarke.*

### TRIUMPH.—(See VICTORY.)

### TRUTH.

The seat of truth, is in our secret hearts,  
Not in the tongue, which falsehood oft imparts.

*Brandon's Octavia.*

This is all true as it is strange:  
Nay, it is ten-times true; for truth is truth  
To the end of reckoning.

*Shaks. Mea. for Mea.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

This above all, to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

The truth you speak, doth lack some gentleness,  
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

He is an adorer of chaste truth,  
And speaks religiously of ev'ry man:  
He will not trust obscure traditions,  
Or faith implicit, but concludes of things  
Within his own clear knowledge: what he says  
You may believe, and pawn your soul upon't.

*Shirley's Example.*

The dignity of truth is lost  
With much protesting.

*Jonson's Catiline.*

Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,  
Through which her orient hair waves to her waist,  
By which believing mortals hold her fast,  
And in those golden cords are carried even  
Till with her breath she blows them up to heaven.  
She wears a robe enrich'd with eagles' eyes,  
To signify her sight in mysteries;  
Upon each shoulder sits a milk-white dove,  
And at her feet do wily serpents move:  
Her spacious arms do reach from east to west,  
And you may see her heart shine through her  
breast:

Her right hand holds a sun with burning rays,  
Her left a curious bunch of golden keys;  
With which heav'n's gates she locketh, and dis-  
plays,

A crystal mirror hanging at her breast,  
By which men's consciences are search'd and  
drest:

On her coach-wheels hypocrisy lies rack'd,  
And squint-oy'd slander, with vain glory back'd;  
Her bright eyes burn to dust; in which shines fate:  
An angel ushers her triumphant gait;  
Whilst her fingers fans of stars she twists,  
And with them beats back error, clad in mists:  
Eternal unity behind her shines;

That fire, and water, earth and air combines.  
Her voice is like a trumpet, loud and shrill;

Which bids all sounds in earth, and heav'n be still.

*Jonson's Masques.*

'Twixt truth and error, there is this diff'rence  
known,  
Error is fruitful, truth is only one.

*Herrick*

Vice for a time may shine, and virtue sigh;  
But truth, like heav'n's sun, plainly doth reveal,  
And scourge or crown, what darkness did conceal.

*Davenport's City Night-Cap.*

Oh truth,  
Thou art, whilst tenant in a noble breast,  
A crown of crystal in an iv'y chest!

*Davenport's King John and Matilda.*

Yet all of us hold this for true,  
No faith is to the wicked due;  
For truth is precious and divine,  
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,  
And claims attention to perceive it right;  
But what resembles truth is soon desp'ry'd,  
Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide.

*Pomfret*

What mark does truth, what bright distinction  
bear?

How do we know that what we know is true?  
How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?

*Pomfret.*

'T is not enough your counsel shall be true;  
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.  
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,  
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.  
Without good breeding, truth is disapprov'd;  
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

*Pope.*

Truth needs no flowers of speech.

*Pope.*

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,  
Men will believe, because they love the lie;  
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,  
Must have some solemn proofs to pass her down.

*Churchill.*

Truth! why shall ev'ry wretch of letters  
Dare to speak truth against his betters!  
Let ragged virtue stand aloof,  
Nor mutter accents of reproof;  
Let ragged wit a mute become,  
When wealth and power would have her dumb.

*Churchill.*

All truth is precious, if not all divine,  
And what dilates the pow'rs must needs refine.

*Cowper.*

The sages say, dame truth delights to dwell,  
Strange mansion! in the bottom of a well.  
Quicstions are, then, the windlass and the rope  
That pull the grave old gentlewoman up.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

What is truth? — a staff rejected.

*Wordsworth.*

It is a weary and a bitter task  
Back from the lip the burning word to keep,  
And to shut out heaven's air with falsehood's mask,  
And in the dark urn of the soul to heap  
Indignant feelings — making e'en of thought  
A buried treasure.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Verily there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of  
truth is not in it.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

When we have hop'd, sought, striven, lost our aim,  
Then the truth fronts us, beaming out of darkness,  
Like a white brow through its o'ershadowing hair.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Truth crush'd to earth shall rise again

The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

*Bryant's Poems.*

No soul can soar too loftily whose aim  
Is God-given Truth and brother love of man.

*J. Bayard Taylor.*

— The grave's dark portal

Soon shuts this world of shadows from the view;  
Then shall we grasp realities immortal,  
If to the truth within us we are true.

*Mrs. Embury.*

Ask me not why I should love her; —

Look upon those soul-full eyes!  
Look while mirth or feeling move her,  
And see there how sweetly rise  
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast  
Which is of innocence the nest —  
Which, though each joy were from it shred,  
By truth would still be tenanted!

*Hoffman's Poems.*

## TWILIGHT.

I love thee, twilight! for thy gleams impart  
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,  
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind  
Awakens all the music of the mind,  
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,  
And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns.

*Montgomery's World before the Flood.*

It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard;  
It is the hour when lovers' vows  
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;  
And gentle winds, and waters near,  
Make music to the lonely car.

*Byron.*

The lady and her lover, left alone,  
The rosy flood of twilight's sky admired :—  
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,  
That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee.

*Byron.*

'T was twilight, for the sunless day went down  
Over the waste of waters like a veil  
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown  
Of one who hates us.

*Byron*

How fine to view the sun's departing ray  
Fling back a lingering lovely after-day;  
The moon of summer glides serenely by,  
And sheds a light enchantment o'er the sky.

These, sweetly mingling, pour upon the sight  
A pencil'd shadowing, and a dewy light—  
A softened day, a half-unconscious night.  
Alas! too finely pure on earth to stay,  
It faintly spots the hill, and dies away.

*Anon.*

The tender Twilight with a crimson cheek  
Leans on the breast of Evening.  
How tenderly the trembling light yet plays  
On the far-waving foliage! day's last blush  
Still lingers on the billowy waste of leaves  
With a strange beauty — Like the yellow flush  
That haunts the ocean when the day goes by.

*Isaac McLellan.*

And while the rich tranquillity we view,  
Hope's sweetest promises again renew,  
As if the Twilight Angel hover'd there,  
To waft from nature's rest a balm for care.

*H. T. Tuckerman.*

### TYRANNY. TYRANTS.

I know him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years.

*Shaks. Pericles.*

For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;  
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help  
him;  
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,  
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility  
Held in contempt; while great promotions  
Are daily given to ennable those  
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a  
noble.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

And many an old man's sigh, and many a  
widow's,  
And many an orphan's water-standing eye —  
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,  
And orphans for their parents' timeless death, —  
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice; till now myself, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and  
breath'd  
Our sufferance vainly.

*Shaks. Timon.*

Some more and less have given him the revolt;  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Then live to be the show and gaze o' the time;  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole; and under-writ  
*Here may you see the tyrant.*

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

He would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and  
Disproportion'd their freedoms; holding them,  
In human action and capacity,  
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war; who have their provant  
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;  
Which in his dearest need, will fly from him.

*Shakespeare.*

Why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf;  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Tyrants' arts,  
Are to give flatterers grace; accusers, pow'r;  
That those may seem to kill, whom they devour.

*Jonson's Sejanus.*

Th' aspirer once attain'd unto the top,  
Cuts off those means by which himself got up:  
And with a harder hand, and straiter rein,  
Doth curb that looseness he did find before;  
Doubting th' occasion like might serve again:  
His own example makes him fear the more.

*Daniel's Civil War.*

Tyrants! why swell you thus against your  
makers?  
Is rais'd equality so soon grown wild?  
Dare you deprive your people of succession,  
Which thrones, and sceptres, on their freedoms  
build?

Have fear, or love, in greatness no impression?  
Since people who did raise you to the crown,  
Are ladders standing still to let you down.

*Lord Brooke's Mustapha.*

Tyrants seldom die  
Of a dry death; it waiteth at their gate,  
Drest in the colour of their robes of state.

*Alleyne's Henry VII.*

Fear no stain;  
A tyrant's blood doth wash the hand that spills it.

*Cartwright's Sieg'.*

'Twixt kings and tyrants there's this diff'rence  
known,  
Kings seek their subjects' good, tyrants their own.

*Herrick.*

All the ambitious for the throne would fight,  
For where none has the title, all have right:  
Thus whilst we cast a bloody tyrant down  
By blood, we raise another to the crown.

*Earl of Orrery's Tryphon.*

While glorious murderers  
Destroy mankind, to form a tyranny,  
We'll destroy tyranny, to form mankind.

*Crown's Darius.*

Tyranny, that savage, brutal power,  
Which not protects, but still devours mankind.

*Denham's Sophy.*

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

When force invades the gift of nature, life,  
The eldest law of nature bids defend:  
And if, in that defence, a tyrant fall,  
His death's his crime, not ours.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,  
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,  
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,  
And hurry'd me from hopes of heav'n to hell!  
All those, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,  
When I shall rise to plead before the skies,  
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Tyrant! it irks me so to call my prince;  
But just resentment, and hard usage join'd  
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is,  
Take it, for 't is thy due.

*Dryden's Don Sebastian.*

Yes, a most notorious villain;  
To see the sufferings of my fellow-creatures,  
And own myself a man: to see our senators  
Cheat the deluded people with a show  
Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.  
They say, by them our hands are free from fetters;  
Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;  
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow;  
Drive us like wrecks down the rough tide of  
power,  
Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction:  
All that bear this are villains, and I one,  
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,  
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,  
That make us slaves, and tell us 't is our charter.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us:  
The laws, corrupted to their ends that make them,  
Serve but for instruments of some new tyranny,  
That every day starts up t' enslave us deeper.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain;  
The widow's cries address the throne in vain.  
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file,  
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.

*Prior's Soloman.*

That foe to justice, corner of all law;  
That beast, which thinks mankind are born for  
one,

And made by heaven to be a monster's prey;  
That heaviest curse of groaning nations, tyranny.

*Rowe's Lady Jane Grey.*

What, alas! is arbitrary rule?  
He's far the greater and the happier monarch  
Whose power is bounded by coercive laws,  
Since, while they limit, they preserve his empire.

*Trap's Abramule.*

I am told, thou call'st thyself a king.  
Know, if thou art one, that the poor have rights:  
And power, in all its pride, is less than justice.

*Hill's Merope.*

Yet I must tell thee, it would better suit  
A fierce despotic chief of barbarous slaves,  
Than the calm dignity of one who sits  
In the grave senate of a free republic,  
To talk so high, and as it were to thrust  
Plebeians from the native rights of man.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

It is a vain attempt  
To bind th' ambitious and unjust by treaties:  
These they elude a thousand specious ways;  
Or, if they cannot find a fair pretext,  
They blush not in the face of heaven to break them.

*Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Oh! is there not  
A time, a righteous time, reserv'd in fate,  
When these oppressors of mankind shall feel  
The miseries they give; and blindly fight  
For their own fetters too?

*Thomson's Sophonisba.*

Come! by whatever sacred name disgus'd,  
Oppression, come! and in thy works rejoice!  
See nature's richest plains to putrid fens  
Turn'd by thy fury. From their cheerful bounds  
See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.  
First rural toil, by thy rapacious hand  
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough,  
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe.  
'Tis thine entire.

*Thomson's Liberty.*

When those whom heav'n distinguishes o'er mil-  
lions,  
Profusely gives them honours, riches, power,  
Whato'er th' expanded heart can wish; when they,  
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,  
Or, worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin;  
Is there a wretch they rule so mean as they!  
Guilty at once, of sacrilege to heaven,  
And of perfidious robbery to man.

*Mallet and Thomson's Alfred.*

Inglorious bondage! human nature groans,  
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,  
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

*Blair's Grave.*

Power is a curse when in a tyrant's hands,  
But in a bigot tyrant's—treble curse.

*Miller's Mahomet.*

Tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne  
Rise on the necks of half the suffering world;  
Fear trembles in the cement: Prayers and tears,  
And secret curses sap its mouldering base,  
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it;  
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,  
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

*Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.*

Not claim hereditary, not the trust  
Of frank election;  
Not even the high anointing hand of heav'n  
Can authorize oppression; give a law  
For lawless power; wed faith to violation;  
On reason build misrule, or justly bind  
Allegiance to injustice.—Tyranny  
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,  
Howe'er his own commence, can never be.  
But an usurper.

*Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.*

To send the injur'd unredress'd away,  
How great soever the offender, and the wrong'd  
Howe'er obscure, is wicked, weak and vile,—  
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a king.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

O thou Almighty! awful and supreme!  
Redress, revenge an injur'd nation's wrongs:  
Show'r down your curses on the tyrant's head!  
Arise the judge, display your vengeance on him,  
Blast all his black designs, and let him feel  
The anxious pains with which his country groans,

*Martyn's Timoleon.*

Still monarchs dream  
Of universal empire growing up  
From universal ruin. Blast the design,  
Great God of Hosts! nor let thy creatures fall  
Unpitied victims at ambition's shrine!

*Porteus's Death.*

Shall we resign  
Our hopes, renounce our rights, forget our wrongs.  
Because an impotent lip beneath a crown,  
Cries, "Be it so."

*Sir A. Hunt's Julian*

All laws of God, of nature, and of nations,  
Devote such, like the savage beasts of prey,  
At any time, by every hand, to perish

*Sir A. Hunt's Julian.*

T was not enough  
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life!  
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell  
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,  
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature  
Became its boast. One murder made a villain;  
Millions a hero. Princes were privilg'd  
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.

*Porteus's Death.*

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,  
Whose withering influence ran  
Through all the promise of the mind,  
And smote and mildew'd man.

*J. Montgomery.*

The tyrant now  
Trusts not to men: nightly within his chamber  
The watch-dog guards his couch, the only friend  
He now dare trust.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald*

Now hath his loaded soul gone to its place,  
And ne'er a pitying voice from all his kind,  
Cries, "God have mercy on him."

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

Goaded by ambition's sting  
The hero sunk into the king!  
Then he fell—so perish all  
Who would men by man enthrall!

*Byron's Waterloo.*

His country's wrongs and his despair to save her  
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

*Byron.*

Oh power that rulest and inspiriest! how  
Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power  
Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,  
Least like to thee in attributes divine,  
Tread on the universal necks that bow,  
And then assure us that their rights are thine?

*Byron's Dante*

Oh! my own beauteous land, so long laid low,  
So long the grave of thine own children's hopes,  
When there is but required a single blow  
To break the chain!

*Byron's Dante*

What

Are a few drops of human blood ? 't is false,  
The blood of tyrants is not human ; they,  
Like to incarnate Molochs, feed on ours,  
Until 't is time to give them to the tombs  
Which they have made so populous. Oh world !  
Oh men ! what are ye, and our best designs,  
That we must work by crime to punish crime ?

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

Thy suing to these men were but the bleating  
Of the lamb to the butcher, or the cry  
Of seamen to the surge : I would not take  
A life eternal, granted at the hands  
Of wretches, from whose monstrous villainies  
I sought to free the groaning nations.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

The old human fiends,  
With one foot in the grave, with dim eyes, strange  
To tears, save drops of dotage, with long white  
And scanty hairs, and shaking hands, and  
heads  
As palsied as their hearts are hard, they counsel,  
Cabal, and put men's lives out, as if life  
Were no more than the feelings long extinguish'd  
In their accursed bosoms.

*Byron's Two Foscari.*

Tyranny

Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem  
None rebels except subjects ? The prince who  
Neglects or violates his trust is more  
A brigand than the robber chief.

*Byron's Two Foscari.*

They have gone beyond  
Even their exorbitance of power ; and when  
This happens in the most contemn'd and abject  
States, stung humanity will rise to check it.

*Byron's Two Foscari.*

The people ! — There's no people, you well know  
it,  
Else you dare not deal thus by them or me.  
There is a *populace*, perhaps, whose looks  
May shame you ; but they dare not groan nor  
curse you,  
Save with their hearts and eyes.

*Byron's Two Foscari.*

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that  
Of blood and chains ? The despotism of vice —  
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury —  
The negligence — the apathy — the evils  
Of sensual sloth — produce ten thousand tyrants,  
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses  
The worst acts of one energetic master,  
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Then was the evil day of tyranny,  
Of kingly and of priestly tyranny,  
That bruis'd the nations long.

*Pollock's Course of Time*

Rulers still

Have been of equal mind, except a few,  
Cruel, rapacious, tyrannous and vile.

*Pollock's Course of Time.*

Tyranny himself,

The enemy, although, of reverend look,  
Hoary with many years; and far obey'd,  
Is later born than Freedom.

*Bryant.*

And what is this splendour that dazzles the sight,  
Of what are the minions of tyranny proud ?  
'Tis a gleam that but deepens the horror of night—  
'Tis a lightning that flashes from slavery's cloud.

*Anon.*

## UNANIMITY.—(See CONSTANCY.)

## UNBELIEF.—(See SCEPTICISM.)

## USURPER.

A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd.

*Shaks. King John.*

Thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

*Shaks. King John.*

For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III*

A murderer, and a villain;  
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe  
Of your precedent lord : — a vice of kings :  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule ;  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

## VANITY.

Now 'gan his heart all swell in jollity,  
And of himself great hope and help conceiv'a  
That, puffed up with smoke of vanity,  
And with self-loved personage deceiv'd,  
He 'gan to hope, of men to be receiv'd  
For such as him thought or fain would be :

But for in court gay portance he perceiv'd  
A gallant show to be in greatest gree,  
Eftsoons to court he cast t' advance his first de-  
groe.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air :  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve ;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind : we are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*Shaks. Tempest.*

Nor knew, fond youth ! it was himself he lov'd.  
*Addison's Ovid.*

Thus felt sir Owen, as a man whose cause  
Is very good — it has his own applause.

*Crabbe.*

And he, the light and vain one, for him there  
never wakes  
That love, for which a woman's heart will beat  
until it breaks.

*Miss Landon.*

It is the intensest vanity alone,  
That makes us bear with life.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Fame's but a hollow echo ; gold, pure clay ;  
Honour, the darling of but one short day ;  
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damask'd skin ;  
State, but a golden prison to live in,  
And torture free-born minds ; embroider'd trains  
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins ;  
And blood allied to greatness is alone  
Inherited, not purchas'd, not our own.  
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood and  
birth,  
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

*Sir Henry Watton.*

The hue of death is cast o'er every thing ;  
And vanity is mark'd on all I see !

*Miss Gould.*

Oh, say not, wisest of all the kings,  
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign —  
Say not, as one of your wisest things,  
That grace is false, and beauty vain !

*John Pierpont.*

### VARIETY.

Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth  
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
But all to please and sate a curious taste ?

*Milton's Comus*

If all the world  
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,  
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but  
fricoze,  
Th' All-Giver would be unthank'd, would be un-  
pruis'd.

*Milton's Comus.*

Variety's the source of joy below,  
From which still fresh revolving pleasures flow ;  
In books and love the mind one end pursues,  
And only change the expiring flame renows.

*Gay.*

Countless the various species of mankind,  
Countless the shades which sep'rate mind from  
mind ;

No general object of desire is known,  
Each has his will, and each pursues his own.

*Gifford's Perseus.*

The rapid and the deep — the fall, the gulf,  
Have likenesses in feeling and in life.  
And life, so varied, hath more loveliness  
In one day than a creeping century  
Of sameness.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Youth loves and lives on change,  
Till the soul sighs for sameness ; which at last  
Becomes variety ; and takes its place.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Play every string in love's sweet lyre —  
Set all its music flowing ;  
Be air, and dew, and light, and fire,  
To keep the soul-flower growing.

*Mrs. Osgood.*

### VICE.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,  
And virtue has no tongue to check the pride.

*Milton's Comus.*

No penance can absolve our guilty fame ;  
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.

*Prior's Henry and Emma.*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,  
Men only feel the smart, but not the vice!

*Pope.*

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
How soon they find fit instruments of ill.

*Pope's Rape of the Lock.*

Falsehood and fraud grow up in every soil,  
The product of all climes.

*Addison's Cato.*

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,  
They light a torch to show their shame the more.  
Those governments which curb not evils cause!  
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Ah me! from real happiness we stray,  
By vice bewild'red; vice, which always leads,  
However fair at first, to wilds of wo.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Ah, vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!  
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape  
The fascination of thy magic gaze?  
A cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,  
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Not all that heralds rak'd from coffin'd clay,  
Nor florid prose, nor honied lics of rhyme,  
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

There dwelleth in the sinlessness of youth  
A sweet rebuke that vice may not endure.

*Mrs. Embury.*

### VICISSITUDE.

Thus doth the ever-changing course of things  
Run a perpetual circle, ever turning;  
And that same day, that highest glory brings,  
Brings us unto the point of back-returning.

*Daniel's Cleopatra.*

Is there no constancy in earthly things?  
No happiness in us, but what must alter?  
No life, without the heavy load of fortune?  
What miseries we are, and to ourselves?  
Ev'n then when full content seems to sit by us,  
What daily sorcs and sorrows.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas.*

Thus run the wheels of state, now up, now down,  
And none that lives finds safety in a crown.

*Markham and Sampson's Herod and Antipater.*

O! life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;  
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,  
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorn.

*Moore.*

Oh sad vicissitude  
Of earthly things! to what untimely end  
Are all the fading glories that attend  
Upon the state of greatest monarchs, brought!  
What safety can by policy be wrought,  
Or rest be found on fortune's restless wheel!

*May's Henry II.*

A blossom full of promise is life's joy,  
That never comes to fruit. Hope, for a time,  
Suns the young floweret in its gladsome light,  
And it looks flourishing — a little while —  
'T is pass'd, we know not whither, but 't is gone.

*Miss Landon*

Roses bloom, and then they wither;  
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;  
Shapes of light are wafted hither,  
Then, like visions, hurry by.

*Percival.*

Then grieve not that nought mortal  
Endures through passing years —  
Did life one changeless tenor keep,  
'T were cause indeed for tears.  
And fill we, ere our parting,  
A mantling pledge to sorrow;  
The pang that wrings the heart to-day,  
Time's touch will heal to-morrow.

*Mrs. Ellet*

### VICTORY.

O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not till now, to dignify the times,  
Since Caesar's fortunes.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Thus far our fortune keeps an onward course,  
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part III*

Now the time is come,  
That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest,  
And let her head fall into England's lap.

*Shakspeare*

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
"Who put the French to rout:  
But what they kill'd each other for,  
I could not well make out.  
But every body said," quoth he,  
"That 't was a famous victory.  
They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won;  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay ritting in the sun;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory."

*Southern*

'T is not victory to win the field,  
Unless we make our enemies to yield  
More to our justice, than our force; and so  
As well instruct, as overcome our foe.

Gomersall.

Plumed victory  
Is truly painted with a cheerful look;  
Equally distant from proud insolence  
And base dejection.

Massinger.

Crown ye the brave! crown ye the brave!

As through your streets they ride,  
And the sunbeams dance on the polish'd arms  
Of the warriors, side by side;  
Shower on them your sweetest flowers,  
Let the air ring with their praise.

Mrs. Hemans.

And when thou'rt told of knighthood's shield,  
And English battles won;

Look up, my boy, and breathe one word—

The name of WASHINGTON!

Mrs. Gilman.

— Such were Saratoga's victors — such  
The Yeomen-Brave, whose deeds and death have  
given  
A glory to her skies,  
A music to her name.

Halleck.

To do is to succeed — our fight  
Is wag'd in Heaven's approving sight —  
The smile of God is victory!

Whittier.

Ay, nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot.  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown — yet faint thou not.  
Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The hissing, stinging bolt of scorn;  
For with thy side shall dwell at last,  
The victory of endurance born.

Bryant.

Like spectral lamps, that burn before a tomb,  
The ancient lights expire;  
I wave a torch, that floods the lessening gloom  
With everlasting fire!  
Crown'd with my constellated stars I stand  
Beside the foaming sea,  
And from the Future, with a victor's hand,  
Claim empire for the Free!

J. Bayard Taylor.—*The Continents.*

## VILLAIN.

There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,  
But he's an arrant knave.

Shaks. Hamlet.

Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes:  
That when I note another man like him,  
I may avoid him.

Shaks. Much Ado.

Techy and wayward was thy infancy;  
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and  
furious;  
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous!  
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

Shaks. Richard III.

Thy currish spirit  
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
Infus'd itself in thee: for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shaks. Merchant of Venice

## VIRTUE.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometimes by action's dignified.

Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.

How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Shaks. Merchant of Venice.

I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now.

Shaks. Merchant of Venice.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not.

Shaks. Measure for Measure

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;  
And would my father had left me no more!  
For all the rest is held at such a rate,  
As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.

Forgive me this my virtue:  
For, in the fatness of these pursy times,  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;  
Yea, curb, and woo, for leave to do him good.

Shaks. Hamlet.

Virtue's a solid rock, whereat being aim'd,  
The keenest darts of envy, yet unhurt,  
Her marble hero stands, built of such basis,  
While they recoil and wound the shooter's face.

Beaumont's Queen of Corinth.

Valour, employ'd in an ill quarrel, turns  
To cowardice, and virtue then puts on  
Foul vice's vizor.

Massinger.

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;  
And, when we move not forward, we go backward.  
*Massinger.*

Walls of brass resist not  
A noble undertaking — nor can vice  
Raise any bulwark to make good a place  
Where virtue seeks to enter.  
*Fletcher.*

Happen what there can, I will be just;  
My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue:  
That shall go with me and before me still,  
And glad me doing well, though I hear ill.  
*Jonson's Catiline.*

Heroic virtue sinks not under length  
Of years, or ages, but is still the same,  
While he preserves, as when he got good fame.  
*Jonson's Masques.*

Virtue, those that can behold thy beauties,  
Those that seek, from their youth, thy milk of  
goodness,  
Their minds grow strong against the storms of  
fortune;  
And stand, like rocks, in winter gusts unshaken.  
*Lord Brooke's Mustapha.*

Each must, in virtue, strive for to excel;  
That man lives twice, who lives the first life well.  
*Herrick.*

The frowns of heaven are to the virtuous, like  
Those thick dark clouds, which wandering sea-  
men spy,  
And often show the long-expected land  
Is near.  
*Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.*

Whilst passion holds the helm, reason and honour  
Do suffer wrack; but they sail safe, and clear,  
Who constantly by virtue's compass steer.  
*Davenport's King John and Matilda.*

This is true glory and renown, when God  
Looking on earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through heav'n  
To all his angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praise.  
*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;  
Surpriz'd by unjust force, and not enthrall'd;  
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;  
But evil on itself shall back recoil.  
*Milton.*

How strange a riddle virtue is!  
They never miss it, who possess it not;  
And they who have it ever find a want!  
*Lord Rochester's Valentinian.*

A settled virtue,  
Makes itself a judge; and satisfied within,  
Smiles at that common enemy, the world.  
*Dryden's Rival Ladies.*

Is virtue then  
Given to make us wretched! ah! sad portion!  
Fatal to all that have thee! Shunn'd on earth,  
Depress'd, and shown but in severest trials:  
Condemn'd to solitude: then shining most,  
When black obscurity surrounds! Poor, poor!  
But ever beautiful.

*Lord Lansdown's Heroic Love.*  
Then, to be good is to be happy: Angels  
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.  
Guilt is the source of sorrow: 't is the fiend,  
The avenging fiend, that follows us behind  
With whips and stings. The blest know none of  
this;

But rest in everlasting piece of mind,  
And find the height of all their heaven is good-  
ness.

*Rowe's Fair Penitent.*  
Virtue never is defac'd! unchang'd  
By strokes of fate, she triumphs o'er distress,  
And every bleeding wound adorns her beauty.  
*Cibber's Caesar in Egypt.*

If there's a power above us,  
And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
Thro' all her works, he must delight in virtue;  
And that which he delights in must be happy.  
*Addison's Cato.*

The man who consecrates his hours  
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,  
At once he draws the sting of life and death;  
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,  
And bids earth roll, nor reels her idle whirl.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

A good man, and an angel! these between,  
How thin the barrier? What divides their fate?  
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;  
Or, if an age, it is a moment still;  
A moment, or eternity's forgot.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,  
That life is long, which answers life's great  
end.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name.  
The man of wisdom is the man of years.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Virtue, our present peace, our future prize,  
Man's unprecious, natural estate,  
Improvable at will, in virtue lies;  
Its tenure sure; its income is divino.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

High worth is elevated place: 't is more;  
It makes the past stand candidate for thee;  
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest  
man;  
Tho' no exchequer it commands, 't is wealth;  
And tho' it wears no riband, 't is renown;  
Renown that would not quit thee, tho' disgrac'd,  
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

How oft that virtue, which some women boast,  
And pride themselves in, is but an empty name,  
No real good; in thought alone posses'd.  
Safe in the want of charms, the homely dame,  
Secure from the seducing arts of man,  
Deceives herself, and thinks she's passing chaste;  
Wonders how others o'er could fall, yet when  
She talks most loud about the noisy nothing,  
Look on her face, and there you read her virtue.

*Froude's Philotas.*

But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed?  
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?  
That, vice may merit—'t is the price of toil;  
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;  
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,  
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.  
The good man may be weak, be indolent,  
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.  
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?  
No—shall the good want health, the good want  
power?

Add health and power, and ev'ry earthly thing,  
Why bounded power? why private? why no  
king?

Nay, why external for internal givon?  
Why is not man a God, and earth a heaven?  
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive  
God gives enough, while he has more to give;  
Immense the power, immense were the demand;  
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,  
'T is but what virtue flies from and despairs:  
And grant the bad what happiness they would,  
One they must want—which is, to pass for good.  
O blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,  
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!  
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best  
Best knows the blessing and will most be blest.

\* *Pope's Essay on Man.*

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,  
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt  
joy,

Is virtue's prize; a better would you fix?  
Then give humility a coach and six,  
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,  
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.  
Weak foolish man! will heaven reward us there  
With the same trash mad mortals wish for  
here?

The boy and man an individual makes,  
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?  
Go, like the Indian, in another life

Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;  
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd  
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind;  
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring  
No joy, or be destructive of the thing.

*Pope's Essay on Man.*

O virtue! virtue! as thy joys excel,  
So are thy woes transcendent; the gross world  
Knows not the bliss or misery of either.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

Believe the muse, the wintry blast of death  
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,  
Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,  
Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Unblest by virtue, government a league  
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,  
To rob by law; religion mild a yoke  
To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state  
To mask their rapine, and to share the prey,  
What are without it senates, save a face  
Of consultation deep and reason free,  
While the determin'd voice and heart are sold?  
What boasted freedom save a sounding name?  
And what election, but a market vile  
Of slaves self-barter'd?

*Thomson's Liberty.*

Is aught so fair  
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,  
In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,  
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair  
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush  
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?  
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?  
Or the mild majesty of private life,  
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns  
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse  
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings  
Of innocence and love protect the scene?

*Akenhead's Pleasures of Imagination.*

Thou know'st but little, Zaphna,  
If thou dost think true virtue is confin'd  
To climes or systems; no, it flows spontaneous,  
Like life's warm stream, throughout the whole  
creation,

And beats the pulse of every healthful heart.

*Miller's Mahomet.*

All private virtue is the public fund :  
As that abounds, the state decays, or thrives :  
Each should contribute to the general stock,  
And who lends most, is most his country's friend.

*Jephson's Braganza.*

Be virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,  
Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed :  
That maxim publish'd in an impious age  
Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,  
And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title.  
Then bigotry might send her slaves to war,  
And bid success become the test of truth !  
Unpitying massacre might waste the world,  
And persecution boast the call of heav'n.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

A virtuous deed should never be delay'd,  
The impulse comes from heav'n, and he who  
strives

A moment to repress it, disobeys  
The god within his mind.

*Dove's Sethona.*

Virtue in itself commands its happiness,  
Of every outward object independent.

*Francis's Eugenia.*

Virtue, (for mere good nature is a fool,)  
Is sense and spirit with humanity :  
'T is sometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;  
'T is even vindictive, but in vengeance just.  
Knaves fain woud laugh at it; some great ones  
dare;

But at his heart the most undaunted son  
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,  
Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness  
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate  
Exalts great nature's favourites; a wealth  
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

'T is not for mortals always to be blest,  
But him the least the dull of painful hours  
Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,  
And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.  
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin;  
Virtue and sense are one; and trust me, still  
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

The only amaranthine flow'r on earth  
Is virtue; th' only lasting treasure, truth.

*Couper's Task.*

Virtue

Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around  
Drinks life, and light, and glory from her aspect.

*Byron.*

All true glory rests,

All praise, all safety, and all happiness,  
Upon the moral law.

*Wordsworth.*

How insecure, how baseless in itself  
Is that philosophy, whose sway is fram'd  
For mere material instruments ! How weak  
The arts and high inventions, if unprop'd  
By virtue !

*Wordsworth.*

Think,—if thou on beauty leanest,  
Think how pitiful that stay,  
Did not virtue give the meanest  
Charms superior to decay.

*Wordsworth.*

Keep thy spirit pure  
From worldly taint, by the repellent power  
Of virtue.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Morality 's the right rule for the world,  
Nor could society cohere without  
Virtue ; and there are those whose spirits walk  
Abreast of angels and the future here.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Virtue ! how many as a lowly thing,  
Born of weak folly, scorn thee ! but thy name  
Alone they know ; upon thy soaring wing  
They'll fear to mount, nor could thy sacred  
flame

Burn in their baser hearts: the biting thorn,  
The flinty crag, flowers hiding, strew thy field ;  
Yet blest is he whose daring bides the scorn  
Of the frail, easy herd, and buckles on thy  
shield.

Who says thy ways are bliss, trolls but a lay  
To lure the infant ; if thy paths, to view,  
Were always pleasant, crime's worst sons would  
lay

Their daggers at thy feet, and, from mere sloth  
pursue.

*Mrs. Maria Brooks.*

Nurs'd by the virtues she hath been  
From childhood's hour.

*Halleck.*

## VOICE.

Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman

*Shaks. Lear.*

How silvery sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

*Shaks. Romeo and Juliet.*

That voice was wont to come in gentle whispers,  
And fill my ears with the soft breath of love.

*Otway.*

'T was like the stealing  
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell;  
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling  
Of all my soul, echoed to its spell! *Moore.*

O ye voices round my own hearth singing!  
As the winds of May to memory sweet,  
Might I yet return, a worn heart bringing,  
Would those vernal tones the wanderer greet? *Mrs. Hemans.*

Oh! in each wind, each fountain flow,  
Each whisper of the shade,  
Grant me, my God, thy voice to know,  
And not to be afraid! *Mrs. Hemans.*

And their voices low with fashion, not with  
feeling, softly freighted  
All the air about the windows, with elastic  
laughters sweet. *Miss Barrett.*

Thy voice is sweet, as if it took  
Its music from thy face. *Miss Landon.*

I teach my lip its sweetest smile,  
My tongue its softest tone. *Miss Landon.*

She spake as with the voice  
Of spherulite harmony which greets the soul  
When at the hour of death the sav'd one knows  
His sister angels near. *Bailey's Festus.*

And everywhere  
Low voices with the ministering hand  
Hung round the sick. *Tennyson's Princess.*

The voice that won me first!  
Oh, what a tide of recollections rush  
Upon my drowning soul! *Mrs. Louisa J. Hall.*

Strange! that one lightly-whisper'd tone  
Is far, far sweeter unto me,  
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,  
Or breathe along the sea;  
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,  
Not heavenly music seems so sweet! *O. W. Holmes.*

How vain are all the trials we meet with here,  
If we but feel a better world is near,  
And voices from the lov'd and lost our weary  
spirit cheer. *J. Bayard Taylor.*

And ever its chorus seem'd to be  
The mingled voices of household glee,  
Like the gush of winds in a mountain tree

*J. Bayard Taylor's Poems*

Who taught that tiny voice of thine  
Its wealth of sweetness, child?  
Who tun'd each tone to love divine,  
With melody so wild?  
Ah! simple is the spell, I woen,  
That doth that grace impart;  
It dwells its own sweet self within—  
It is—a loving heart! *Mrs. Osgood.*

### VOLCANO.

The dread volcano ministers to good:  
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world:  
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man. *Young.*

The winds are aw'd, nor dare to breathe aloud,  
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,  
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curl'd  
And solemn smoke, like altars of the world. *Edward C. Pinckney.*

### WAR.

But all those pleasant bowers, and palace brave,  
Guyon broke down with rigour pitiless;  
Nor aught their goodly workmanship might save  
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness,  
But that their bliss be turn'd to balefulness:  
Their groves he fell'd, their gardens did deface,  
Their arbours spoil, their cabinets suppress,  
Their banquet-houses burn, their buildings raze,  
And of the fairest late now made the foulest place. *Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Lastly stood war, in glitt'ring arms yclad,  
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued;  
In his right hand, a naked sword he had,  
That to the hilts was all with blood imbru'd  
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms ru'd)  
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal  
He razed towns, and threw down tow'rs all—all  
*Lord Dorset in the Mirror for Magistrates.*

Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man. *Shaks. Henry V.*

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;  
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,  
Cry—God for Harry, England, and saint George! *Shaks. Henry V.*

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head,  
Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

In a moment, look to see  
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
Defile the locks of your shrill shrieking daughters;  
Your fathers taken by their silver beards,  
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;  
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;  
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd  
Do break the clouds.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;  
And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of  
heart,—  
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range  
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like  
grass  
Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring maids.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Now on, you noblest English,  
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;  
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,  
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet  
them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;  
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition:  
And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not  
here;  
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks  
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

O that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England,  
That do not work to-day.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,  
And say — to-morrow is Saint Crispin:  
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,  
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

'T is positive 'gainst all exception, lords,  
That our superfluous lacqueys, and our peasants,  
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm  
About our squares of battle, were enough  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned dies; her hedges, ever pleach'd,—  
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas,  
The darel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
Do root upon; while that the coulter rusts,  
That should deracinate such savagery.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

Tell me, he that knows,  
Why are such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart of implements of war?  
Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day;  
Who is't that can inform me?

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,  
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
Now powers from home, and discontent at home,  
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits  
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.

*Shaks. King John.*

Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;  
And like an eagle o'er airy towers,  
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.

*Shaks. King John.*

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath.  
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth  
Their iron indignation gainst your walls.

*Shaks. King John.*

To arms! be champions of our church!  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

*Shaks. King John.*

God forgive the sin of all those souls,  
That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king.

*Shaks. King John.*

O inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? Shall a bairnless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
And find no check? let us, my liege, to arms.

*Shaks. King John.*

For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;  
And when we have our armours buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world  
To play with mammals, and to tilt with lips:  
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,  
And pass them current too.—God's me, my horse!

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

He is their god; he leads them like a thing,  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes men better: and they follow him,  
Against us brats with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies;  
Or butchers killing flies.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the handis of war;  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds.

*Shaks. Julius Caesar.*

He hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

Your honour calls you hence  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword  
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword;  
Many a nobleman is stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are unreveng'd.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Wars are no strife,  
To the dark house and the detested wife.

*Shaks. All's Well.*

And if we live, we live to tread on kings:  
If die; brave death, when princes die with us.  
Now for our consciences, the arms are fair,  
When the intent for bearing them is just.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part I.*

Poor lord! is't I  
That chas'd thee from thy country, and expose  
Those tender limbs of thine to the event  
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I  
That drive thee from the sportive court, where  
thou  
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark  
Of smoky muskets?

*Shaks. All's Well.*

Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gulos, gules:  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;  
Then what should war be?

*Shaks. Timon.*

Let not thy sword skip o'er:  
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,  
He is an usurper: strike me the counterfeit matron;  
It is her habit only that is honest,  
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek  
Mako soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-  
paps,  
That through the window bars bore at men's eyes,  
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,  
But set them down horrible traitors.

*Shaks. Timon.*

I'll use the advantage of my pow'r,  
And lay the summer's dust with shew'rs of blood,  
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd English  
men.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Why have they dared to march  
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;  
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,  
And ostentation of despiteful arms?

*Shaks. Richard II.*

Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!  
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;  
Foul subornation is predominant,  
And equity exil'd your highness' land.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:  
For me the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corse on the earth's cold face;  
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.

*Shaks. Richard III*

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;  
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;  
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,  
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,  
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-selves.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

England hath long been mad and scarr'd herself;  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son compell'd been butcher to the sire.

*Shaks. Richard III.*

Our soldiers,—like the night-owl's lazy flight  
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail,—  
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,  
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,  
Numb'ring our ave-marias with our beads?  
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes  
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

Hence, therefore, thou nice scratch;  
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly grief;  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.

*Shaks. Henry IV. Part II.*

Alas, poor country:  
Almost afraid to know thyself! It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:  
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend  
the air,  
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow  
seems  
A modern ecstasy; and the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's  
lives  
\* Expire before the flowers in their caps.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

O war! begot in pride and luxury,  
The child of malice and revengeful hate;  
Thou impious good, and good impurity!  
Thou art the foul refiner of a state,  
Unjust scourge of men's iniquity,  
Sharp easer of corruptions desperate!  
Is there no means but that a sin-sick land  
Must be let blood with such a boist'rous hand?

*Daniel's Civil War.*

He is unwise that to a market goes,  
Where there is nothing to be sold but blows.

*Aleyn's Henry VII.*

To, broach a war, and not to be assur'd  
Of certain means to make a fair defence,  
Howe'er the ground be just, may justly seem  
A wilful madness.

*Hemmings's Jew's Tragedy.*

Ah me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron!

*Butler's Hudibras.*

The ancients make two sev'ral kinds  
Of prowess in heroic minds;  
The active and the passive valiant;  
Both which are *pari libra gallant*:  
For both to give blows, and to ~~carry~~,  
In fights are *equi* necessary.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain,  
Hence timely running's no mean part  
Of conduct in the martial art;  
By which some glorious feats achieve,  
As citizens by breaking thrive.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Peace is despair'd,  
For who can think submission! War, then, war  
Open or understood, must be resolv'd.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not: then let those  
Contrive, who need, or when they need, not now.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies'  
With carcasses and arms th' ensanguin'd field  
Deserted.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

One to destroy is murder by the law,  
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;  
To murder thousands takes a specious name,  
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,  
Was to beho'd the nations all on fire,  
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:  
Most christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,  
With honourable ruffians in their hire,  
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour;  
Of this sad work, when each begins to tire,  
They sit them down just where they were before,  
Till for new scenes of woe, peace shall their force  
restore.

*Thomson's Castle of Indolence*

Let such as deem it glory to destroy,  
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;  
Unpier'd, exulting in the widow's wail,  
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry

*Thomson's Seasons*

Rash, fruitless war, from wanton glory wag'd,  
Is only splendid murder.

*Thomson's Edward and Eleanora.*

I ne'er approv'd this rash, romantic war,  
Begot by hot-brain'd bigots, and fomented  
By the intrigues of proud designing priests.  
All ages have their madness, this is ours.

*Lillo's Elmerick.*

Is death more cruel from a private dagger  
Than in the field, from murdering swords of  
thousands?

Or does the number slain make slaughter glorious?  
*Cibber's King John.*

Onward they march embattled, to the sound  
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,  
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold  
Heroic deeds.

*Somerville's Chase.*

Extended empire, like expanded gold,  
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

War, my lord,  
Is of eternal use to human kind  
For ever and anon when you have pass'd  
A few dull years in peace and propagation,  
The world is overstock'd with fools, and wants  
A pestilence at least if not a hero.

*Jeffery's Edwin.*

Lands intersected by a narrow frith  
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd  
Make enemies of nations who had else  
Like hundred drops been mingled into one.

*Couper's Task.*

In every heart  
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war,  
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.

*Couper's Task.*

Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?  
And men that they are brethren? Why delight  
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties  
Of nature, that should knit their souls together  
In one soft bond of amity and love?  
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on  
Inhumanly ingenious to find out  
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,  
Artificers of death!

*Porteus's Death.*

No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,  
Can give the philosophic mind delight;  
No triumph please, while rage and death destroy:  
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.

*Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.*

O who, that shar'd them, ever shall forget  
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,  
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,  
Early and late, at evening and at prime;  
When the loud cannon and the merry chime  
Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won,  
When hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length sub-  
lime,

And our glad eyes, awoke as day begun,  
Watch'd joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising  
sun! *Scott's Lord of the Isles.*

All that the mind would shrink from of excesses;  
All that the body perpetrates of bad,  
All that we read, hear, dream of man's distresses;  
All that the devil would do if run stark mad;  
All that defies the worst which poor expresses;  
All by which hell is peopled, or as sad  
As hell — mere mortals who their power abuse,—  
Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.

*Byron.*

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!  
The billows foam'd beneath a thousand oars.  
Fast as they land, the red-cross ranks unite,  
Legions on legions brightening all the shores.  
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,  
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,  
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,  
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb;  
For bold in freedom's cause, the bands of ocean  
came.

*Scott's Vision of Don Roderick.*

"Twas bustle in the court below,  
"Mount and march forward!" forth they go;  
Steeds neigh and trample all around,  
Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud,  
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,  
And fife, and kettle-drum,  
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,  
And war-pipe with discordant cry,  
And cymbal clattering to the sky,  
Making wild music bold and high,  
Did up the mountain come.

*Scott's Marmion.*

The shout  
Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray  
Of dissonant instruments, the clang of arms,  
The shriek of agony, the groan of death,  
In one wild uproar and continued din,  
Shake the still air; while overhead the moon,  
Regardless of the stir of this low world,  
Holds on her heavenly way.

*Southey's Madoc.*

The autumnial rains had beaten to the earth  
The unreap'd harvest, from the village church  
No eve-song-bell was heard, the shepherd's dog  
Prey'd on the scatter'd flock, for there was now  
No hand to feed him, and upon the hearth,  
Where he had slumber'd at his master's feet,  
The rank weed flourish'd.

*Southey's Joan of Arc.*

War is honourable  
In those who do their native rights maintain ;  
In those whose swords an iron barrier are  
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak ;  
But is in those who draw the offensive blade  
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable  
As meanest office of the worldly churl.

*Joanna Baillie's Ethwald.*

O war ! — what, what art thou ?  
At once the proof and scourge of man's fall'n  
state !

After the brightest conquest, what appears  
Of all thy glories ? for the vanquish'd, chains !  
For the proud victors, what ? alas ! to reign  
O'er desolated nations !

*Hannah More's David and Goliath.*

While desolation, snatching from the hand  
Of time the scythe of ruin, sits aloft,  
Or stalks in dreadful majesty abroad.

*Hannah More's Belshazzar.*

I own my natural weakness ; I have not  
Yet learn'd to think of indiscriminate murder  
Without some sense of shuddering ; and the sight  
Of blood which spouts through hoary scalps is not  
To me a thing of triumph, nor the death  
Of men surpris'd, a glory.

*Byron's Doge of Venice.*

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,  
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life ?  
The varying fortune of each separate field,  
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield ?  
The smoking ruin and the crumbled wall ?  
In this the struggle was the same with all !

*Byron's Lara.*

The bayonet pierces, and the sabre cleaves,  
And human lives are lavish'd everywhere,  
As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves  
When the stript forest bows to the bleak air,  
And groans.

*Byron.*

The death-shot hissing from afar —  
The shock — the shout — the groan of war —  
Reverberate along that vale,  
More suited to the shepherd's tale :  
Though few the numbers — their's the strife,  
That neither spares, nor speaks for life.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Mark where his carnage and his conquest cease !  
He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace !

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

Ah, monarchs ! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,  
Not in the toils of glory would ye fret ;  
The hoarse, dull drum would sleep, and man be  
happy yet !

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Sound, sound the clarion ! fill the fife !  
To all the sensual world proclaim,  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name !

*Scott's Old Mortality.*

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of  
war.

*Lee's Alexander the Great.*

And telling a tale of gallant war,  
On his brow was a slight but glorious scar.

*Miss Landon.*

Who dies in vain

Upon his country's war-fields, and within  
The shadow of her altars ?

*Mrs. Hemans's Siege of Valencia.*

More soluble is this knot,  
Like almost all the rest, if men were wise,  
By gentleness than war.

*Tennyson's Princess.*

War must be

While men are what they are ; while they have  
bad

Passions to be rous'd up ; while rul'd by men ;  
While all the powers and treasures of a land  
Are at the beck of the ambitious crowd ;  
While injuries can be inflicted, or  
Insults be offer'd ; yea, while rights are worth  
Maintaining, freedom keeping, or life having,  
So long the sword shall shine ; so long shall war  
Continue, and the need of war remain.

*Bailey's Festus.*

A crash — as when some swollen cloud  
Cracks o'er the tangled trees !

With side to side, and spar to spar,  
Whose smoking decks are these ?

I know Saint George's blood-red cross,  
Thou mistress of the seas, —

But what is she, whose streaming bars  
Roll out before the breeze ?

Ah ! well her iron ribs are knit,  
Whose thunders strive to quell

The bellowing throats, the blazing lips  
That peal'd the Armada's knell !

The mist was clear'd — a wreath of stars  
Rose o'er the crimson swell,

And wavering from its haughty peak,  
The cross of England fell !

*O. W. Holmes — The Pilgrim's Vision.*

Oh! once was felt the storm of war!  
It had an earthquake's roar;  
It flash'd upon the mountain height,  
And smok'd along the shore.  
It thunder'd in a dreaming ear,  
And up the farmer sprang;  
It mutter'd in a bold true heart,  
And a warrior's harness rang.

*J. G. C. Brainard.*

Ah! the smoke has roll'd away;  
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the  
ranks of gray.  
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the  
troop of Minon wheels;  
There the Northern horses thunder, with the can-  
non at their heels.  
Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat, and  
now advance!  
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's  
charging lance!  
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and  
foot together fall;  
Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them  
ploughs the Northern ball.

*Whittier's Poems.*

O, war is cruel-hearted! ay, the man  
That in the private walks of life was kind,  
Even to the nursing mother's tender fears;—  
Who started at a funeral knell and walk'd  
With slow, sad step, and sympathizing eye,  
When the hearse pass'd with one he never knew—  
Why he, when war's stern strength is on his soul,  
Will stalk in apathy o'er slaughter'd friends,  
Counting the dead and dying, as their loss  
Was all computed in the numbers slain.

*Mrs. Hale's Ormond Grosvenor.*

### WATER.

A little water clears us of this deed.

*Shaks. Macbeth.*

Water cannot wash away your sin.

*Shaks. Richard II.*

The water! the water!  
The dear and blessed thing,  
That all day fed the little flowers  
On its banks blossoming.  
The water! the water!  
That murmur'd in my ear  
Hymns of a saint-like purity,  
That angels well might hear;  
And whisper'd in the gates of heaven,  
How meek a pilgrim had been abiven.

*William Motherwell.*

Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
Thou could'st repress, nor did the dancing ruby  
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour or the smell,  
Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,  
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

*Milton's Samson Agonistes*

Where fountain or fresh current flow'd  
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,  
With torch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,  
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
Thirst, and refreshed; nor envied them the grape,  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

*Milton's Samson Agonistes.*

Bright, bright in many a rocky urn,  
The waters of our deserts lie.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Water, water, every where,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, every where,  
Nor any drop to drink!

*Coleridge.*

Wine, wine, thy power and praise  
Hath ever been echo'd in minstrel lays;  
But water, I deem, hath a mightier claim  
To fill up a niche in the temple of Fame.

*Miss Eliza Cook.*

Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell  
What treasures exist in the cold deep well;  
Sink in despair on the red parch'd earth,  
And then ye may reckon what water is worth.

*Miss Eliza Cook.*

How beautiful the water is!  
To me 'tis wondrous fair—  
No spot can ever lonely be  
If water sparkle there;  
It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,  
Of grandeur, or delight,  
And every heart is gladder made  
When water greets the sight.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

Lift up, lift up the standard,  
And plant it by the well!  
And, gather'd underneath its folds,  
A choral anthem swell!  
The anthem that is set in praise  
Of brooks and cisterns sing!  
Give one strain to the main,  
Give another to the spring!  
Yea, give a chorus loud and long  
To aqueduct and spring.

*John Pierpont.*

We sing the praise of water!

*John Pierpont.*

While this COLD WATER fills my cup,  
Duns dare not assail me;  
Sheriffs shall not lock me up,  
Nor my neighbours bail me.

*John Pierpont.*

For the cool water we have quaff'd,  
Source of all Good, we owe thee much;  
Our lips have touch'd no burning draught  
This day, — nor shall they ever touch.

*John Pierpont.*

Let light on water shine,—  
The light of love and truth  
Then shall that drink divine  
Be quaff'd by age and youth.

*John Pierpont.*

Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself let fall—  
In one fair bumper let us toast them all!

*O. W. Holmes.*

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in the rills,  
And the ribands of silver unwind from the hills;  
They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal's  
dream,  
But the lilies of innocence float on their streams.

*O. W. Holmes.*

#### WEALTH. — (See also GOLD and RICHES.)

If thou art rich, thou art poor;  
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee.

*Shakspeare.*

That I might live alone once with my gold !  
Oh 'tis a sweet companion ! kind and true !  
A man may trust it, when his father cheats him,  
Brother, or friend, or wife. O wondrous pelf,  
That which makes all men false, is true itself.

*Jonson's Case is Alter'd.*

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,  
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and  
fine ?

I know thy parentage is base and low:  
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

*Herbert.*

Puissant gold ! red earth at first made man ;  
Now it makes villain : this refined-clod  
Can what nor love, nor time, nor valour can ;  
Jove could do more in gold, than in a god.  
Destruction surer comes, and rattles louder,  
Out of a mine of gold, than one of powder.

*Aley'n Henry VII.*

What's orthodox, and true believing  
Against a conscience? — a good living.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

See what money can do : that can change  
Men's manners ; alter their conditions !  
How tempestuous the slaves are without it !  
O thou powerful metal ! what authority  
Is in thee ! thou art the key to all men's  
Mouths : with thee, a man may lock up the jaws  
Of an informer ; and without thee, he  
Cannot open the lips of a lawyer.

*Richard Brome.*

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must  
quit,  
Or what is worse, be left by it ?  
Why dost thou load thyself when thou 'rt to fly,  
Oh, man ! ordain'd to die ?  
Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,  
Thou who art under ground to lie ?  
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,  
For death, alas ! is reaping thee.

*Cowley.*

Men venture necks to gain a fortune :  
The soldier does it every day,  
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay :  
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,  
To share with knaves in cheating fools :  
And merchants vent'ring through the main  
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

'T is virtue, wit, and worth, and all  
That men divine and sacred call :  
For what is worth in any thing  
But so much money as 't will bring ?

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Love-passions are like parables,  
By which men still mean something else,  
Though love be all the world's pretence,  
Money's the mythologic sense ;  
The real substance of the shadow,  
Which all address and courtship's made to.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

'T is not those orient pearls our teeth,  
That you are so transported with :  
But those we wear about our necks,  
Produce those amorous effects.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

What makes all doctrines plain and clear ?  
About two hundred pounds a year,  
And that which was prov'd true before,  
Prove false again ? two hundred more.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

What makes y' encroach upon our trade,  
And damn all others ? — to be paid.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

What makes the breaking of all oaths  
A holy duty ? — food and clothes.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

What renders beating ou' of brains,  
And murder, godliness? — great gains.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

What makes a knave a child of God,  
And one of us? — a livelihood.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Can riches keep the mortal wretch from death?  
Or can new treasures purchase a new breath?  
Or does heaven send its love and mercy more  
To mammon's pamper'd sons than to the poor?  
If not, why should the fool take so much state,  
Exalt himself and others under-rate?  
'T is senseless ignorance, that soothes his pride,  
And make him laugh at all the world beside.

*Tom Brown.*

Riches, like insects, while conceal'd they lie,  
Wait but for wings, and in their seasons fly;  
To whom can riches give repute and trust,  
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?  
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,  
Esteem and love are never to be sold.

*Pope.*

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;  
As poison heals in just proportions us'd;  
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,  
But well dispers'd is incense to the skies.

*Pope.*

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see  
What gay distress! what splendid misery!  
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,  
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

The needy traveller, serene and gay,  
Walks the wide heath, and sings his toil away.  
Does envy seize thee? crush the upbraiding joy,  
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy.

*Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Wealth is substantial good the fates allot:  
We know we have it, or we have it not.  
But all those graces, which men highly rate,  
Their minds themselves imagine and create.

*Crabbe.*

He that hath more than enough is a thief of the  
rights of his brother.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

Wealth often killeth, where want but hindreth  
the budding.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

Wealth hath never given happiness, but often  
hasten'd misery.

*Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy.*

If all were rich, gold would be penniless.

*Bailey's Festus.*

If riches were consign'd to me,  
No gripping hand would clutch the pelf;  
For valueless the gold would be,  
If hoarded only for myself.

*Miss Eliza Cook*

Now, thanks to Heaven  
For blessings chainless in the rich man's keeping—  
Wealth that the miser cannot hide away!  
Buy, if they will, the invaluable flower—  
They cannot store its fragrance from the breeze!  
Wear, if they will, the costliest gem of Ind—  
It pours its light on every passing eye!

*Willis's Poems.*

### WIDOW.

The now-made widow too I've sometimes spied,  
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:  
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,  
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,  
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.  
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man  
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,  
In barbarous succession, musters up  
The past endearments of their softer hours,  
Tenacious of the theme.

*Blair's Grave.*

All the long summer did she live in hope  
Of tidings from the war; and as at eve,  
She with her mother at the cottage-door  
Sat in the sunshine, if a traveller  
Appear'd at distance coming o'er the brow,  
Her eye was on him, and it might be seen  
By the flush'd cheek what thoughts were in her  
heart;  
And by the deadly paleness which ensued,  
How her heart died within her.

*Souhey's Joan of Arc*

Like lamps in eastern sepulchres,  
Amid my heart's deep gloom,  
Affection sheds its holiest light  
Upon my husband's tomb:  
And as those lamps, if brought once more  
To upper air, grow dim,  
So my soul's love is cold and dead  
Unless it glow for him.

*Mrs. Embury.*

Mother! thy name is widow — well  
I know no love of mine can fill  
The waste place of thy heart, or dwell  
Within one sacred recess -- still  
Lean on the faithful bosom of thy son,  
My parent, thou art mine, my *only* one.

*George W. Bethune.*

See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and pale,  
Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's veil;  
Alone she wanders where with *him* she trod,  
No arm to stay her, but she leans on God.

O. W. Holmes.

### WIFE.

You are my true and honourable wife;  
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yoursolf,  
But, as it were, on sort, or limitation;  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? dwell I but in the  
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Shaks. Julius Cæsar.*

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:  
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

I am ashamed, that women are so simple  
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;  
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair  
buds;

And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;  
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me, above this wretchedness?

*Shaks. Henry VIII.*

Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance; commits his body  
To painful labour, both by sea and land;  
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—  
Too little payment for so great a debt.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

My noble father,

I do perceive here a divided duty:  
To you I am bound for life and education;  
My life and education, both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,  
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my hus-  
band;  
And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Shaks. Othello.*

I crave fit disposition for my wife;  
Due reference of place, and exhibition;  
With such accommodation, and besort,  
As levels with her breeding.

*Shaks. Othello.*

As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another:  
The third o' the world is yours: which with a  
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

*Shaks. Antony and Cleopatra.*

I will be master of what is mine own:  
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,  
My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;  
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;  
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
That stops my way in Padua.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

She is mine own;  
And I as rich in having such a jewel,  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

*Shaks. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Should all despair,  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves.

*Shaks. Winter's Tale.*

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,  
By nature wise, not learned by much art;  
Some knowledge on her side will all my life  
More scope of conversation then impart;  
Besides her inborn virtue fortify;  
They are most good who best know why.

*Sir Thomas Overbury.*

As good and wise; so she be fit for me,  
That is, to will, and not to will the same  
My wife is my adopted self, and she  
As me, to what I love, to love must frame.  
And when by marriage both in one concur,  
Woman converts to man, not man to her.

*Sir Thomas Overbury.*

The sum of all that makes a just man happy  
Consists in the well choosing of his wife;  
And there, well to discharge it, does require  
Equality of years; of birth, of fortune;  
For beauty being poor, and not cried up  
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.  
And wealth, when there's such difference in years  
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.

*Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts.*

What thou bid'st,  
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;  
God is thy law! thou mine; to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Sole partner and sole part, of all these joys,  
Dearer thyself than all.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

For nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Of earthly good, the best is a good wife;  
A bad — the bitterest curse of human life.

*Anon.*

So if for any sins of ours,  
Or our forefathers' higher powers,  
Severe though just, afflict our life  
With that prime ill, — a talking wife  
Till death shall bring the kind relief,  
We must be patient; or be deaf.

*Prior's Alma.*

A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,  
Which felt the curse, yet covets still to feel.

*Parnell's Hesiod.*

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,  
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;  
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,  
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

*Hammond.*

She who ne'er answers till her husband cools;  
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;  
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys.

*Pope.*

Thus day by day, and month by month, we pass;  
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.  
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,  
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows must;  
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,  
To hide the flood of tears I did — not shed.

*Pope.*

A wife becomes the truest, — tenderest friend,  
The balm of comfort, and the source of joy!  
Thro' every various turn of life the same.

*Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.*

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise  
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?

*Young's Love of Fame.*

Can she be faithful to her luckless lord  
Who will be absent in affliction's hour?  
Is it not then the lenient hand of love  
Proves its best office? then the virtuous wife  
Shines in the full meridian of her truth,  
And claims her part of sorrow.

*Havard's King Charles I.*

'Tis not in Hymen's gay propitious hour,  
With summer beams and genial breezes blest,  
That man a consort's worth approveth best:  
'Tis when the skies with gloomy tempests lour,  
When cares and sorrows all their torrents pour,  
She clasps him closer to her hallow'd breast,  
Pillows his head, and lays his heart to rest;  
Drying her cheek from sympathetic shower.

*George Hay Drummond.*

Zounds, lady! do not give such heavy blows;  
I'm not your husband, as belike you guess.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

Husband, husband, cease your strife,  
Nor longer idly rave, sir;  
Tho' I am your wedded wife,  
Yet I am not your slave, sir.

*Burns.*

Then stopp'd to speak of board, and what for life  
A wife would cost — if he should take a wife.  
Hardly he bargain'd, and so much desir'd,  
That we demurr'd.

*Crabbe.*

My bride,  
My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,  
Yok'd in all exercise of noble aim,  
And so through those dark gates across the wild  
That no man knows.

*Tennyson's Princess.*

Look through mine eyes with thine, true wife,  
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;  
My other, dearer life in life,  
Look through my very soul with thine!

*Tennyson's Poems.*

What bliss for her who lives her little day,  
In blest obedience, like to those divine,  
Who to her lov'd, her earthly lord can say,  
"God is thy law, most just, and thou art mine."\*

*Mrs. Maria Brooks.*

Thou wast my nurse in sickness, and my com-  
forter in health;  
So gentle and so constant, when our love was all  
our wealth:  
Thy voice of music sooth'd me, love, in each des-  
ponding hour,  
As heaven's honey-dew consoles the bruis'd and  
broken flower.

*Albert Pike.*

Why tarries he so long, while she — that one,  
So fond and true, so beautiful and bright—  
Now sits in cheerless watchfulness alone,  
Waiting his coming through the tedious night?  
And as the chimes upon the distant bell  
Mark mournfully and sad his lingering stay,  
Each echoing peal seems but the gloomy knell  
Of joys departed, pleasures pass'd away.

*Samuel D. Patterson.*

The world well tried — the sweetest thing in life  
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

*Willis's Lady Jane.*

All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing  
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro —  
And ever and anon will upward spring  
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,  
The murmur'd melody of pleasant thought,  
Light household duties, evermore inwrought  
With pleasant fancies of one trusting heart,  
That lives but in her smile, and ever turns  
To be refresh'd where one pure altar burns;  
Shut out from hence the mockery of life,  
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting  
wife.

*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

Full well I know the generous soul  
Which warms thee into life,  
Each spring which can its powers control  
Familiar to thy wife —  
For dream'st thou she had stoop'd to bind  
Her fate unto a *common mind*?  
The eagle-like ambition, nurs'd  
From childhood in her heart, had first  
Consum'd, with its Promethean flame,  
The shrine, — then sank her so to shame.

*Mrs. Dinnies.*

## WINDS.

Many are the notes,  
Which in his tuneful course the wind draws forth,  
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing  
shores.

*Wordsworth.*

Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,  
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,  
Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,  
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?  
In what far distant region of the sky,  
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

*Thomson's Seasons.*

The wind has a language, I would I could learn!  
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern,  
Sometimes it comes like a low sweet song,  
And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along,  
And the forest is lull'd by the dreamy strain,  
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main,  
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,  
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

*Miss Landon.*

And it beckons the leaves with its viewless hand,  
And they leap from their branches at its command,  
And follow its footsteps with wheeling feet,  
Like fairies that dance in the moonlight sweet.

*Miss Landon.*

And pauses to gather its fearful breath,  
And lifts up its voice like the angel of death —  
And the billows leap up when the summons they  
hear,  
And the ship flies away, as if winged with fear,  
And the uncouth creatures that dwell in the deep  
Start up at the sound from their floating sleep,  
And career through the water, like clouds through  
the night,

To share in the tumult their joy and delight,  
And when the moon rises, the ship is no more,  
Its joys and its sorrows are vanish'd and o'er,  
And the fierce storm that slew it has faded away,  
Like the dark dream that flies from the light of  
the day.

*Miss Landon.*

I love to hear the high winds pipe aloud,  
When 'gainst the leafy nations up in arms;  
Now screaming in their rage, now shouting,  
proud —

Then moaning, as in pain at war's alarms:  
Then softly sobbing to unquiet rest,  
Then wildly, harshly, breaking forth again  
As if in scorn at having been represt,  
With marching sweep careering o'er the plain.

*Anon*

The mountain wind! most spiritual of all  
The wide earth knows — when, in the sultry  
time  
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,  
He seems the breath of a celestial clime,  
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow  
Health and refreshment on the world below.

*Bryant's Poems*

The cool wind,  
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,  
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass  
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

*Bryant's Poems.*

Oh! I love the winds when they spurn control,  
For they suit my own bond-hating soul;  
I like to hear them sweeping past,  
Like the eagle's pinions, free and fast.

*Miss Eliza Cook.*

Thou wind!  
Which art the unseen similitude of God  
The Spirit; His most meet and mightiest sign!  
*Bailey's Festus.*

Wind! thou art lovelike, every where; o'er earth,  
O'er ocean triumphing, and aye with clouds,  
That like the ghost of ocean's billows roll,  
Decking or darkening Heaven.  
*Bailey's Festus.*

These are God's blessed ministers, methinks,  
These winds that whisper to the heart subdued

So winningly, that still the sad ear drinks

Their messages of mercy and the mood  
Grows calm and unresentful.—while the blight

Passes from off the spirit, that but late,  
Gloom'd with the gloomy progress of the night,  
And spake defiance to the will of fate.

*W. G. Simms.*

I hear the winds of evening moan

Through ivied towers decay'd and old,  
Waving their tresses o'er the stone  
In desolation doubly cold;

Yet when o'er thousand leagues they blow,  
Beyond this twilight's dusky line,

Their wings may stoop to waken low

The music of the trysting pine,  
And, sighing with them in the tree,  
My heart would whisper love to thee.

*J. Bayard Taylor's Poems.*

How softly comes the summer wind

At evening o'er the hill—

For ever murmuring of thee,

When busy crowds are still.

*Mrs. Whitman.*

We come! we come! and ye feel our might,  
As we're hastening on in our boundless flight,  
And over the mountains, and over the deep,  
Our broad, invisible pinions sweep,  
Like the spirit of Liberty, wild and free!  
And ye look on our works and own 'tis we;  
Ye call us the Winds; but can ye tell  
Whither we go, or where we dwell?

*Miss Gould's Poems.*

—Lift up your hearts to Him who binds  
Or frees, as he will, the obedient winds.

*Miss Gould's Poems.*

Hark! how the winds are heaping  
The snow-drifts cold and white!

*Alice Carey.*

### WINE.

One sip of this  
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

*Milton's Comus.*

O madness, to think uso of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When God with these forbidden made choice to  
rear

His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

*Milton's Samson Agonistes.*

Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood  
To give our friends a title to our blood:  
Who, naming me doth warn his courage so,  
Shows for my sake what his bold hand would do.

*Waller.*

'T is pity wine, which nature meant  
To man in kindness to present,  
And give him kindly to caress  
And cherish his frail happiness,  
Of equal virtue to renew  
His weary mind and body too,  
Should (like the cider tree in Eden,  
Which only grew to be forbidden)  
No sooner came to be enjoy'd,  
But th' owner's fatally destroy'd.

*Butler.*

Hard are the laws of love's despotic rule,  
And every joy is treble bought with pain.  
Crown we the goblet then, and call on Bacchus,  
Bacchus! the jolly god of laughing pleasures.

*Roge's Ulysses.*

O when we swallow down  
Intoxicating wine, we drink damnation;  
Naked we stand the sport of mocking friends,  
Who grin to see our noble nature vanquish'd,  
Subdued to beasts.

*C. Johnson's Wife's Reck*

Let all my soldiers quaff  
That gen'rous juice, by juggling priests deny'd,  
Lest it should help to whet our understandings,  
And ripen reason, to see through their crafts.

*Darcy's Love and Ambition.*

Ah! sly deceiver; branded o'er and o'er,  
Yet still believ'd! exulting o'er the wreck  
Of sober vows.

*Armstrong's Art of Preserving Health.*

Wine cheers the sad, revives the old, inspires  
The young, makes weariness forget his toil,  
And fear her danger: opens a new world  
When this, the present, falls.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Wine — bring wine!  
Let the crystal beaker flame and shine,  
Brimming o'er with the draught divine?  
Not from the Rhine —  
Not from fields of Burgundian vine  
Bring me the bright Olympian wine!

*J. Bayard Taylor's Poems.*

Wine — bring wine  
Flushing high with its growth divine,  
In the crystal depth of my soul to shine:  
Whose glow was caught  
From the warmth which Fancy's summer brought.  
To the vintage fields in the Land of Thought!

*J. Bayard Taylor.*

Rich and free  
To my thirsting soul will the goblet be,  
Pour'd by the Hebe Poesy.

*J. Bayard Taylor.*

## WINTER.

Lastly came winter, clothed all in frize,  
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;  
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,  
And the dull drops that from his purple bill  
As from a limbeck did adown distill;  
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,  
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;  
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld,  
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

The wrathful winter hast'ning on apace,  
With blust'ring blasts had all ybar'd the treen,  
And old Saturnus with his frosty face  
With chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green;  
The mantles rent wherein enwrapped been  
The gladsome groves, that now lay overthrown,  
The tapets torn, and ev'ry tree blown down.

*Earl of Dorset in the Mirror for Magistrates.*

Do not scorn

My age, nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,  
I serve for no use; 't is my sharper breath  
Does purge gross exhalations from the earth:  
My frosts and snows do purify the air  
From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair:  
And though by nature cold and chill I be,  
Yet I am warm in bounteous charity.

*Ford and Decker's Sun's Darling.*

'T is done! dread winter spreads his latest glooms,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.  
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!  
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends  
His desolate domain! Behold, fond man!  
See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years,  
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent  
strength,  
Thy sober autumn fading into age,  
And pale concluding winter comes at last,  
And shuts the scene.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Behold, the joyous winter days,  
Frosty, succeed; and thro' the blue screne  
For sight too fine, the ethereal mitre flies;  
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
Storing afresh with elemental life.

*Thomson.*

See winter comes, to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;  
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Oh winter! ruler of th' inverted year,  
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd,  
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows  
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,  
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne,  
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,  
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way;  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art.

*Couper's Task.*

I crown thee king of intimate delights,  
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,  
And all the comforts that the lowly roof  
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.

*Couper's Task.*

Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep  
The darkening world and tempest-troubled deep!  
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath de-  
form,  
And the dim sun scarce wanders thro' the storm  
Yet shall the smile of social love repay  
With mental light the melancholy day!  
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,  
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore  
How bright the fagots in his little hole  
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wal-

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.*

Whiter than the mountain's sleet  
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,  
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.

*Byron's Giaour*

'T is winter, yet there is no sound  
Along the air  
Of winds upon their battle-ground,  
But gently there,  
The snow is falling, — all around  
How fair — how fair!

*Ralph Hoyt.*

The keen, clear air — the splendid sight —

We waken to a world of ice;  
Where all things are enshrin'd in light,  
As by some genie's quaint device.

'T is winter's jubilee — this day

His stores their countless treasures yield;  
See how the diamond glances play  
In ceaseless blaze from tree and field.

*Andrews Norton.*

Gently as lilies shed their leaves,

When summer days are fair,  
The featherly snow comes floating down,  
Like blossoms on the air;  
And o'er the world like angel's wing  
Unfolding soft and white,  
It broods above the brown, sere earth,  
And fills with forms of light  
The dead and desolate domain,  
Where Winter holds his iron reign.

*Mrs. Hale.*

A sable pall of sky — the billowy hills  
Swath'd in the snowy robe that Winter throws  
So kindly over Nature; skeleton trees  
Fring'd with rich silver drapery, and stream  
Dumb in its frosty chains.

*Street's Poems.*

### WISDOM.

Wealth, without wisdom, may live more content,  
Than wit's enjoyers can, debarr'd of wealth  
All pray for riches, but I ne'er heard yet  
Of any since Solomon that pray'd for wit.

*Taylor's Hog hath lost his Pearl.*

Excellent morality! O the vast extent  
O' th' kingdom of a wise man! such a mind  
Can sleep secure, when the brine kisses the moon,  
And thank the courteous storm for rocking him!

*Baron's Mirza.*

O wisdom! if thy soft control  
Can soothe the sickness of the soul,  
Can bid the warring passions cease,  
And breathe the calm of tender peace;  
Wisdom! I bless thy gentle sway,  
And ever, ever will obey.

*Mrs. Barbauld.*

The bearing and the training of a child  
Is woman's wisdom:

*Tennyson's Princess.*

All human wisdom to divine is folly;  
This truth, the wisest man made melancholy.

*Denham.*

The wise do always govern their own fates,  
And fortune with officious zeal attends  
To crown their enterprizes with success.

*Abdicated Prince.*

### Walk

Boldly and wisely in that light thou hast;  
There is a hand above will help thee on.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Wisdom sits alone,  
Topmost in heaven; — she is its light — its God  
And in the heart of man she sits as high —  
Though grovelling minds forgot her oftentimes,  
Seeing but this world's idols. The pure' mind  
Seks her for ever: and in youth we come  
Fill'd with her sainted ravishment, and kneel,  
Worshipping God through her sweet altar fires,  
And then is knowledge "good!"

*Willis's Poems.*

### WIT.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

The world's large tongue  
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;  
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;  
Which you on all estates will execute,  
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

Short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

Your wit makes wise things foolish; when we  
greet

With eyes best seeming heaven's fiery eye,  
By light we lose light; your capacity,  
If of that nature, as to your huge store,  
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

*Shaks. Love's Labour Lost.*

But, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,  
It plucks out brains and all.

*Shaks. Othello.*

You can't expect that they should be great wits,  
Wh<sup>o</sup> have small purses, they usually  
Sympathize together; wit is expensive,  
It must be dieted with delicacies,  
It must be suckled with the richest wines,  
Or else it will grow flat and dull.

*Neville's Poor Scholar.*

So get you hence in peace and tell the Dauphin,  
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,  
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

'Tis not a tale, 't is not a jest,  
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,  
Nor florid talk which can that title gain,  
The proofs of wit for ever must remain.

*Cowley.*

Great wits have only been preferr'd  
In princes' trains to be interr'd,  
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd  
Among their followers not the last;  
But while they liv'd were far enough  
From all admittances kept off.

*Butler.*

Tho' wit never can be learn'd,  
It may be assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,  
And like our noblest fruits, improv'd;  
By being transplanted and remov'd.

*Butler.*

All wit does but divert men from the road  
In which things vulgarly are understood,  
And force mistake and ignorance to own  
A better sense than commonly is known.

*Butler.*

Too much or too little wit  
Do only render the owners fit  
For nothing, but to be undone  
Much easier than if they'd none.

*Butler.*

A man of quick and active wit  
For drudgery is more unfit,  
Compar'd to those of duller parts,  
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

*Butler.*

We grant, altho' he had much wit,  
H' was very shy of using it;  
As being loath to wear it out,  
And therefore bore it not about;  
Unless on holy-days, or so,  
As men their best apparel do.

*Butler.*

Wit like fierce claret, when 't begins to pall,  
Neglected lies, and 's of no use at all;  
But, in its full perfection of decay,  
Turns vinegar and comes again in play.

*Rochester.*

True wit is everlasting, like the sun,  
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,  
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd:  
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,  
E'en something of divine, and more than wit,  
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,  
Describing all men, but described by none.

*Buckingham.*

Wer 't possible that wit could turn a penny,  
Poets might then grow rich as well as any:  
For 't is not wit to have a great estate,  
The blind effect of fortune and of fate;  
Since oft we see a coxcomb dull and vain,  
Brim full of cash, yet empty in his brain:  
Nor is it wit that makes the lawyer prize  
His dazzling gown; its knavery in disguise:  
Nor is it wit that drills the statesman on  
To waste the sweets of life, so quickly gone:  
For 't is not wit that brings a man to hanging,  
That goes not further than a harmless banging.

*Buckingham.*

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;  
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,  
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?  
Punish a body which he could not please!  
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?  
And all to leave what with his toil he won,  
To that unfeather'd two legg'd thing — a son.

*Dryden.*

With short plummets heav'n's deep well we sound,  
That vast abyss where human wit is drown'd,  
In our small skiff we must not launch too far;  
We here but coasters, not discoverers, are.

*Dryden.*

How hard soe'er it be to bridle wit,  
Yet memory oft no less requires the bit.  
How many hurried by its force away!  
For ever in the land of gossips stray!  
Usurp the province of the nurse to lull,  
Without her privilege of being dull!  
Tales upon tales they arise ten stories high,  
Without regard to use or symmetry.

*Stillingfleet.*

The rays of wit gild whereso'er they strike,  
But are not therefore fit for all alike;  
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,  
And raise a foy as often as a friend:  
Like the resistless beams of blazing light,  
That cheer the strong and pain the weakly sight.

*Stillingfleet.*

All human race would fain be wits,  
And millions miss for one that hits;  
Young's universal passion, pride,  
Was never known to spread so wide.

*Swift.*

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,  
Atones not for that envy which it brings.  
In youth alone its empty praise we boast;  
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost,  
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies  
That gaily blooms, but e'en in bloom'ng dies.

*Pope.*

True wit is nature to advantage drest,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest.  
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find  
That gives us back the image of our mind.

Pope.

Modest plainness sets off sprightly wit,  
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,  
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Pope.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,  
And glittering thoughts struck out at ev'ry lino;  
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;  
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Pope.

Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,  
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume,  
The plume exposes, 't is our helmet sav'd.  
Sense is the di'mond, weighty, solid, sound;  
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;  
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Who, for the poor renown of being smart,  
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Young's Love of Fame.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,  
So wit is by politeness sharpest set,  
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,  
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen;  
The fame men give is for the joy they find;  
Dull is the jester when the joke's unkind.

Young's Love of Fame.

Wit makes an enterpriser; sense a man.

Wisdom is rare — wit abounds.

Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires  
The lucky flash, and madness rarely fails.

Young.

Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;  
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;  
A certain snare to miseries immense;  
A gay prerogative from common sense;  
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,  
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

Young.

The pride of nature would as soon admit

Competitors in empire as in wit;

Onward they rush at fame's imperious call,

And less than greatest, would not be at all.

Churchill.

### WITCHES and WITCHCRAFT.

For he by words could call out of the sky  
Both sun and moon, and make them him obey:  
The land to sea, and sea to main-land dry;  
And darksome night he eke could turn to day;

Huge hosts of men he could alone dismay,  
And hosts of men of meanest things could frame,  
Whoso he list his enemies to fray,  
That to this day for terror of his fame  
The fiends do quake, when any him to them does  
name.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

What are these,  
So wither'd and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't?

Shaks. Macbeth.

I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you came to know it, answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yeasty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown  
down;  
Though castles topple on their warder's heads;  
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the trea-  
sure

Of nature's germins tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answ'r me  
To what I ask you.

Shaks. Macbeth.

If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow, and which will  
not;  
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favours, nor your hates.

Shaks. Macbeth.

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?  
What is't you do?

Shaks. Macbeth.

Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting? speak, I charg  
you.

Shaks. Macbeth.

Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

Shaks. Macbeth.

When shall we three meet again,  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain.

Shaks. Macbeth.

And be the juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.

Shaks. Macbeth.

Infected be the air wherein they ride;  
And damn'd all those that trust them!

Shaks. Macbeth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits ;  
But you — that are polluted with your lusts,  
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,  
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—  
Because you want the grace that others have,  
You judge it straight a thing impossible  
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part I.*

I spy'd a wither'd hag with age grown double,  
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;  
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red,  
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd  
wither'd,

And on her crook'd shoulders had she wrap't  
The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,  
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold.

*Oway's Orphan.*

These midnight hags,  
By force of potent spells, of bloody characters,  
And conjurations, horrible to hear,  
Call fiends and spectres from the yawning deep,  
And set the ministers of hell at work.

*Rowe's Jane Shore.*

She said, and rais'd her skinny hand  
As in defiance to high heaven,  
And stretch'd her long lean finger forth,  
And spake aloud the words of power.

*Southeys Thalaba.*

I have led  
A life too stirring for those vague beliefs  
That superstition builds in solitude.

*Miss. Landon.*

Our *witches* are no longer old,  
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,  
But young and gay and laughing creatures,  
With the heart's sunshine on their features;  
Their sorcery — the light which dances  
When the raised lid unveils its glances,  
And the low-breathed and gentle tone  
Faintly responding unto ours.  
Soft, dream-like as a fairy's moan;  
Above its nightly closing flowers.

*Whittier.*

### WOMAN.

Ye gentle ladies ! in whose sovereign power  
Love hath the glory of his kingdom left,  
And the hearts of men, as your eternal dower,  
In iron chains of liberty bereft,  
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift,  
Be well aware how you the same do use,  
That pride do not to tyranny you lift,  
Lest if men you of cruelty accuse,  
He from you take that chieftdom which ye do  
abuse.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Trust not the treason of those smiling looks,  
Until ye have their guileful trains well trode,  
For they are liken unto golden hooks,  
That from the foolish fish their bates do hide.

*Spenser.*

But who can tell what cause had that fair maid  
To use him so, that loved her so well?  
Or who with blame can justly her upbraid,  
For loving not — for who can love compel  
And sooth to say, it is fool-hardy thing  
Rashly to whiton creatures so divine?  
For demigods they be, and first did spring  
From heaven, though graft in frailness feminine.

*Spenser.*

Men's due deserts each reader may recite,  
For men of men do make a goodly show,  
But women's works can never come to light;  
No mortal man their famous acts may know;  
No writer will a little time bestow,  
The worthy acts of women to repeat;  
Though their renown and the deserts be great.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;  
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,  
Should well agree with our external parts.

*Shaks. Taming the Shrew.*

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;  
Thou — stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

'T is beauty, that doth oft make women proud :  
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small :  
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;  
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.

*Shaks. Henry VI. Part III.*

A woman impudent and mannish grown,  
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man  
In time of action.

*Shaks. Troilus and Cressida.*

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising what they look on; and her wit  
Values itself so highly, that to her  
All matter else seems weak : she cannot love,  
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,  
She is so self-endear'd.

*Shaks. Much Ado about Nothing.*

We cannot fight for love as men may do ;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to war.

*Shaks. Midsummer Night's Dream.*

When maidens sue,  
Men give like gods: but when they weep and  
kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them.

*Shake. Measure for Measure.*

In her youth  
There is a prone and speechless dulness,  
Such as moves men.

*Shake. Measure for Measure.*

I grant I am a woman; but withal,  
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:  
I grant I am a woman; but withal,  
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.  
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd and so husbanded?

*Shake. Julius Caesar.*

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty.

*Shake. Henry VIII.*

Maids in modesty say No, to that  
Which they would have the profferor construe—  
*Aye.* *Shake. Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

I have no other but a woman's reason;  
I think him so, because I think him so.

*Shakespeare.*

One woman reads another's character,  
Without the tedious trouble of decyphering.

*Jonson's New Inn.*

What a plague  
Of varied torturis is a woman's heart!  
How like a peacock's tail, with diff'rent lights  
They differ from themselves! the very air  
Alters the aspen humours of their bloods,  
Now excellent good, now super-excellent bad.

*Sir Giles Goose-Cap.*

He is a parricide to his mother's name,  
And with an impious hand murthers her fame,  
That wrongs the praise of women; that dures  
write

Labels on saints, or with foul ink require  
The milk they lent us: better sex, command  
To your defence, my more religious hand  
At sword or pen; yours was the nobler birth;  
For you of man were made, man but of earth,  
The son of dust.

*Randolph's Praise of Women.*

Virtus sure

Were blind as fortune, should she choose the poor  
Rough cottage, man, to live in, and despise  
To dwell in you, the stately edifice.

*Randolph's Praise of Women.*

Why in this work did the creation rest,  
But that eternal Providence thought you best  
Of all his six days' labour? Beasts should do  
Homage to man, but man shall wait on you.  
You are of a comelier sight, of daintier touch,  
A tender flesh, and colour bright, and such  
As *Parians* see in marble; skin more fair,  
More glorious head, and far more glorious hair,  
Eyes full of grace and quickness; purer roses  
Blush in your cheeks; a milder white composes  
Your stately fronts; your breath more sweet than  
his

Breathes spice, and nectar drops at ev'ry kiss.

*Randolph's Praise of Women.*

Thus perfect creatures, if detraction rise  
Against your sex, dispute but with your eyes,  
Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent  
So subtle and so strong an argument,  
Will teach the Stoic his affection too,  
And call the Cynic from his tub to woo.

*Randolph's Praise of Women.*

Show'd that her soft sex contains strong minds,  
Such as evap'rates through the coarser male;  
As through coarse stone elixir passage finds,  
Which scarce through finer crystal can exhale.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

A woman's will

Is not so strong in anger, as her skill.

*Sir W. Davenant's Alboine.*

Oh what a feeble fort's a woman's heart,  
Betray'd by nature, and besieg'd by art!

*Fane's Love in the Dark.*

No woman takes herself to be a monster:  
Yet she would be so, if her eyes were stars,  
Her lips of roses, and her face of lilles:  
Why, traps were made for foxes, gins for hares,  
Lime-twigs for birds, and lies and oaths for women.

*Fane's Sacrifice.*

O women, men's subduers!

Natur's extremes, no mean is to be had,  
Excellent good or infinitely bad.

*Davenport's King John and Matilda.*

He's a fool, who thinks by force, or skill,  
To turn the currant of a woman's will.

*Tuke's Adventures of five Hours.*

For contemplation he and valour form'd,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace,  
He for God only, she for God and him.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Thus it shall befall

Him who to worth in women overturning  
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook,  
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

O fairest of creation, last and best  
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

O why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven  
With spirit masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of nature?

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes  
Love owes its chieftest victories,  
And borrows those bright arms from you  
With which he does the world subdued;  
Yet you yourselves are not above  
The empire nor the griefs of love.  
Then wrack not lovers with disdain,  
Lest love on you revongo their pain;  
You are not free, because you're fair,  
Tho' boy did not his mother spare:  
Though beauty be a killing dart,  
It is no armour for the heart.

*Sir George Etherage.*

Many are in each region passing fair  
As the noon-sky; more like to goddesses  
Than mortal creature, graceful and discreet,  
Expert in am'rous arts, enchanting tongues  
Persuasive, virgin majesty, with mild  
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,  
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw  
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
And kill with a retiring eye;  
Retire the more, the more we press,  
To draw us into ambuses.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

O woman! lovely woman! nature made you,  
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.  
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;  
There's in you, all that we believe of heaven:  
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

*Otway's Venice Preserved.*

They call'd for tea and chocolate,  
And fell into their usual chat,  
Discoursing, with important face,  
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace.

*Swift's Cadenus and Vanessa.*

Beshrew my heart, but it is wondering strange;  
Sure there is something more than witchcraft in  
them,  
That masters ev'n the wisest of us all.

*Rouse's Jane Shore.*

How poor a thing is he, how worthy scorn,  
Who leaves the guidance of imperial manhood  
To such a paltry piece of stuff as this!  
A moppet made of prettiness and pride;  
That oftener does her giddy fancies change,  
Than glittering dew-drops in the sun do colours.

*Rouse's Jane Shore.*

A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,  
The creature woman, rises now to reign.  
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;  
New love begins, a love produced to die;  
New parts distress the troubled scene of life,  
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

*Parnell's Henoid.*

Women were made to give our eyes delight;  
A female sloven is an odious sight.

*Young's Love of Fame.*

O my shame!  
I sue, and sue in vain; it is most just:  
When women sue, they sue to be deny'd.

*Young's Revenge.*

In life, how weak, how helpless, is a woman!  
Soon hurt, in happiness itself unsafe,  
And often wounded, while she plucks the rose  
So properly the object of affliction,  
That heav'n is pleas'd to make distress become  
her,  
And dresses her most amiably in tears.

*Young's Revenge.*

So the gay lady, with excessive care,  
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air:  
Furs, pearls and plume, the glittering thing dis-  
plays,  
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

*Gay's Rural Sports.*

Who trusts himself to woman, or to waves,  
Should never hazard what he fears to lose:  
For he that ventures all his hopes like me,  
On the frail promise of a woman's smiles,  
Like me will be deceiv'd, and curse his folly.

*Oldmixon's Governor of Cyprus.*

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,  
Woman's at best a contradiction still.  
Heaven when it strives to polish all it can  
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;  
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blst,  
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest.  
Blonds, in exception to all general rules  
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools  
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied  
Courage with softness, modesty with pride  
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;  
Shakes all together, and produces — you.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;  
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!  
That charm shall grow, while that fatigues the  
ring,

Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:  
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,  
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,  
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,  
And unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!  
Power all their end, but beauty all the means:  
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,  
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:  
For foreign glory, foreign joy they roam,  
No thought of peace or happiness at home.

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,  
In spite of all the virtue we can boast,  
The woman that deliberates is lost.

*Addison's Cato.*

Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!  
Now will this woman, with a single glance,  
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while!

*Addison's Cato.*

Oh, wretched woman! oh, defenceless sex!  
Of the whole animated race most helpless.  
We purchase slavery with wealth and honours;  
And when we take a husband, buy a tyrant;  
A stern domestic foe; morose, unjust;  
Bound by no law himself; and yet demanding  
A strict obedience from the frail and weak.

*C. Johnson's Medea.*

I am a woman! nay, a woman wrong'd!  
And when our sex from injuries take fire,  
Our softness turns to fury—and our thoughts  
Breathe vengeance and destruction.

*Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.*

Not ev'n the soldier's fury, rais'd in war,  
The rage of tyrants, when defiance stings 'em!  
The pride of priests, so bloody when in power!  
Are half so dreadful as a woman's vengeance.

*Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.*

Grief is the unhappy charter of our sex;  
The gods who gave us readier tears to shed,  
Gave us more cause to shed them.

*Whitehead's Creusa.*

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;  
A woman's noblest station is retreat:  
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight;  
Domestic worth,—that shuns too strong a light.

*Lord Lyttleton.*

One only care your gentle breasts should move,  
Th' important bus'ness of your life is love.

*Lord Lyttleton.*

To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;  
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;  
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
And heighten nature's dainties; in their race  
To rear the graces into second life;  
To give society its highest taste;  
Well-ordered home man's best delight to make  
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
With every gentle care-cluding art,  
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
And sweeten all the toils of human life:—  
This be the female dignity and praise.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

Simple woman

Is weak in intellect, as well as frame,  
And judges often from the partial voice  
That soothes her wishes most.

*Smollett's Regicide.*

O woman!

Such is thy varying nature, that the waves  
Are not more fluctuating than thy opinion,  
Nor sooner are displac'd.

*Haward's King Charles I.*

Why, what a wilful, wayward thing is woman!  
Even in their best pursuits so loose of soul,  
That every breath of passion shakes their frame,  
And every fancy turns them.

*Francis's Eugenia.*

Woman's grief is like a summer storm,  
Short as it is violent.

*Joanna Baillie's Basil.*

I have no skill in woman's changeful moods,  
Tears without grief and smiles without a joy.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Ladies, like towns besieg'd, for honour's sake,  
Will some defence, or its appearance, make.

*Crabbe.*

The world was sad! — the garden was a wild!  
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled.

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope*

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
Oh! what were man? — a world without a sun.

*Campbell's Pleasures of Hope*

For she was timid as the wintry flower,  
That, whiter than the snow it blooms among,  
Droops its fair head submissive to the power  
Of every angry blast which sweeps along,  
Sparing the lovely trembler, while the strong  
Majestic tenants of the leafless wood

It levels low. But ah! the pitying song  
Must tell how, than the tempest's self more rude,  
Fierce wrath and cruel hate their suppliant prey

pursued.

*Mrs. Tighe's Psyche.*

Life with you,  
Glowes in the brain and dances in the arteries;  
'T is like the wine some joyous guest hath quaff'd  
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy.

*Old Play. Antiquary.*

In peasant life we might have known  
As fair a face, as sweet a tone;  
But village notes could ne'er supply  
That rich and varied melody,  
And ne'er in cottage maid was seen  
The easy dignity of mien,  
Claiming respect, yet waving state,  
That marks the daughters of the great.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

But now Matilda's accents stole  
On the dark visions of their soul,  
And bade their mournful musings fly,  
Like mist before the zephyr's sigh.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

O, woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou.

*Scott's Marmion.*

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,  
More joy it gives to woman's breast  
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,  
Than one true manly lover blest!

*Moore.*

Away, away — you're all the same,  
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!  
Oh, by my soul I burn with shame,  
To think I've been your slave so long!

*Moore.*

Away, away — your smile's a curse;  
Oh, blot me from the race of men,  
Kind pitying heaven! by death or worse,  
Before I love such things again.

*Moore.*

And nymphs were there, whose very eyes  
Seem'd almost to exhale in sighs;  
Whose every little ringlet thrill'd,  
As if with soul and passion fill'd!

*Moore.*

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing  
Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight  
Of the gross world, illumining  
One only mansion with her light:  
Unseen by man's disturbing eye —  
The flower that blooms beneath the sea.  
Too deep for sun-beams, doth not lie  
Hid in more chaste obscurity!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

Yet was there light around her brow,  
A holiness in those dark eyes,  
Which show'd — though wandering earthward  
now —

Her spirit's home was in the skies.  
Yes — for a spirit, pure as hers,  
Is always pure, o'er while it err's:  
As sunshine broken in the rill,  
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

*Moore's Lalla Rookh*

New Eve in all her daughters came,  
As strong to charm, as weak to err,  
As sure of man through praise and blame,  
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,  
Their still unreasoning worshipper —

And whereso'er they smil'd, the same  
Enchantress of both soul and frame,  
Into whose hands from first to last,  
This world with all its destinies,

Devotedly by heaven seems cast,  
To save or damn it as they please!

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,  
Oh woman! for thy lovelier page!  
Sweet book! unlike the books of art,  
Whose errors are thy fairest part;  
In whom the dear errata column

Is the best page in all the volume!

*Moore.*

Oh woman! whose form and whose soul  
Are the spell and the light of each path we  
pursue!

Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the  
pole,  
If woman be there, there is happiness too!

*Moore.*

The very first  
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,  
Your first small words are taught you from her  
lips,  
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last  
sighs

Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,  
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care  
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,  
Where all was harmony, and calm and quiet,  
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth,  
Which, if not happiness, is more nigh it  
Than are your mighty passions and so forth,  
Which some call "the sublime;" I wish they'd  
try it:

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,  
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

*Byron*

What they ask in aught that touches on  
The heart, is dearer to their feelings or  
Their fancy, than the whole external world.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

She was like me in lineaments — her eyes,  
Her air, her features, all, to the very tone  
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine;  
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty;  
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,  
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind  
To comprehend the universe: nor these  
Alone, but with them gentler powers than mine,  
Pity, and smiles, and tears — which I had not;  
And tenderness — but that I had for her;  
Humility — and that I never had.  
Her faults were mine — her virtues were her own.

*Byron's Manfred.*

Some waltz; some draw: some fathom the abyss  
Of metaphysics; others are content  
With music; the most moderate shine as wits,  
While others have a genius turn'd for fits.

*Byron.*

Man to man so oft unjust  
Is always so to woman: one sole bond  
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;  
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond  
Over their idol.

*Byron.*

Such was the daughter of the southern seas,  
Herself a billow in her energies,  
To bear the bark of others' happiness,  
Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grow less.

*Byron's Island.*

Oh! who young Lella's glance could read,  
And keep that portion of his creed  
Which saith that woman is but dust,  
A soulless toy for tyrants' lust?

*Byron's Giaour.*

Her eyes, dark charm 't were vain to tell,  
But gaze on that of the gazelle,  
It will assist thy fancy well,  
As large, as languishingly dark,  
But soul beam'd forth in every spark  
That darted from beneath the lid,  
Bright as the jewel of Glamschid.  
Yes, Soul, and should our prophet say  
That form was nought but breathing clay,  
By Alla! I would answer nay.

*Byron's Giaour.*

Fair as the first that fall of womankind,  
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling;  
Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind—  
But once beguile'd — and ever more beguiling.

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

Soft as the memory of buried love;  
Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above;  
Was she — the daughter of that rude old chief.

*Byron's Bride of Abydos.*

Nought can to peace the busy female charm,  
And if she can't do good, she must do harm.

*Hon. G. Lamb.*

Still woman draws new power, new empire, still  
From every blessing and from every ill.  
Vice on her bosom lulls remorseful care,  
And virtue hopes congenial virtue there.  
Still she most hides the strength that most sub-  
dues,

To gain each end, its opposite pursues;  
Lures by neglect, advances by delay,  
And gains command by swearing to obey.

*Hon. G. Lamb.*

The fair not always view with favouring eyes  
The very virtuous or extremely wise,  
But, odd it seems, will sometimes rather take  
Want with the spendthrift, riot with the rake.

*Hon. G. Lamb.*

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright,  
With something of an angel light.

*Wordsworth.*

Women act their parts  
When they do make their order'd houses know  
them.

*J. Sheridan Knowles.*

Happy — happier far than thou,  
With the laurel on thy brow;  
She that makes the humblest hearth  
Lovely but to one on earth.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

Fairest and loveliest of created things,  
By our great Author in the image form'd  
Of His celestial glory, and design'd  
To be man's solace.

*William Herbert.*

Man is but half without woman; and  
As do idolaters their heavenly gods,  
We deify the things that we adore.

*Bailey's Festus.*

And I marvel, sir,  
At those who do not feel the majesty,  
By heaven! I'd almost said the holiness,—  
That circles round the fair and virtuous woman!

*Frances Kemble Butler.*

Charming woman can true converts make,  
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake;  
Virtue in her appears so bright and gay,  
We hear with pleasure, and with pride obey.

*Dr. Franklin.*

Woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference:  
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;  
The man be more of woman, she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thows that throw the world;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:  
More as the double-natur'd poet each;  
Till at the last she set herself to man  
Like perfect music unto noble words;  
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,  
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To be,  
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other, even as those who love.  
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:  
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste' and calm:  
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.  
May these things be!

*Tennyson's Princess.*

Earlier than I know  
Immers'd in rich foreshadowings of the world,  
I lov'd the woman: he that doth not, lives  
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self;  
Or pines in sad experience, worse than death,  
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime.

*Tennyson's Princess.*

Woman! blest partner of our joys and woes!

Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill,  
Untarnish'd yet thy fond affection glows,  
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every  
thrill!

Bright o'er the wasted scene thou hoverest still,  
Angel of comfort to the failing soul;  
Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,  
That pours its restless and disastrous roll  
O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow  
howl.

*Sand's Yamoyden.*

A health to sweet woman! the days are no more,  
When she watch'd for her lord when the revel  
was o'er,  
And sooth'd the white pillow, and blush'd when  
he came,  
As she press'd her cold lips on his forehead of  
flame.

Alas, for the lov'd one! too spotless and fair,  
The joys of his banquet to chasten and share;  
Her eye lost its light, that his goblet might shin'd,  
And the rose on her cheek was dissolv'd in his  
wine.

*O. W. Holmes.*

She had a mind,  
Deep and immortal, and it would not feed  
On pageantry. She thirsted for a spring  
Of a serener element, and drank  
Philosophy, and for a little while  
She was allay'd, till presently it turn'd  
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew  
Faint for undying waters. Then she came  
To the pure fount of God — and is athirst  
No more — save, when the 'fover of the world'  
Falleth upon her, she will go and breathe  
A holy aspiration after heaven.

*Willis's Poems*

— In that stillness  
Which most becomes a woman — calm and holy —  
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,  
Feeding its flame.

*Longfellow*

Ah! woman — in this world of ours,  
What gift can be compar'd to thee?  
How slow would drag life's weary hours,  
Though man's proud brow were bound with  
flowers,

And his the wealth of land and sea,  
If destin'd to exist alone,  
And ne'er call woman's heart his own.

*George P. Morris*

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,  
And pure as bright Aurora's ray;  
The heart will melt before its smile,  
And earthly objects fade away.  
Were I the monarch of the earth,  
And master of the swelling sea,  
I would not estimate their worth,  
Dear woman, half the price of thee.

*George P. Morris.*

And well the poet, at her shrine,  
May bend and worship while he woos;  
To him she is a thing divine,  
The inspiration of his line,  
His lov'd one, and his muse.  
If to his song the echo rings

Of fame — 'tis woman's voice he hears;  
If ever from his lyre's proud strings  
Flow sounds, like rush of angel wings, —  
'Tis that she listens while he sings,  
With blended smiles and tears.

*Halleck.*

Through suffering and sorrow thou hast pass'd,  
To show us what a woman true may be.

*J. R. Lowell.*

Maiden, when such a soul as thine is born,  
The morning-stars their ancient music make.

*J. R. Lowell.*

## WONDER.

They spake not a word;  
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,  
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.

*Shake. Richard III.*

Behold, our infancies in tales delight,  
That bolt like hedgehog-quills the hair upright.  
*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

The handsome bar-maids stare, as mute as fishes;  
And saffron waiters, frighten'd, drop their dishes!

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

"Niagara! Wonder of this western world,  
And half the world beside! hail beauteous queen  
Of cataracts!" — an angel who had been  
O'er heaven and earth spoke thus.

*Mrs. Maria Brooks.*

## WORDS.

Some know no joy like what a word can raise,  
Haul'd through a language's perplexing maze;  
Till on a mate that seems t' agree they light,  
Like man and wife that still are opposite;  
Not lawyers at the bar play more with sense,  
When brought to their last trope of eloquence,  
Than they on every subject, great or small,  
At clubs or councils, at a church or ball;  
They cry we rob them of their tributes due;  
Alas! how can we laugh and pity too?

*Stillingfleet's Essay on Conversation.*

Words are the soul's embassadores, who go  
Abroad upon her errands to and fro;  
They are the sole expounders of the mind,  
And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.  
They are those airy keys that ope (and wreathe  
Sometimes) the locks and hinges of the breast.  
By them the heart makes salutes: wit and sense  
Belong to them: they are the quintessence  
Of those ideas which the thoughts distil,  
And so calcine and melt again, until  
They drop forth into accents; in whom lies  
The salt of fancy, and all faculties.

*James Howell.*

"Tis only man can words create,  
And cut the air to sounds articulate  
By nature's special charter. Nay, speech can  
Make a shrewd discrepancy 'twixt man and man:  
It doth the gentleman from clown discover;  
And from a fool the grave philosopher;  
As Solon said to one in judgment weak,  
" thought thee wise until I heard thee speak."

*James Howell.*

Words are the life of knowledge; they set free,  
And bring forth truth by way of midwif'ry;  
The activ'st creatures of the teeming brain,  
The judges who the inward man arraign:  
Reason's chief engine and artillery  
To batter error, and make falsehood fly;  
The cannons of the mind, who sometimes bounce  
Nothing but war, then peace again pronounce.

*James Howell.*

Words have wings, and, as soon as their cage,  
the  
Mouth, is open'd, out they fly, and mount beyond  
Our reach and past recovery: like lightning,  
They can't be stopt, but break their passage  
through  
The smallest crannies, and penetrate  
Sometimes the thickest walls; their nature's as  
Expansive as the light.

*Nevile's Poor Scholar.*

What you keep by you, you may change and  
mond;  
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

*Roscommon*

Where do the words of Greece and Rome excel,  
That England may not please the ear as well?  
What mighty magic's in the placid or air,  
That all perfection needs must centre there?  
In states let strangers thirdly be preferr'd,  
In state of letters merit should be heard.

*Churchill.*

— Words are things; and a small drop of ink,  
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,  
think.

*Byron.*

Thy words had such a melting flow,  
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,  
They dropp'd, like heaven's serconest snow,  
And all was brightness where they fell!

*Moore.*

Surely one thing shall abide,—  
'Midst the wreck of ages one,—  
Heaven's eternal Word alone!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

That word — oh! it doth haunt me now,  
In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe;  
By night, by day, in sun or shade,  
With the half smile that gently play'd  
Reproachfully, and gave the sound  
Eternal power, through life to wound  
There is no voice I ever heard  
So deeply fix'd as that one word

*Mrs. Norton.*

A word is ringing through my brain,  
It was not meant to give me pain ;  
It was when *first* the sound I heard  
A lightly utter'd, careless word.

*Mrs. Norton.*

Oh ! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,  
Whose words are treasures to some heart,  
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,  
When earth hath but for *one* a home;  
Lest musing o'er the past, like me,  
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,  
And, heeding not what else is heard,  
Dwell weeping on a careless word.

*Mrs. Norton's Poems.*

Words are the motes of thought, and nothing  
more.

Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show  
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.

*Bailey's Festus.*

A mist of words,  
Like haloes round the moon, though they enlarge  
The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less  
Doubly. It is the thought writ down we want,  
Not its effect—not likenesses of likenesses.  
And such descriptions are not, more than gloves  
Instead of hands to shake, enough for us.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Cold words that hide the envious thought!

*Willis.*

On my ear her language fell  
As if each word dissolved a spell.

*Willis.*

Words lead to things; a scale is more precise,—  
Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing, drinking,  
vice.

*Holmes's Urania.*

One vague inflection spoils the whole with doubt,  
One trivial letter ruins all left out;  
A knot can choke a felon into clay;  
A not will save him, spelt without the k;  
The smallest word has some unguarded spot,  
And danger lurks in i without a dot.

*Holmes' Poems.*

## WORLD.

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits, and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts.

*Shake. As you like it.*

Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in.

*Shake. As you like it.*

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice*

You have too much respect upon the world :  
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice*

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time :  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,  
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;  
And others of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Shaks. Merchant of Venice.*

I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,  
Is often laudable: to do good, sometimes,  
Accounted dangerous folly.

*Shaks. Macbeth*

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast  
sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,  
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a dissension of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity: so faltest foes,  
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their  
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,  
Some trick, not worth an egg, shall grow dear  
friends,  
And interjoin their issues.

*Shaks. Coriolanus.*

Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years  
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:  
No more can you distinguish of a man  
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,  
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

*Shaks. Richard III*

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on 't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in  
nature,  
Possess it merely.

*Shaks. Hamlet*

The world's a hive,  
From whence thou canst derive  
No good but what thy soul's vexation brings  
But ease thou meet  
Some petty-petty sweet,  
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings

*Quarles*

Who to the full, thy vileness, world, e'er told ?  
 What is in thee, that's not extremely ill ?  
 A loathsome shop, where poison's only sold,  
 Whose very entrance instantly doth kill ;  
 Nothing in thee but villany doth dwell,  
 And all thy ways lead headlong unto hell.

*Drayton's Legend of Pierce Gaveston.*

This world is like a mint, we are no sooner  
 Cast into the fire, taken out again,  
 Hammer'd, stamp'd, and made current, but  
 Presently we are chang'd.

*Decker and Webster's Westward Ho.*

The world contains

Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains,  
 Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more,  
 The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor ;  
 The officers for hands, merchants for feet,  
 By which remote and distant countries meet.

*Dr. Donne.*

They say the world is like a basin-bowl,  
 And it runs on the rich men's sides : others  
 Say, 't is like a tennis-ball, and fortune  
 Keeps such a racket with it, as it tosses  
 It into time's hazard, and that devours all.

*Cupid's Whirligig.*

Well hath the great Creator of the world  
 Fram'd it in that exact and perfect form,  
 That by itself unmoveable might stand,  
 Supported only by his providence.  
 Well hath his powerful wisdom ordered  
 Thee, in nature, disagreeing elements,  
 That all affecting their peculiar place,  
 Maintain the conservation of the whole.  
 Well hath he taught the swelling ocean  
 To know his bounds, lest in luxurious pride  
 He should insult upon the conquer'd land :  
 Well hath he plac'd those torches in the heav'ns  
 To give light to our else darkon'd eyes :  
 The crystal windows through which our soul,  
 Looking upon the world's most beauteous face,  
 Is blest with sight and knowledge of his works.  
 Well hath he all things done : for how, alas !  
 Could any strength or wit of feeble man  
 Sustained have that greater universe  
 Too weak an *Atlas* for one commonwealth ?  
 How could he make the earth, the water, air,  
 And fire, in peace their duties to observe,  
 Or bridle up the headstrong ocean,  
 That cannot rule the wits and tongues of men,  
 And keep them in. It were impossible  
 To give light to the world with all his art  
 And skill, that cannot well illuminate  
 One darkon'd understanding.

*Sophister.*

This world's the chaos of confusion :  
 No world at all, but mass of open wrongs,  
 Wherein a man, as in a map, may see  
 The high road way from woe to misery.

*Willy-Beguiled.*

In this grand wheel, the world, we're spokes  
 made all ;  
 But that it may still keep it round,  
 Some mount while others fall.

*Alex. Brome.*

Who looks upon this world and not beyond it,  
 To the abodes it leads to, must believe it  
 The bloody slaughter-house of some ill pow'r,  
 Rather than the contrivance of a good one.

*Crown's Ambitious Statesman.*

Oh cursed troubled world !

Where nothing without sorrow can be had,  
 And 't is not easy to be good or bad !  
 For horror attends evil,—sorrow good,  
 Vice plagues the mind, and virtue flesh and blood.

*Crown's Darius.*

The world is a great dance, in which we find  
 The good and bad have various turns assign'd ;  
 But when they've ended the great masquerade,  
 One goes to glory, th' other to a shade.

*Crown's Juliana.*

The world's a wood, in which all lose their way,  
 Though by a different path each goes astray.

*Buckingham.*

The world's a lab'rinth, where unguided men  
 Walk up and down to find their weariness :  
 No sooner have we measur'd with much toll  
 One crooked path, in hope to gain our freedom,  
 But it betrays us to a new affliction.

*Beaumont's Night-Walker.*

Where solid pains succeed our senseless joys,  
 And short-liv'd pleasures pass like fleeting dreams.

*Rochester's Valentian.*

There was an ancient sage philosopher,  
 That had read *Alexander Ross* o'er,  
 And swore the world as he could prove,  
 Was made of fighting and of love.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Should once the world resolve t' abolish  
 All that's ridiculous and foolish,  
 It would have nothing left to do,  
 T' apply in jest or earnest to,  
 No business of importance, play,  
 Or state, to pass its time away.

*Butler*

The world's a stormy sea,  
 Whose every breath is strew'd with wrecks of  
 wretches,  
 That daily perish in it.

*Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother*

It is a pride, alas! to please the world,  
Where honest thoughts are a reproach to man,  
Where knaves look great, and groaning virtue  
starves,

A world of madness, falsehood, and injustice?  
*Smith's Princess of Parma.*

What is this world! Thy school, O misery!  
Our only lesson is to learn to suffer:  
And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.  
*Young's Revenge.*

How was my heart incrusted by the world!  
O how self-lover'd was my grovelling soul!  
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round  
In silken thought, which reptile fancy span,  
Till darkon'd reason lay quite clouded o'er  
With soft conceit of endless comfort.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,  
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The world's infectious; few bring back at eve  
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.  
Something, we thought, is blotted; we resolv'd,  
Is shaken; we renoun'd, returns again.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

A world where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,  
Three demons that divide its realms between  
them,  
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro  
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball;  
Till with the giddy circle, sick and tir'd,  
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Present example gets within our guard,  
And acts with double force, by force repell'd.  
Ambition fires ambition; love of gain  
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;  
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe;  
And inhumanity is caught from man,  
From smiling man.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Let not the cooing of the world allure thee;  
Which of her lovers ever found her true?

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Thou'st seen by me, and those who now despise  
me,

How men of fortune fall, and beggars rise;  
Shun my example; treasure up my precepts;  
The world's before thee—be a knave and prosper.

*Lillo's Fatal Curiosity.*

Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,  
Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions  
Will seem a speck in the great void of space.

*Murphy's Grecian Daughter.*

There,  
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,  
A pensive anguish pining at the heart  
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more  
That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,  
Which selfish joys disdaining, seeks alone  
To bless the dearer object of its flame.

*Thomson's Seasons.*

What is the world? a term which men have got,  
To signify not one in ten knows what.  
A term which with no more precision passes  
To point out herds of men than herds of asses!  
In common use no more it means, we find,  
Than many fools in same opinion join'd.

*Churchill.*

Let the world be told  
She boasts a confidence she does not hold;  
That conscious of her crimes, she feels instead  
A cold misgiving, and a killing dread:  
That while in health the ground of her support  
Is madly to forget that life is short;  
That sick she trembles, knowing she must die,  
Her hope presumption, and her faith a lie;  
That while she dotes, and dreams that she believes,  
She mocks her maker, and herself doccives,  
Her utmost reach historical assent,  
The doctrines warp'd to what they never meant;  
The truth itself is in her head as dull  
And useless as a candle in a scull,  
And all her love of God a groundless claim,  
A trick upon the canvas, painted flame.

*Couper.*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;  
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bow'd  
To its idolatries a patient knee,—  
Nor coin'd my cheeks to smiles,—nor cried aloud  
In worship of an echo; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such; I stood  
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud  
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and  
still could,  
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself  
subdued.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—  
But let us part fair foes; — I do believe,  
Though I have found them not, that there may be  
Words which are things, — hopes which will not  
deceive,

And virtues which are merciful, nor weave  
Snares for the failing: I would also deem  
O'er other's griefs that some sincerely grieve;  
That two, or one, are almost what they seem; —  
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

*Byron's Childe Harold.*

Shut up the world at large, let Bedlam out;  
And you will be perhaps surprised to find  
All things pursue exactly the same route,  
As now with those of *soi-disant* sound mind.  
This I could prove beyond a single doubt,  
Were there a jot of sense among mankind;  
But till that *point d'appui* is found, alas!  
Like Archimedes, I leave earth as 't was.

Byron.

A young unmarried man, with a good name  
And fortune, has an awkward part to play;  
For good society is but a game,  
"The royal game of goose," as I may say,  
Where everybody has some separate aim,  
An end to answer or a plan to lay.

Byron.

Beautiful!

How beautiful is all this visible world  
How glorious in its action and itself;  
But we who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,  
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit  
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make  
A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
The breath of degradation and of pride,  
Contending with low wants and lofty will  
Till our mortality predominates,  
And men are—what they name not to themselves,  
And trust not to each other.

Byron.

"Tis a very good world that we live in,  
To lend or to spend or to give in,  
But to borrow or beg, or get a man's own,  
"Tis the very worst world, sir, that ever was known.

Old Song.

The world is too much with us.

Wordsworth.

This bitter world,

This cold unanswering world, that hath no voice  
To greet the gentle spirit, that drives back  
All birds of Eden, which would sojourn here  
A little while — how have I turn'd away  
From its keen soulless air!

Mrs. Hemans.

"Tis a harsh world in which affection knows  
No place to treasure up its lov'd and lost  
But the lone grave.

Willis.

We know the world is dark and rough,  
But time betrays that soon enough.

Miss Eliza Cook.

Through the shadow of the world we sweep into  
the younger day:

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Tennyson's Poems.

And worldly is that heart, at best,  
That beats beneath a broider'd veil,  
And she who comes in glittering vest  
To mourn her frailty — still is frail.

Moore.

The world is just as hollow as an egg-shell,  
It is a surface not a solid, round;  
And all this boasted knowledge of the world  
To me seems but to mean acquaintance with  
Low things, or evil, or indifferent.

Bailey's Festus.

O world! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
Were life indeed!  
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when at last  
The soul is freed.

Longfellow's Translations.

Look on this beautiful world, and read the  
truth

In her fair page; see, every season brings  
New change to her, of everlasting youth;  
Still the green soil, with joyous living things,  
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,  
And myriads still are happy in the sleep  
Of ocean's azure gulfs.

Bryant — The Ages.

The world for sale! — Hang out the sign,  
Call every traveller here to me;  
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,  
And set me from earth's bondage free: —  
'T is going! — Yes, I mean to fling  
The bauble from my soul away;  
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring: —  
The world at auction here to-day!

Ralph Hoyt

## YEOMAN.

Even therefore grieve I for those gallant yeomen,  
England's peculiar, and appropriate sons,  
Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth  
And field as free as the best lord his barony,  
Owing subjection to no human vassalage  
Save to their king and law. Hence are they  
resolute,

Leading the van on every day of battle,  
As men who know the blessings they defend.  
Hence are they frank and generous in peace,  
As men who have their portion in its plenty.  
No other kingdom shows such worth and happiness

Veil'd in such low estate.

Walter Scott's Halidon Hill.

And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt  
not;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

*Shaks. Henry V.*

### YES.

'Yes!' — Oh! it is a kind reply,  
When flowing from the lips of dear  
Young beauty — in whose ear we sigh  
The one fond wish.

"Yes!" I answered you last night;  
"No!" this morning, Sir, I say!  
Colours seen by candle-light  
Will not look the same by day.

*Miss Barrett.*

By your truth she shall be true —  
Ever true as wives of yore —  
And her Yes, once said to you,  
Shall be yes for ev'rmore.

*Miss Barrett.*

### YEWTREE.

Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell  
'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:  
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,  
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)  
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.  
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

*Blair's Grave.*

### YOUTH.

Youth is a bubble blown up with breath,  
Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,  
Whose way is wilderness, whose inn is penance,  
And stoop gallant age, the host of grievance.  
*Spenser's Shepherd's Calender.*

Be affable and courteous in youth, that  
You may be honour'd in age. Roses that  
Lose their colours, keep their savours, and pluck'd  
From the stalk, are put to the still. Cotonea,  
Because it boweth when the sun riseth,  
Is sweetest when it is oldest: and children,  
Which in their tender years sow courtesy,  
Shall in their declining states reap pity.

*Lilly's Sappho and Phaon.*

Let me not live (quoth he)  
After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses  
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are  
Mere feathers of their garments; whose con-  
stancies  
Expire before their passions.

*Shaks. All's Well.*

For youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears,  
Than settled age his fables, and his weeds  
Importing health and graveness.

*Shaks. Hamlet.*

I'll serve his youth, for youth must have his course,  
For being restrain'd it makes him ten times worse:  
His pride, his riot, all that may be nam'd,  
Time may recall, and all his madness tam'd.

*Shaks. London Prodigal.*

Crabbed age and youth  
Cannot live together;  
Youth is full of pleasure,  
Age is full of care:  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare;  
Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short;  
Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold;  
Youth is wild and age is tame.  
Age I do abhor thee;  
Youth I do adore thee;  
O, my love, my love is young:  
Age I do defy thee;  
O sweet shepherd hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

*Shakespeare.*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May.  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd:  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course un-  
trimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his  
shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.

*Shakespeare.*

I'll not practise any violent means to stay  
 Th' unbridled course of youth in him: for that  
 Restrain'd grows more impatient; and, in kind,  
 Like to the eager, but the gen'rous grey-hound,  
 Who, ne'er so little from his game withheld,  
 Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.

*Jonson's Every Man in His Humour.*

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,  
 Old time is still a flying;  
 And that same flower that blooms to-day,  
 To morrow shall be dying.

*Herrick.*

The snake each year fresh skin resumes,  
 And eagles change their aged plumes;  
 The faded rose each spring receives  
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves:  
 But if your beauties once decay,  
 You never know a second May.  
 O then be wise, and whilst your season  
 Affords you-days for sport, do reason;  
 Spend not in vain your life's short hour,  
 But crop in time your beauty's flow'r;  
 Which will away, and doth together  
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

*Carew.*

Youthful blood, if checkt unseasonably,  
 Becomes more insolent and impetuous,  
 More vitiated and corrupt, than if  
 Its natural course had not been hinder'd;  
 The age of youth is the strong reign of  
 Passion, and vice does ride in triumph  
 Upon the wheels of vehement desire,  
 Which run with infinite celerity,  
 When the body drives the chariot,  
 They can't be stopp'd on a sudden;  
 Art and deliberation must be us'd.

*Nevile's Poor Scholar.*

Something of youth, I in old age approve;  
 But more the marks of age in youth I love.  
 Who this observes, may in his body find  
 Decrepit age, but never in his mind.

*Denham.*

Intemp'rate youth, by sad experience found,  
 Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.  
*Denham.*  
 Of gentle blood, his parents' only treasure,  
 Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure.  
 Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,  
 A large provision for so short a race:  
 More moderate gifts might have prolong'd his  
 date,

'Too early fitted for a better state:  
 But, knowing heaven his home, to shun delay,  
 He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

*Dryden.*

The heat  
 Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain  
 Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,  
 Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,  
 Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain.

*John Ford's Broken Heart.*

Folly may be in youth:  
 But many time 't is mixt with grave discretion  
 That tempers it to use and makes its judgment  
 Equal, if not exceeding that, which palsies  
 Have almost shaken into a disease.

*Nabb's Covent Garden.*

I love to see a nimble activeness  
 In noble youth; it argues active minds  
 In well-shap'd bodies, and begets a joy  
 Dancing within me.

*Nabb's Covent Garden.*

There was a time in the gay spring of life,  
 When every note was as the mounting lark's,  
 Merry and cheerful, to saluto the morn;  
 When all the day was made of melody.

*Southern's Fate of Capua.*

Youth is ever apt to judge in haste,  
 And lose the medium in the wild extreme.

*Hill's Alzira.*

Grief seldom join'd with youthful bloom is seen;  
 Can sorrow be where knowledge scarce has been?

*Howard's Indian Queen.*

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;  
 Old age is slow in both.

*Addison's Cato.*

#### Lusty youth

Is the very May-morn of delight;  
 When boldest floods are full of wilful heat,  
 And joy to think how long they have to fight  
 In fancy's field, before their life take flight;  
 Since he which latest did the game begin,  
 Doth longest hope to linger still therein.

*Gascoigne.*

Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,  
 That in the valley of decline are lost,  
 And virtue with peculiar charms appears,  
 Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years  
 Yet age, by long experience well inform'd,  
 Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd,  
 That fire abated which impels rash youth,  
 Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,  
 As time improves the grape's authentic juice,  
 Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,  
 And claims a rev'rence in its short'ning day,  
 That 't is an honour and a joy to pay.

*Cooper.*

What are all thy boasted treasures ?  
 Tender sorrows, transient pleasures ?  
 Anxious hopes, and jealous fears,  
 Laughing hours, and mourning years ?  
 Deck'd with brightest tints at morn,  
 At twilight, with'ring on a thorn ;  
 Like the gentle rose of spring,  
 Chill'd by ev'ry zephyr's wing :  
 Ah ! how soon its colour flies,  
 Blushes, trembles, falls, and dies.  
 What is youth ? a smiling sorrow,  
 Blithe to-day, and sad to-morrow ;  
 Never fix'd, for ever ranging,  
 Laughing, weeping, doating, changing ;  
 Wild, capricious, giddy, vain,  
 C'oy'd with pleasure, nurs'd with pain :  
 Age steals on with wintry face,  
 Ev'ry rapt'rous hope to chase,  
 Like a wither'd, sapless tree,  
 Bow'd to chilling fate's decree ;  
 Stripp'd of all its foliage gay,  
 Drooping at the close of day :  
 What of tedious life remains  
 Keen regrets and cureless pains ;  
 Till death appears, a welcome friend,  
 To bid the scene of sorrow end.

*Mary Robinson.*

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;  
 Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm ;  
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
 That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening  
 prey.

*Gray.*

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possest ;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast :  
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue ;  
 Wild wit, invention ever new,  
 And lively cheer of vigour born ;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly the approach of morn.  
 Alas, regardless of their doom,  
 The little victims prey !  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 No care beyond to-day.  
 Yet see how all around them wait  
 The ministers of human fate,  
 And black misfortune's baleful train ;  
 Ah ! show them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey, the murderous band !  
 Ah, tell them they are men !

*Gray's Eton College.*

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,  
 Ah, fields belov'd in vain,  
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,  
 A stranger yet to pain !  
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,  
 A momentary bliss bestow,  
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth,  
 To breathe a second spring.

*Gray's Eton College.*

Happy the school-boy ! did he prize his bliss,  
 'T were ill exchang'd for all the dazzling gems  
 That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye ;  
 His are the joys of nature, his the smile,  
 The cherub smile of innocence and health,  
 Sorrow unknown, or if a tear be shod,  
 He wipes it soon : for hark ! the cheerful voice  
 Of comrades calls him to the top, or ball,  
 Away he hies, and clamours as he goes,  
 With glee, which causes him to tread on air.

*Knox.*

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,  
 The sports of children satisfy the child.

*Goldsmit's Traveller.*

Oh ! enviable, early days,  
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,  
 To care, to guilt unknown !  
 How ill exchang'd for riper times,  
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,  
 Of others, or my own !  
 Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport,  
 Like linnets in the bush,  
 Ye little know the ills ye court,  
 When manhood is your wish !  
 The losses, the crosses,  
 That active men engage ;  
 The fears all, the tears all,  
 Of dim-declining age !

*Burns's Despondency.*

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise  
 We love the play-place of our early days.  
 The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,  
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.

*Couper's Tirocinium.*

The charms of youth at once are seen and past ;  
 And nature says, "They are too sweet to last"  
 So blooms the rose : and so the blushing maid  
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade

*Sir William Jones*

Ah, who, when fading of itself away,  
 Would cloud the sunshine of his little day !  
 Now is the May of life. Careering round !  
 Joy wings his feet, joy lifts him from the ground.

*Rogers's Human Life.*

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,  
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,  
Hope swells the sails, and passion steers his  
course.

Safe glides his little bark along the shore  
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far  
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,  
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,  
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.

*Porteus's Death.*

Oh! the joy  
Of young ideas painted on the mind,  
In the warm glowing colours fancy spreads  
On objects not yet known, when all is new,  
And all is lovely.

*Hannah More's David and Goliath.*

I can remember, with unsteady feet,  
Tottering from room to room, and finding pleasure  
In flowers, and toys, and sweetmeats, things  
which long  
Have lost their power to please; which when I  
see them,  
Raise only now a melancholy wish —  
I were the little trifler once again  
Who could be pleas'd so lightly.

*Southern's Thalaba.*

They closed beside the chimney's blaze,  
And talk'd and hoped for happier days,  
And lent their spirit's rising glow  
Awhile to gild impending woe;  
High privilege of youthful time,  
Worth all the pleasures of our prime!

*Scott's Rokeby.*

The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,  
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;  
When next the summer breeze comes by,  
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

*Scott's Rokeby.*

Here — while I roved, a heedless boy,  
Here, while through paths of peace I ran,  
My feet were vex'd with puny snares,  
My bosom stung with insect-cares:  
But ah! what light and little things  
Are childhood's woes! — they break no rest,  
Like dew-drops on the skylark's wings,  
While slumbering in his grassy nest,  
Gone in a moment, when he springs  
To meet the morn with open breast,  
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,  
And veil'd in mist the valley sleeps below.

*Montgomery's World before the Flood.*

I took the rabble's shouts for love — the breath  
Of friends for truth — the lips of woman for  
My only guerdon.

*Byron's Sardanapalus.*

Her smiles and tears had pass'd, as light winds  
pass  
O'er lakes, to ruffle, not destroy, their glass.

*Byron's Island*

A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,  
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

*Byron.*

The love of higher things and better days;  
The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance  
Of what is call'd the world, and the world's ways;  
The moments when we gather from a glance  
More joy than from all future pride or praise,  
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance  
The heart in an existence of its own,  
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

*Byron.*

In earlier days, and calmer hours,  
When heart with heart delights to blend,  
Where bloom my native valley's bowers,  
I had — ah! have I now? — a friend!

*Byron's Giaour.*

Blest hour of childhood! then, and then alone,  
Dance we the revels close round pleasure's throne,  
Quaff the bright nectar from her fountain-springs,  
And laugh beneath the rainbow of her wings.  
Oh! time of promise, hope, and innocence,  
Of trust, and love, and happy ignorance!  
Whose every dream is heaven, in whose fair  
joy,

Experience yet has thrown no black alloy;  
Whose pain, when fiercest, lacks the venom'd  
pang.

Which to maturer ill doth oft belong,  
When, mute and cold, we weep departed bliss,  
And hope expires on broken happiness.

*Thoughts of a Recluse.*

Oh Strangford! when we parted last,  
I little thought the times were past,  
For ever past, when brilliant joy,  
Was all my vacant heart's employ:  
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,  
We thought the rapid hours too few,  
Our only use for knowledge then  
To turn to rapture all we knew!  
Delicious days of whim and soul,  
When mingling love and laugh together,  
We learn'd the book on pleasure's bowl,  
And turn'd the leaf with folly's feather!

*Moore.*

I thought of the days when to pleasure alone  
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh  
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,  
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

*Moore.*

Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,  
And rainbow joys that end in weeping,  
And passions, among pure thoughts n'd,  
Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping.

*Moore's Loves of the Angels.*

What is youth? — a dancing billow;  
Winds behind and rocks before!

*Wordsworth.*

Life went a maying  
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
When I was young!

*Coleridge.*

When I was young! ah woful whon!  
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!

*Coleridge.*

Youth with swift feet walks onward in the way,  
The land of joy lies all before his eyes.

*Mrs. Butler.*

I ne'er respect the ready tongue  
That augurs sorrow to the young.

*Miss Eliza Cook.*

Let them exult! their laugh and song  
Are rarely known to last too long;  
Why should we strive, with cynic frown,  
To knock their fairy castles down?

*Miss Eliza Cook.*

Youth might be wise. We suffer less from pains  
Than pleasures.

*Bailey's Festus.*

Youth hath a strong and strange desire to try  
All feelings on the heart: it is very wrong,  
And dangerous, and deadly: strive against it!

*Bailey's Festus.*

Promise of youth! fair as the form  
Of Heaven's benign and golden bow,  
Thy smiling arch begirds the storm,  
And sheds a light on every woe.

*James G. Brooke.*

I feel the rush of waves that round me rise —  
The tossing of my boat upon the sea;  
Few sunbeams linger in the stormy skies,  
And youth's bright shore is lessening on the lee!

*J. Bayard Taylor.*

In the passion hour of youth,  
The lip may speak its holiest vow,  
Yet shadows dim the spirit's truth  
And pride and coldness change the brow.

*J. Bayard Taylor's Poems.*

Light to thy path, bright creature! I would charm  
Thy being, if I could, that it should be  
Ever as now thou dreamest, and flow on,  
Thus innocent and beautiful, to heaven.

*Willis.*

Youth treads on flowers where'er he goes,  
And finds on every thorn a rose.

*Anonymous.*

The rainbow's lovely on the eastern cloud,  
The rose is beauteous on the bended thorn,  
Sweet is the evening ray from purple shroud,  
And sweet the orient blushes of the morn;  
Sweeter than all the beauties which adorn  
The female form in youth and maiden bloom.

*Hogg.*

But can there grow cowslips and lilies,  
Like those that I gather'd in youth?  
With my heart in the depths of their blossoms,  
All steep'd in the dew-drops of truth?

*Miss Jeasbury.*

— Youth has spent his wealth and bought  
The knowledge he would fain  
Change for forgetfulness, and live  
His dreaming life again.

*Miss Landon.*

Youth, that pursuest, with such eager pace,  
Thy even way,

Thou pantest on to win a mournful race:  
Then stay! oh stay!

*R. M. Milnes.*

Alas! that youth's fond hopes should fade,  
And love be but a name,  
While its rainbows, follow'd e'er so fast,  
Are distant still the same.

*Dawes.*

The restless spirit charm'd thy sweet existence,  
Making all beauteous in youth's pleasant maze,  
While gladsome hope illumined the onward dis-  
tance,  
And lit with sunbeams thy expectant days.

*Willis G. Clark.*

— youth whose bark is guid'd o'er  
A summer stream by zephyr's breath,  
With idle gaze delights to pore  
On imaged skies that glow beneath.

*William Leggett.*

How beautiful who scatters, wide and free,  
The gold — bright seeds of lov'd and loving  
truth!  
By whose perpetual hand each day supplied —

Leaps to new life the empire's heart of youth.

*Cornelius Mathews.*

How shall I ever go through this rough world!  
How find me older every setting sun!  
How merge my boyish heart in manliness!

*Arthur Cleveland Coxe.*

Remember not the follies of my youth,  
But in thy mercy think upon me, Lord!

*Arthur Cleveland Coxe.*

I go from strength to strength, from joy to  
joy;  
From being unto being. I will snatch  
This gorm of comfort from departing youth;  
And when the pictur'd primer's thrown aside,  
I'll find its early lessons in my heart.

*Arthur Cleveland Coxe.*

### ZEAL.

Spread out earth's holiest records here,  
Of days and deeds to reverence dear;  
A' zeal like this what pious legends tell?

*Sprague's Centennial Ode.*

His zeal  
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
Or singular and rash.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

Zeal and duty are not slow;  
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

Press bravely onward! — not in vain  
Your generous trust in human kind;  
The good which bloodshed could not gain  
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

*Whittier's Poems.*

How beautiful it is for man to die  
Upon the walls of Zion! to be call'd  
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,  
To put his armour off, and rest — in Heaven!  
His heart was with Jerusalem; and strong  
As was a mother's love, and the sweet ties  
Religion makes so beautiful at home,  
He flung them from him in his eager race,  
And sought the broken people of his God,  
To preach to them of Jesus!

*Willis's Sacred Poems*

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